













*By the same Author.*

I.

DRAMAS FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

2 VOLS. LONDON : C. DOLMAN.

\* \* \* These Volumes contain unabridged Translations of the following six celebrated Dramas :—  
*The Purgatory of St. Patrick, The Constant Prince, The Scarf and the Flower, The Physician of his own Honour, The Secret in Words, and To Love after Death.*

II.

BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS, ORIGINAL  
AND TRANSLATED.

DUBLIN : M'GLASHAN.

\* \* \* A few Copies of this Edition may still be had of Mr. Cornish, Bookseller and Publisher,  
18, Grafton Street, Dublin.

III.

THE BELL-FOUNDER, THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN, THE  
FORAY OF CON O'DONNELL, ALICE AND  
UNA, AND OTHER POEMS.

LONDON : KENT AND CO. (BOGUE). DUBLIN : M'GLASHAN  
AND GILL.

IV.

THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR, THE YEAR KING, THE MEETING  
OF THE FLOWERS, THE PROGRESS OF THE ROSE,  
AND OTHER POEMS OF THE FANCY.

(UNDERGLIMPSES.)

LONDON : KENT AND CO. (BOGUE). DUBLIN : M'GLASHAN  
AND GILL.

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## THE SPANISH DRAMA.

### CALDERON'S DRAMAS AND AUTOS,

*Translated into English Verse*

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

From Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. London: 1863.

"Denis Florence MacCarthy published in London (in 1861) translations of two plays, and an *auto* of Calderon, under the title of 'Love, the greatest Enchantment; the Sorceries of Sin; the Devotion of the Cross, from the Spanish of Calderon, attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other imitative Verse', printing, at the same time, a carefully corrected text of the originals, page by page, opposite to his translations. It is, I think, one of the boldest attempts ever made in English verse. It is, too, as it seems to me, remarkably successful. Not that *asonantes* can be made fluent or graceful in English, or easily perceptible to an English ear, but that the Spanish air and character of Calderon are so happily preserved. Mr. MacCarthy, in 1853, had published two volumes of translations from Calderon, to which I have already referred; and, besides this, he has rendered excellent service to the cause of Spanish literature in other ways. But in the present volume he has far surpassed all he had previously done; for Calderon is a poet who, whenever he is translated, should have his very excesses, both in thought and manner, fully produced, in order to give a faithful idea of what is grandest and most distinctive in his genius. Mr. MacCarthy has done this, I conceive, to a degree which I had previously considered impossible. Nothing, I think, in the English language will give us so true an impression of what is most characteristic of the Spanish drama; perhaps I ought to say, of what is most characteristic of Spanish poetry generally".—tom. iii. pp. 461, 462.

Extracts from *Continental Review*.

From "Blätter für Literarische Unter-

haltung". 1862. Erster Baude, 479 Leipzig, J. A. Brockhaus.

"Erwähnenswerth ist folgender Kühne versuch einer Nachbildung Calderon'scher stücke in Englischen Asonanzen.

"Love, the greatest enchantment; The Sorceries of Sin; The Devotion of the Cross, from the Spanish of Calderon, attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other imitative verse. By Denis Florence MacCarthy".

Diese Uebersetzung ist dem Verfaßer der "History of Spanish Literature", George Ticknor, zugeeignet, der in einem Schreiber an den Uebersetzer die Arbeit "marvellous" nennt und dam fortfährt:

"Nicht das sie die Asonanzen dem englischen Ohr so hörbar gemacht hätten, wie dies mit den Spanischen der Fall ist; unsere widerhaarigen consonanten machen dies unmöglich; das Wunderbare ist nur, das sie dieselben überhaupt hörbar gemacht haben. Meiner Meinung nach nehme ich Ihre Asonanzen so deutlich wahr, wil die Von August Schlegel oder Gries und mehr als diejenigen Friedrich Schlegel's. Aber dieser war der erste, der den versuch dazu machte, und ausserdem bin ich kein Deutscher. Wurde es nicht lustig sein, wenn man einmal ein solches Experiment in französischer Sprache wolte?"

"Ohne zweifel würde MacCarthy Ohne den vorgang deutscher Nachbildner des Calderon ebenso wenig darauf gekommen sein englische Asonanzen zu versuchen, als man ohne das ermunternde Beispiel deutscher Dichter und Uebersetzer darauf gekommen sein wurde, in Uebersetzungen und originaldichtungen unter welchen letztern wol besonders Longfellow's "Evangeline", zu nennen ist, englische Hexameter zu versuchen, was in letzter zeit gar nicht selten geschehen ist".

From "Boletín de Ferro-Carriles". Cadiz: 1862.

"La novedad que nos comunica de

la existencia de traducciones tan acabadas de nuestro grande é inimitable Calderon, ostendendo, hasta cierto punto, las galas y formas del original, estamos seguros será acogida con favor, si no con entusiasmo, per los verdaderos amantes de las letras españolas. A ellos nos dirijimos, recomendándoles el último trabajo del Señor Mac-Carthy, seguros de que participaran del mismo placer que nosotros hemos experimentado al examinar su fiel, al par que brillante traduceion; y en cuanto á la difícil tentativa de los asonantes ingleses, nos sorpende que el Señor Mac-Carthy haya podido sacar tanto partido, si se considera la indole peculiar de los dos idiomas”.

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Extracts from Letters addressed to  
the Author.

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From Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,  
Esq.

Cambridge, near Boston,  
America, April 29,  
1862.

“I thank you very much for your new work in the vast and flowery fields of Calderon. It is, I think, admirable; and presents the old Spanish dramatist before the English reader in a very attractive light.

“Particularly in the most poetical passages you are excellent; as, for instance, in the fine description of the gerkalcon and the heron in ‘El Mayor Encanto’.—11 *Jor.*

“Your previous volumes I have long possessed and highly prized; and I hope you mean to add more and more, so as to make the translation as nearly complete as a single life will permit. It seems rather appalling to undertake the whole of so voluminous a writer. Nevertheless, I hope you will do it. Having proved that you can, perhaps you ought to do it. This may be your appointed work. It is a noble one.

“With much regard, I am, etc.,  
“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, Esq”.

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From the Same.

Nahant, near Boston,  
August 10, 1857.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Before leaving Cambridge to come down here to the sea-side, I had the

pleasure of receiving your precious volume of ‘Mysteries of Corpus Christi’; and should have thanked you sooner for your kindness in sending it to me, had I not been very busy at the time in getting out my last volume of Dante.

“I at once read your work, with eagerness and delight—that peculiar and strange delight which Calderon gives his admirers, as peculiar and distinct as the flavour of an olive from that of all other fruits.

“You are doing this work admirably, and seem to gain new strength and sweetness as you go on. It seems as if Calderon himself were behind you whispering and suggesting. And what better work could you do in your bright hours or in your dark hours than just this, which seems to have been put providentially into your hands!

“The extracts from the ‘Sacred Parnassus’ in the *Chronicle*, which reached me yesterday, are also excellent.

“For this and all, many and many thanks.

“Yours faithfully,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, Esq.”.

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From George Ticknor, Esq., the Historian of Spanish Literature.

“Boston, 16th December, 1861.

“In this point of view, your volume seems to me little less than marvellous. If I had not read it—indeed, if I had not carefully gone through with the *Devocion de la Cruz*, I should not have believed it possible to do what you have done. Titian, they say, and some others of the old masters, laid on colours for their groundwork wholly different from those they used afterwards, but which they counted upon to shine through, and contribute materially to the grand results they produced. So in your translations, the Spanish seems to come through to the surface; the original air is always perceptible in your variations. It is like a family likeness coming out in the next generation, yet with the freshness of originality.

“But the rhyme is as remarkable as the verse and the translation; not that you have made the asonante as perceptible to the English ear as it is to the Spanish; our cumbersome consonants make that impossible. But the wonder

is, that you have made it perceptible at all. I think I perceive your asonantes much as I do those of August Schlegel or Gries, and more than I do those of Friederich Schlegel. But he was the first who tried them, and, besides, I am not a German. Would it not be amusing to have the experiment tried in French?"

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*From the Same.*

"Boston, March 20, 1867.

"The world has claims on you which you ought not to evade; and, if the path in which you walk of preference, leads to no wide popularity or brilliant profits, it is, at least, one you have much to yourself, and cannot fail to enjoy. You have chosen it from faithful love, and will always love it; I suspect partly because it is your own choice, because it is peculiarly your own".

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*From the Same.*

"Boston, July 3, 1867.

"Considered from this point of view, I think that in your present volume ["Mysteries of Corpus Christi", or "Autos Sacramentales" of Calderon] you are always as successful as you were in your previous publications of the same sort, and sometimes more so; easier, I mean, freer, and more happily expressive. If I were to pick out my first preference, I should take your fragment of the 'Veneno y Triaca', at the end; but I think the whole volume is more fluent, pleasing, and attractive than even its predecessors".

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*From the first of English religious painters.*

April 24, 1867.

"I cannot resist the impulse I have of offering you my most grateful thanks for the greatest intellectual treat I have ever experienced in my life, and which you have afforded me in the magnificent translations of the divine Calderon; for, surely, of all the poets the world ever saw, he alone is worthy of standing beside the author of the Book of Job and of the Psalms, and entrusted, like them, with the noble mission of commending to the hearts of others all that belongs to the beautiful and true, ever directing the thoughtful reader through the love of the beautiful veil, to the great Author of all perfection.

"I cannot conceive a nation can receive a greater boon than being helped to a love of such works as the religious dramas of this Prince of Poets. I have for years felt this, and as your translations appeared, have read them with the greatest possible interest. I knew not of the publication of the last, and it was to an accidental, yet, with me, habitual outburst of praise of Calderon, as the antidote and cure for the trifling literature of the day, that my friend (*the*) D— made me aware of its being out".

[The work especially referred to in the latter part of this interesting letter is the following: "Mysteries of Corpus Christi (*Autos sacramentales*), from the Spanish of Calderon, by Denis Florence Mac-Carthy". Duffy, Dublin and London, 1867.]

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*Extracts from American and Canadian Journals.*

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*From an eloquent article in the "Boston Courier", March 18, 1862, written by George Stillman Hillard, Esq., the author of "Six Months in Italy"—a delightful book, worthy of the beautiful country it so beautifully describes.*

"Calderon is one of the three greatest names in Spanish literature, Lopez de Vega and Cervantes being the other two. He is also a great name in the universal realm of letters, though out of Spain he is little more than a great name, except in Germany, that land so hospitable to famous wits, and where, to readers and critics of a mystical and transcendental turn, his peculiar genius strongly commended him. To form a notion of what manner of man Calderon was, we must imagine a writer hardly inferior to Shakespeare in fertility of invention and dramatic insight, inspired by a religious fervour like that of Doune or Crashaw, and endowed with the wild and ethereal imagination of Shelley. But the religious fervour is Catholic, not Protestant, Southern, not Northern: it is intense, mystical, and ecstatic: like a tongue of upward-darting flame, it burns and trembles with impassioned impulse to mingle with empyrean fire. The imagination, too, is not merely southern, but with an oriental element shining through it, like the ruddy heart of an opal". . .

"But our purpose is not to speak of Calderon, but of his translator Mr. MacCarthy; and to make our readers acquainted with his very successful effort to reproduce in English some of the most characteristic productions of the genius of Spain, retaining even one of the peculiarities in the structure of the verse which has hardly ever been transplanted from the soil of the peninsula". . . .

"Mr. MacCarthy's translations strike us as among the most successful experiments which have been made to represent in our language the characteristic beauties of the finest productions of other nations. They are sufficiently faithful, as may be readily seen by the Spanish scholar, as the translator has the courage to print the original and his version side by side. The rich, imaginative passages of Calderon are reproduced in language of such grace and flexibility as shows in Mr. MacCarthy no inconsiderable amount of poetical power. The measures of Calderon are retained; the rhymed passages are translated into rhyme, and what is more noticeable still, Mr. MacCarthy has done what no writer in English has ever before essayed, except to a very limited extent—he has copied the *asonantes* of the original". . . .

"We take leave of Mr. MacCarthy with hearty acknowledgments for the pleasure we have had in reading his excellent translations, which have given us a sense of Calderon's various and brilliant genius such as we never before had, and no analysis of his dramas, however full and careful, could bestow".

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*From a Review of "Love the Greatest Enchantment", etc., in the "New York Tablet", July 19, 1862, written by the gifted and ill-fated Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, of Montreal.*

"This beautiful volume before us—like virtue's self, fair within and without—is Mr. MacCarthy's second contribution to the Herculean task which Longfellow cheers him on to continue—the translation into English of the complete works of Calderon. Two experimental volumes, containing six dramas of the same author, appeared in 1853, winning the well-merited en-

comium of every person of true taste into whose hands they happened to fall. The Translator was encouraged, if not by the general chorus of popular applause, by the precious and emphatic approbation of those best entitled by knowledge and accomplishments to pronounce judgment. So here, after an interval of seven years, we have right worthily presented to us three of those famous *Autos*, which for two centuries drew together all the multitude of the Madrilenos, on the annual return of the great feast of Corpus Christi. On that same self-same festival, in a northern land, under a gray and clouded sky, in the heart of a city most unlike gay, garden-hued, out-of-door Madrid, we have spent the long hours over these resurrected dramas, and the spell of both the poets is still upon us, as we unite together, in dutiful juxtaposition, the names of Calderon and MacCarthy.

"How richly gifted was this Spanish priest-poet! this pious playwright! this moral mechanist! this devout dramatist! How rare his experience! how broad the contrasts of his career, and of his observation. . . . Happy poet! blessed with such fecundity! Happy Christian! blessed with such fidelity to the divine teachings of the Cross. . . .

"Very highly do we reverence Calderon, and very highly value his translator; yet, if it be not presumptuous to say so, we venture to suggest that MacCarthy might find nearer home another work still worthier of his genius than these translations. Now that he has got the imperial ear by bringing his costly wares from afar, are there not laurels to be gathered as well in Ireland as in Spain? The author of 'The Bell-Founder', of 'St. Brendan's Voyage', of 'The Foray of Con O'Donnell', and 'The Pillar Towers', needs no prompting to discern what abundant materials for a new department of English poetry are to be found almost unused on Irish ground. May we not hope that in that field or forest he may find his appointed work, adding to the glory of first worthily introducing Calderon to the English readers of this century, the still higher glory of doing for the neglected history of his fatherland what he has chivalrously done for the illustrious Spaniard".

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Three Dramas of Calderon,

From the Spanish.



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LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT,  
THE SORCERIES OF SIN, AND THE  
DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.



BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

DUBLIN: W. B. KELLY, 8 GRAFTON STREET.  
1870.



LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT:  
THE SORCERIES OF SIN:  
THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

ATTEMPTED STRICTLY IN ENGLISH ASONANTE AND

OTHER IMITATIVE VERSE,

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH DRAMA, AND NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR, AND THE

SPANISH TEXT FROM THE EDITIONS OF HARTZENBUSCH,

KEIL, AND APONTES.



LONDON:  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN AND ROBERTS.

1861.

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TO  
GEORGE TICKNOR, ESQ.

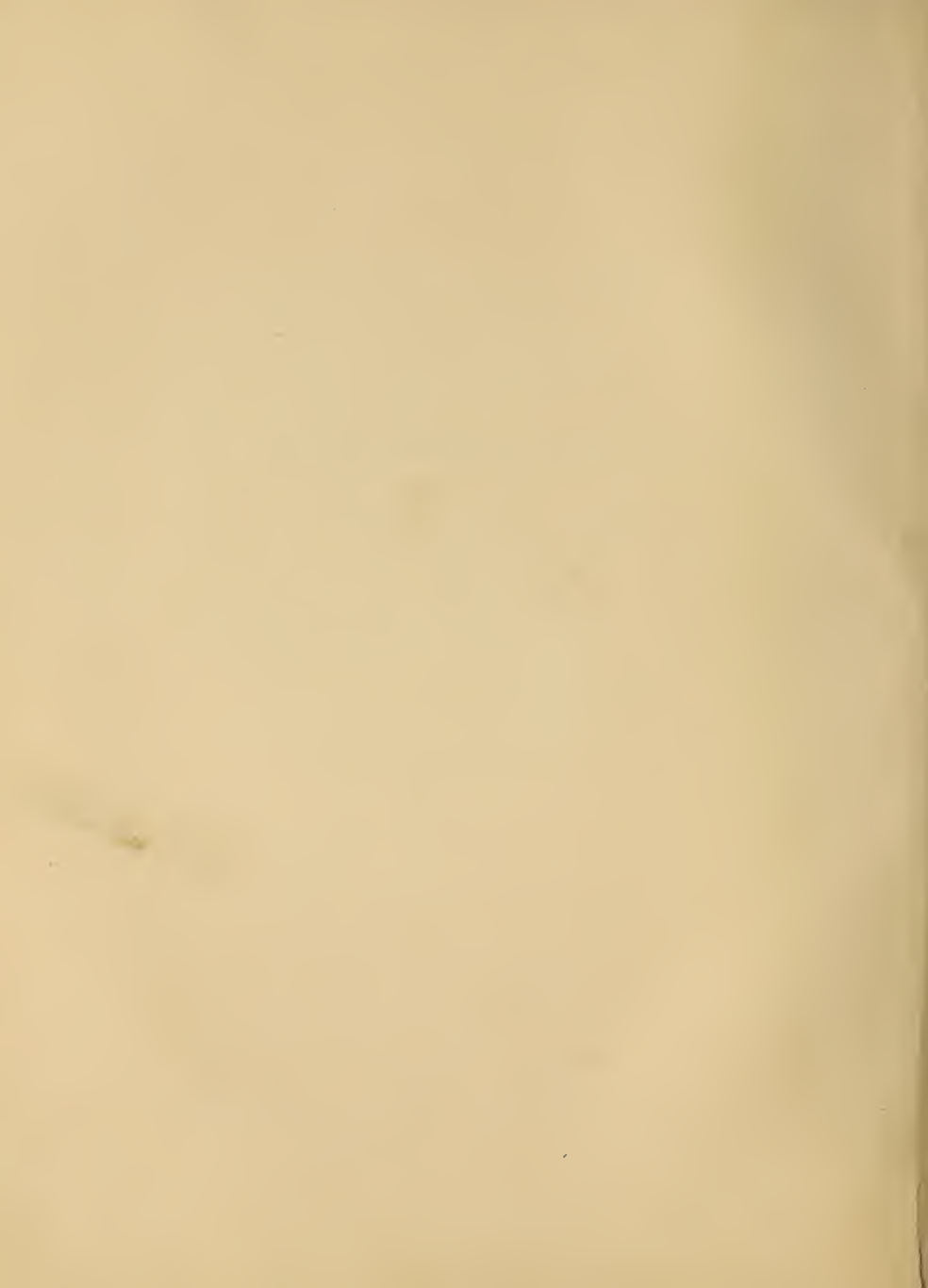
THE HISTORIAN OF SPANISH LITERATURE,

*This Volume*

IS INSCRIBED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF INFORMATION

LIBERALLY COMMUNICATED,

AND PRAISE GENEROUSLY BESTOWED.





## PREFACE.

**I**N 1853 I published two volumes of translations from the Spanish of Calderon, which contained the first (as it still continues to be the only) complete version of any of his plays that has ever been presented to the English reader.\* This attempt met with as much success as I could have reasonably anticipated for it, considering the circumstances under which the work grew up, as detailed in the preface, and the timidity with which I shrunk from the whole metrical difficulties of my task—difficulties which then appeared to me to be so insurmountable, that, had I the time, I scarcely would have had the courage to try and overcome. A forced leisure, however, of many months, occurring at irregular intervals, but extending through the whole of the intervening period,

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\* The dramas contained in those volumes are the following :—*The Purgatory of Saint Patrick, The Constant Prince, The Scarf and the Flower, The Physician of his own Honour, The Secret in Words, and Love after Death.* The remark in the text is by no means meant to disparage Mr. Fitzgerald's *Six Plays of Calderon freely translated*, London, 1853, the nervous blank verse of which, though I think unsuited to Calderon, I greatly admire; but surely a translator who confesses that he has "sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced" whatever did not seem to him particularly "fine" in his author, can scarcely be taken as a satisfactory interpreter of a poet whose very defects and extravagances are as characteristic of his genius as are his beauties.

having again induced me to resume my labours upon Calderon, I felt the very difficulties, which before I had left unattempted, an attraction and an incentive, as supplying a more laborious occupation, and a more engrossing distraction. I felt, too, a sincere artistic conviction that I was bound to do my best for a poet whom I had been, to some extent, instrumental in introducing to a foreign audience, and a determination that he should not suffer in their estimation by any wilful omission or neglect on the part of him at whose invitation he had appeared before them. Two things I set before me at the beginning of my renewed task, which, I trust, I have pretty faithfully observed to the end; namely, in the first place, to give the meaning of my author exactly, and in its integrity, neither departing from it through diffuseness, nor cramping it through condensation; and, secondly, to express it strictly in the form of the original, or not to express it at all.

It is by no means my intention to enter into the oft-debated question as to the principles which should guide or coerce the translator in his task. As far as the translator is concerned, it is a much easier thing to produce a popular and flowing version of any foreign poem or play, than a faithful and exact one; and the effect to be produced will so depend upon the capacity and culture of the reader,—whether, in a word, he will have his German or Spanish so thoroughly “done into English,” as to have every particle of its original nature eliminated out of it, or will have it faithfully presented to him, with all its native peculiarities preserved,—is so much a matter of taste, that no definite rule can ever be arrived at in the matter. What Mr. Newman has said upon this subject so entirely agrees with my own impressions, that I print his observations here, the more readily, that I have been actuated independently by the same convictions long before I was aware that they were shared by him. Mr. Newman, alluding to some of his own critics, who had laid down, as axioms, certain principles which he considers to be utterly

false and ruinous to translation, thus proceeds:—"One of these is, that the reader ought, if possible, to forget that it is a translation at all, and be lulled into the illusion that he is reading an original work. Of course, a necessary inference from such a dogma is, that whatever has a foreign colour is undesirable, and is even a grave defect. The translator, it seems, must carefully obliterate all that is characteristic of the original, unless it happens to be identical in spirit to something already familiar in English. From such a notion I cannot too strongly express my intense dissent. I aim at precisely the opposite;—to retain every peculiarity of the original, as far as I am able, *with the greater care, the more foreign it may happen to be*, whether it be matter of taste, of intellect, or of morals."\*

On this principle I have acted throughout the entire of this volume, with what success, however, of course remains to be seen.

The peculiar feature, then, of this Translation is its rigid adherence to the metres of the original, and particularly to that especial Spanish one, the *asonante* vowel rhyme, of which but a few scattered specimens exist in English, and these rather as samples of what our language was incapable of producing to any considerable extent, than of what it could achieve. This metre is so very peculiar, and so opposed to anything that bears the semblance of rhyme in English, that I have known several persons, who were able to read in the original a romance, or a scene from a Spanish play, and who, notwithstanding, never perceived the delicate and most elaborate form of versification they had been enjoying, until their attention was drawn to it; when once seen or heard, however, the discovery is hailed with delight, and we look or listen for the ever-recurring similarity of cadence or construction, "the manifold wild chimes" of the Spanish *asonance*, with pleasure and surprise. The numerous examples of it throughout this volume will show the reader

\* *The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre*, by F. W. Newman. (London, 1856.) Preface, p. xv.

what it is more clearly, perhaps, than any explanation; and yet some definition of it may not be inappropriate in this place. “The Spanish *afonante*,”\* says the late Lord Holland, “is a word which resembles another in the *vowel* on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel, or vowels, that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus: *tòs* and *amòr*, *orilla* and *delira*, *àlamo* and *pàxaro*, are all *afonantes*.”† This definition, though, perhaps, a little too limited for the boundless variety and freedom of the *afonance*, may be considered tolerably satisfactory. The rhyme, such as it is, is not confined, as in all other languages, to a few repetitions, of which those in the octave stanza are, perhaps, the most frequent; but in Spanish, the *same* *afonance*, that is, the same recurring similarity of vowel, or vowels, in the last accented syllable, or syllables, of every second line is kept up unchanged, however long may be the ballad or the scene in which it is commenced. In Spanish, from the open sound of the vowels, and from the copiousness of the language, this is easy. In fact, it is said that the difficulty lies not in producing the *afonante* where it is required, but in avoiding it in the intermediate lines, where it is superfluous. But in English the case is very different; from the comparative weakness of the vowel sounds,‡ from the rare possibility of combining them, and, what is still more, from their per-

\* This word is generally written *afonant* in English. For a thing so entirely Spanish, perhaps the Spanish form is the more appropriate one, and I have therefore followed Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor in calling it by its original name.

† *Life of Lope de Vega*, vol. II. p. 215.

‡ Mr. Newman has a remark, in the Preface from which I have already quoted, which seems to be applicable here, especially in reference to the general objection made against the introduction of the *afonance* into northern languages, namely, its insufficiency and incompleteness of *sound*. “An accentual metre,” he says, “in a language loaded with consonants, cannot have the *same sort* of founding beauty, as a quantitative metre in a highly vocalized language. It is not audible *fameness* of metre, but a likeness of *moral genius* which is to be arrived at.” P. xvii.

petual variation in quantity, anything like producing the same effect as in the Spanish is impossible. Yet this "ghost of a rhyme," as Dean Trench calls it,\* is better than none at all; and I have found, from my own experience, that an inflexible determination to reproduce it, at whatever trouble, even though with imperfect success, enables the translator more closely to render the meaning of the original, and saves him from the danger of being tempted into diffuseness by the facilities of expansion which even the unrhymed trochaic, *without the asonante*, too readily supplies. Translators who have felt the weight of too much liberty might find within the restricted limits of the *asonance* the same salutary restraints which Wordsworth discovered

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground"—

it is to be hoped with some slight portion of the same success.

With regard to the dramas and *auto* selected for translation in this

\* In his charming little book on Calderon (*Life's a Dream, &c.* London, 1856), Dean Trench has the merit of being the first to attempt the translation of any portion of Calderon into equivalent English *asonantes*: his translations having been made, as I infer from his preface, about eighteen years before they were published.

I may supply here an omission in the Preface to my *Dramas from Calderon*, when noticing the contributions to a knowledge of the Spanish Drama which our early English literature supplies, an omission also noticeable in that part of Dean Trench's Essay which goes over the same ground. I was not aware at the time that Preface was written that Sir Richard Fanshawe, the translator of Guarini and Camoëns, had given, in 1649, a very pleasing version in short lyrical lines, almost Spanish in their felicity and grace, of Antonio de Mendoza's long and singular drama, *Querer por Solo Querer* ("To Love for Love's Sake"). This is the drama which took Charles Lamb three "well-wasted hours" to read, and, according to him, nine days to represent. (See the *Extracts from the Garrick Plays* in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, Bohn's Ed. 1854, p. 476.) "Five or six mortal hours," however, are the limits which Don Ramon de Mesoneros Romanos in the *Apuntes Biográficos* prefixed to his *Dramaticos Contemporaneos de Lope de Vega*, t. ii, p. 28, puts to the patience of the audience in listening to the six thousand four hundred verses of which the original drama consists.

volume, little requires to be said in this place, as I have prefixed to each of them such introductory remarks as seemed necessary for the proper understanding of the time and circumstances of their production. They all may be considered representative pieces—pieces that convey a fair idea of the class of drama, whether *Fiesta*, *Comedia*, or *Auto*, to which they belong. The first, *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, which is the story of Circe and Ulysses, is a favourable specimen of the dramas which Calderon founded upon classical or mythological subjects. Of these he wrote altogether eighteen, and though they have been greatly admired, not alone in Germany, but in England, for the freedom with which the poet entered into possession of these ancient fables, using them for his own purposes with a freshness of invention ever new and ever delightful, but one only out of the eighteen has ever been even analysed in English with anything like completeness or precision.\*

The next piece, *The Sorceries of Sin*, is even still more interesting and more wonderful. It is an *auto*, and therefore, though dealing with the same story as its foundation, is as different from the preceding play as spirit is to matter, or the soul to the body. In fact, the long dramatic spectacle in which the ancient Hellenic fable starts into new life, in another climate, and at a different era, beneath the power of a new creator, seems to be worthless in the poet's eyes, unless he can deduce from it its *moral*, namely, the power of Man to resist, or, at least, to triumph over temptation, if he will only listen to the voice of his own soul, and the silent whisperings of repentance and of grace. This he has done in *The Sorceries of Sin*. In the introductory remarks which I have prefixed to it the reader will find some most interesting and valuable bibliographical notes by Mr. Ticknor, relative to the first publication of the

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\* The drama alluded to is *Los Tres Mayores Prodigios*, on which there is a good paper in *Frazer's Magazine* for August 1849. *Eco y Narciso* is referred to with great praise in the *Westminster Review* for January 1851, pp. 295-307.



*autos*, taken from communications which he has had the kindness to address to me upon the subject. Upon the general character of the *autos* I cannot do better than refer the reader to the third part of Dean Trench's essay, to which I have previously made allusion.


The celebrity of the third piece which this volume contains, *The Devotion of the Cross*, and the misconceptions which exist as to its real character, will be, I trust, sufficient excuse for my having translated it. As in the other cases, I refer the reader to the introductory remarks prefixed to this tragedy, which Dean Trench characterizes as, "despite of all its perversity, a wonderful and terrible drama."\*

The Spanish text, which I have printed for the convenience of the reader, is founded, as far as the *comedias* are concerned, partly on the edition of Keil, and partly on that of Hartzenbusch. The *scenes* are altogether taken from the latter edition. Where any important difference exists between the text of the two editions, I have generally drawn attention to it in a foot-note. The *auto*, with the exception of a few slight corrections, is printed verbatim from the edition by Apontes (*Autos Sacramentales*, 6 vols. 4to. Madrid, 1759-60, vol. vi. p. 109).†

\* For a supplementary note to *The Devotion of the Cross* see next page.

† In addition to what has been said in the note to p. xi. relative to Sir Richard Fanshew's translation of *Querer por Solo Querer*, it may be mentioned that he also translated another dramatic spectacle from the Spanish, called *Fiestas de Aranjuez*. See *The Companion to the Play-house*, London, 1764, v. ii., under letter F, where it is erroneously attributed to Mendoza. This is doubtless the masque written, by the unfortunate Count of Villa-Mediana, for the birth-day festivities of Philip IV. in 1622. See Ticknor, v. ii. p. 172, n.; see also Madame d'Aulnoy's *Relation du Voyage d'Espagne*, t. ii. pp. 20, 21. (La Haye, 1715,) for a very curious account of the exhibition of this spectacle, and for the author's premeditated act of daring gallantry towards the Queen, which, it is supposed, led to his immediate assassination.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE TO THE DEVOTION  
OF THE CROSS.

N the Introduction to *The Devotion of the Cross*, and at p. 284 of the Translation, I have stated that *La Devocion de la Cruz* was first printed at Huesca, in 1634, under the title of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, and as the work of Lope de Vega. This mistake, in a volume forming a portion of a collection containing the dramas of various authors, is perhaps not to be wondered at; but it seems strange that the same error should be repeated six years later, in a volume of the collection devoted exclusively to the dramas of Lope himself, in the twenty-fourth part or volume of which (Madrid, 1640) *La Cruz en la Sepultura* is again given as the work of Lope de Vega.\* In a note to the exceedingly valuable catalogue of all the Comedias and Autos of Lope de Vega, compiled with such care and labour by the distinguished Spanish scholar Mr. J. R. Chorley, of London, and presented by him with so much liberality to Señor Hartzembuch for his fourth volume of Lope's *Comedias Escogidas* (Madrid, 1853-60), it is stated that this twenty-fourth part is the only one out of the twenty-five to which the collection of Lope's comedias extended (1604-47), which is wanting to complete the copy in the Spanish Library of Lord Taunton, at Stoke Park, near London. It is preserved, however, with the others in the National Library of Madrid. Mr. Chorley also mentions that according to Mr. Ticknor (under date October 1857), the edition of Huesca, 1634, is to be found in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, and in the Library of the Vatican at Rome. A volume of the collection of separately-printed Spanish plays, brought from Spain by Lord Arlington in the reign of Charles the Second, and now preserved in the Library of the British Museum, contains, according to Mr. Chorley, two of Calderon's dramas (one of them being *La Cruz en la Sepultura*), which are both attributed to Lope de Vega.†

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\* See Schack's *Geschichte der Dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, b. II. p. 696, Lord Holland's *Life of Lope de Vega*, vol. II. p. 151, and Mr. Chorley's *Catalogo de Comedias y Autos de Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio*, referred to above.

† *Catalogo de Comedias, &c.* p. 542. I may add that the second, *Amor, Honor, y Poder* is also given under another name in the twenty-fourth of Lope's Comedias above mentioned. The volume published at Huesca in 1634 contains, in addition to these, a third of Calderon's dramas, erroneously attributed to Lope, namely *Un Castigo en Tres Venganzas*. See Hartzembuch's *Catalogo Cronologico, Comedias de Calderon*, t. IV. p. 669.



LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.







## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE Homeric Circe, previous to her becoming the heroine of this drama of Calderon, had figured under various names, and with various adventures, in the romances and romantic poetry of Europe, and we recognize her as the same person, whether called Morgana, as in *Launcelot du Lac*, and in Boiardo, Alcina, as in Ariosto, or Armida, as in Tasso. To these may be added the *Duesſa* of Spenser, in 1590, and in 1634 (the year preceding the first performance of Calderon's drama) a male reproduction of the character in the "*Comus*" of Milton. Under her original name, Lope de Vega had devoted upwards of three thousand lines to her adventures in his "*Circe*," a poem in octave stanzas, which he published in 1624. The ground-work of Calderon's *Circe* is to be found in Homer, *Odyſſey*, B. x. from line 135 to 574, and B. xii. from line 8 to 141. But he was under great obligations both to Ariosto and to Tasso, the former of whom, in the Sixth Canto of the *Orlando*, and the latter, to a still greater degree, in the Sixteenth Canto of the "*Gerusalemme*," supply him with many of his most interesting incidents. Indeed the thirty-seventh stanza of the Sixteenth Canto of the latter poem may be taken as the key-note of his entire composition, and as such I introduce it here in the quaint version of Fairfax, although the concluding couplet of the original—

Lascia gl' incanti, e vuol provar se vaga  
E suplice beltà sia miglior maga—

more clearly expresses the meaning of Calderon :—

All what the witches of Theffalia land  
With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,  
Words that could make heaven's rolling circles stand,  
And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake,  
All well she knew, but yet no time she fand  
To use her knowledge or her charms to make,  
But left her arts, and forth she ran to prove  
If single beauty were best charm for love.

The experiment of recalling Ulysses to his martial tastes and duties, by placing before him the long-unused armour of Achilles, is probably suggested by the similar stratagem which gave Rinaldo courage to break from the enchantments of Armida; but both, no doubt, founded upon one of the later traditions of Achilles himself, who, when concealed in the court of Lycomedes of Scyros, under the disguise of a maiden, was discovered by Odysseus through a somewhat similar stratagem. The conduct of Armida herself upon her desertion also presents resemblances to the catastrophe in *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, detracting nothing, however, from the merits of Calderon's work, in which every incident of the ancient classical myth is recast, reborn, as it were, in the creative mind of the poet with a freshness (says Schack, from whom I have derived some of the foregoing references) which, while preserving all the charms of the old Hellenic Legend, impresses upon it the distinctive and not less delightful character of modern romance.\*

The following curious paper I have translated from a document first published by Don Casiano Pellicer, in the second volume of his *Tratado Historico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia en España*, and introduced

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\* *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, B. III. p. 190.

as a preface to this play by Hartzenbusch in his edition of Calderon.\* It is interesting as well for showing the labour which the great poet took in working upon the plan of the machinist, and in what respects he departed from it, as for the very remarkable proof which it gives of the mechanical resources of the theatre in the reign of Philip the Fourth, and the unequalled magnificence with which this and similar royal pageants were produced at the court of Madrid. The Masques of Ben Jonson,† which were about the same period the delight of “our James,” are the only productions which can be compared with these dramatic spectacles of splendour and ingenuity; and while, in their united labours as dramatist and machinist, the palm for poetical excellence must be given to Calderon, it will be perceived that, in productions of this kind, the great English architect had no mean rival in the less widely known, but still famous Italian artist, who had the honour of being Calderon’s fellow-labourer in these magnificent shows.

“CIRCE,

“*A Dramatic Spectacle which was represented on the great pond of the Retiro,‡ the invention of Cosme Lotti, at the request of her most excellent Ladyship, the Countess of Olivarez, Duchess of San Lucar la Mayor, on the night of St. John [June 24, A. D. 1635].*

“There will be formed in the middle of the pond a stationary island, raised seven feet above the surface of the water, with a winding ascent, terminating at the entrance into the island, which will be surrounded by a parapet of loose stones, adorned with corals and other curiosities of the

\* *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, T. VII. p. 385. Madrid, 1848. *Tratado Histórico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia y del Histrionismo en España*, por D. Casiano Pellicer. *Parte Segunda*, p. 146. Madrid, 1804.

† *Chloridia*, which he produced in conjunction with Inigo Jones in 1630, cost 3000*l.* for decorations.

‡ The celebrated palace of the *Buen Retiro*.

fea, such as pearls and shells of different colours, with waterfalls and similar decorations. In the midst of this island will be situated a very lofty mountain of rugged ascent, with precipices, and caverns, furrounded by a thick and darksome wood of tall trees, some of which will be seen to exhibit the appearance of the human form covered with a rough bark, from the heads and arms of which will issue green boughs and branches, having suspended from them various trophies of war and of the chase, the theatre during this opening scene being scantily lit with concealed lights: and, to make a beginning of the festival, a murmuring and a rippling noise of water having been heard, a great and magnificent car will be seen to advance along the pond, plated over with silver, and drawn by two monstrous fishes, from whose mouths will continually issue great jets of water, the light of the theatre increasing according as they advance; and on the summit of it will be seen seated in great pomp and majesty the goddess Aqua, from whose head and curious vesture will issue an infinite abundance of little conduits of water; and at the same time will be seen another great supply flowing from an urn which the goddess will hold reversed; and which, filled with a variety of fishes, that, leaping and playing in the torrent as it descends, and gliding over all the car, will fall at length into the pond. This admirable machine is to be accompanied by a choir of twenty nymphs of rivulets and fountains, who will advance, singing and playing, along the surface of the water: and, when this beautiful piece of mechanism stops in the presence of His Majesty, the goddess Aqua will commence the scene by representing the *Loa*.\* This being finished, the sound of various instruments will be heard, and the procession will retire from the theatre in the same order, and with

\* The *Loa* here mentioned is probably that which precedes the *Auto, Los Encantos de la Culpa* (*The Sorceries of Sin*), which is also founded on the story of Ulysses and Circe, and a translation of which forms the second portion of this volume. This *Loa* has no connection with the incidents of either drama or auto, being merely a glorification of Madrid. In it, however, the goddess Aqua makes her appearance, which she does not do in either *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, or in *The Sorceries of Sin*, her



the same musical accompaniment as it entered. Scarcely has it disappeared, when a stirring sound of clarions and trumpets will burst forth, with discharges of musketry and cannon, and the cry of *Land! Land!* will be heard from within: and a great and beautiful gilded bark will be discovered, adorned with streamers, pendants, banneroles, and flags, which, with swelling sails, will come to harbour, furling her sails, and dropping her anchors and cables; and on her deck will be seen Ulysses and his companions, who, returning thanks to the gods for having reached land, will speak of their past misfortunes and their present necessities, none of them having the daring to disembark even to seek refreshment, fearing the dangers that might ensue; on which account, lots being drawn, eighteen of them will be compelled to enter the long-boat, and to make the attempt: and they having tremblingly leaped on the island, a great number of various animals, such as lions, tigers, dragons, bears, and others, will place themselves before them, who, astonished and full of terror, will form themselves into a body for their defence; but the animals, with human intelligence, will approach them carelessly, at which moment will be heard a sad, but melodious strain of music, proceeding from the trees and plants, which with human forms have been there metamorphosed, at which musical wail, the animals, in their various ways, will perform an extraordinary dance, and while this is kept up and continued, a terrible earthquake, with agitation of the air, will be felt, which, awakening flashes and peals of thunder, will dart forth a forked bolt, that, striking the top and summit of the mountain, will so loose and shatter it, that it will fall to pieces in various parts of the theatre, at which event the animals will disappear, and the music will cease, and the mariners will remain full of terror and amazement,

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place in the car being filled, in the former, by the nymph Galatea, and in the latter by the personification of Penance. The car itself seems to have been used in other of these gorgeous spectacle-plays of Calderon. In his *Phaeton*, for instance, which was also acted on the pond of the Retiro a few years later, there are two references to its having been seen by the audience on several previous occasions.—TRANSLATOR.

seeing, in the place where the mountain stood, a splendid palace appear, inlaid with precious stones of various colours, of a rich and well-designed architecture, with columns of agate and crystal, having bases, capitals, and cornices of gold, and statues of bronze and of marble, all arranged in their proper places. And the frightful and horrible wood will at the same time be transformed into a fair and delicious garden, enclosing a lofty edifice of spherical form, with corridors and porticos; and in the midst of each delightful compartment will be seen fountains of running water, covered alleys, and numbers of domestic animals passing to and fro; and, at the appearance of this new wonder, the theatre will be illuminated by a brilliancy so great, that it will seem as if the sun ministered its light, which will proceed from and be the result of the reflection which the jewels of this rich and sumptuous palace will make, and from two splendid stars which, with singular and remarkable brilliancy, will issue from the waves and waters of the pond; and, in front of the porticos and corridors in the centre of the crescent, Circe will be seen seated on a majestic throne, dressed magnificently in flower-embroidered robes of silk, attended by many ladies and damsels, some of whom will go about gathering herbs and flowers, which they will place in golden baskets, and others will collect in crystal vases waters of various kinds, for the use and convenience of the sorcerers and her enchantments; and Circe, with a grave and composed countenance, holding a golden wand in one hand, and in the other a book, from which she reads, (the timid companions of Ulysses being present, and beholding with wonder what has happened,) she will direct one of her ladies to encourage and to lead them to her presence, when, with an agreeable and deceitful countenance, she will ask them who they are, and for what object they have approached that island. To which they will give answer, referring to the events of the siege of Troy, and the subsequent misfortunes that had befallen them since its fall; and they will implore pity and succour for themselves and their dismantled and ill-provided vessel: and she, feigning compassion for their misery and misfortune, will

promise them assistance, and, descending from her throne, on which, up to this time, she has been seated, she will strike the earth with her golden wand, and at the instant a splendidly-furnished table will arise, at which banquet a potion in a golden cup will be administered to them which will transform them into swine, with the exception of one, who, flying a similar metamorphosis, and the treacherous hospitality of the sorcerers, will re-enter the boat, still lying by the shore, and will relate this new adventure to Ulysses: and she, enraged at the flight of their companion, will beat the seeming swine with her wand, ordering them away to the sty, at which much amusement will arise from their grunting; and she will make one of them, who appears of a humorous turn, to stand upright, and speak naturally as a man: and this one, serving as the *gracioso*, will make entertaining jests and comic buffoneries with the ladies, endeavouring to fit in their laps, and imitating the playfulness of a lap-dog: and, taking a fancy for one of them, he will fall in love with her, whom Circe will transform into a monkey, through anger and jealousy that the appearance of any lady should appear to the swine more beautiful and attractive than her own: from which will result a pleasant and entertaining allegory, for the lady seeing herself transformed into a monkey, and great discord on this account ensuing between her and the swine, will under this metaphor point out the punishment which follows the vices and sensuality of men; and on the other hand a like allegory, under the metaphor and transformation of the lady into a monkey, the degradations which follow those of women. In the meanwhile, the cavalier who fled the dangers and deceits of Circe, having come to the presence of Ulysses, and having related the mournful fate of his companions, will move him to such pity, that he will instantly go to their relief; and, making the land in his boat, he will hear a voice, without knowing from whom it proceedeth, and seeking the source of this voice, it will be found to proceed from one of those cavaliers who, clothed in rugged bark, have been transformed into trees, who will exhort him not to proceed farther, nor expose himself to the certain danger that threatens him, but that he should fly the en-

chantments of that island, originating in the deceptions of Circe, and in her magic and impure loves : at which Ulysses, wondering, will ask him who he is, and what was the occasion of so cruel an enchantment. To whom he with deep sorrow will answer that he was one of the companions of King Picus, and will relate the tragic and mournful fate which had overtaken them and their king, all being, as their final misfortune, either transformed into trees, or condemned to wander, in the shape of various animals, through the woods. At which Ulysses, compassionate and confused, will resolve to undertake their restoration as a part of the conquest he was about undertaking ; and scarcely will he have proceeded to put it into execution, when Mercury will be seen coming through the air, dazzling with various colours and reflections, who, as ambassador from Jupiter, will present him with a flower, by means of which he will be able to come triumphant out of the adventure which he had vowed, and from the snares and enchantments of Circe : to whom Ulysses will scarcely have given thanks, when from his presence, cleaving the air, he will return to heaven : and Ulysses, recovering his breath, and thus secure of success, will with fresh courage come in sight of the beautiful palace, in which will be seen new wonders, since at the disappearance of the throne on which Circe had been seated, under an arch in the middle of the porticos and corridors, will be discovered a most beautiful open portal, through which will be seen long and deep perspectives, exciting great admiration ; and while Ulysses stands in suspense during the carrying out of this prodigy, that follower of his who, changed into a swine, acts the part of the *gracioso*, will come before him, and recognizing him, will strive to embrace him, and with his filthy snout attempt to kiss him, calling to his companions, who, grunting in a comic way, will surround him, making altogether a grotesque tableau ; and he, compassionating their misery, will caress them, asking the talking swine to introduce him to the enchantress Circe ; and they then, fearing greater evil, perceiving her presence, will fly away, leaving Ulysses alone with her, whom, in an affable manner, the enchantress

will receive, inviting him to drink, and offering him the same cup which had been presented to his companions. Ulysses will excuse himself, threatening her, in order that she should give them their liberty; and she, refusing, will so provoke the anger and fury of Ulysses, that he will put his hand to his sword; but, seeing that his threats are of no avail, and his sword equally ineffectual, he will change his anger and fury into flatteries and caresses; and, pretending to be enamoured, will offer to dwell with her, and to comply with all her wishes and desires, provided that she will restore his companions to their original shape, which Circe offers to do, and, enamoured of him, embraces him; and, conducting him to his companions, she will make them wash in a beautiful fountain, the waters of which will restore them to their original shape of men, all except the *gracioso*, who, for their greater pleasure and entertainment, will remain transformed, gaining nothing from his ablutions but a still longer snout, and the sudden acquisition of a pair of ass's ears; at which, harassed and enraged, he will indulge in various comic and amusing expressions, and will implore Circe to restore him, and of Ulysses he will ask it, and of his companions in like manner: which she will promise to do when he has done penance in that shape for having been attracted more by the beauty of the lady transformed into a monkey, than by hers. And, matters being thus arranged, there will appear in the pond six barks or floops, commanded and steered by six cupids, in which Circe will cause the companions of Ulysses to enter, assigning to each one the lady to whom he is to pay court, and to the *gracioso*-swine the lady that was transformed into a monkey: and she herself will enter with Ulysses into hers; and, singing to the sound of various instruments, they will go through the pond, fishing with rods for fresh fish, which, wherever the tackle is thrown into the water, will nibble at the fly, and, being caught by the hook, will be raised up, plunging and bounding; but the swine-transformed *gracioso*, in place of catching fresh fish, will only draw up those that are salted and dried, such as dog-fish and hake; and after this comic diversion the little fleet will form a crescent, the

bark of Circe and Ulysses being in the centre, she will command the sea, in order to give pleasure to her new lover, to bring forth and exhibit on its waves the diversity of fishes and marine monsters which it contains in its womb : at which precept and command the pond will be seen filled with a variety of fishes, great and small, which, playing with each other, will force up through their mouths and nostrils frequent jets of odoriferous water, which, scattered in fragrant showers upon the spectators, will diffuse a sweet and agreeable odour around. And at this time will come and appear suddenly upon the pond VIRTUE, disguised under the form and figure of a female magician, seated upon a great sea-tortoise, and seeming to Circe (in consequence of her assumed disguise of a magician) a great friend of hers, she will be rejoiced to see her, and will compliment her on her arrival, at which they will all disembark upon a flowery lawn in front of the palace, where they will sit down ; and then, conversing on various matters, and being much pleased at the visit of her friend, Circe, to entertain her, will introduce a grotesque assemblage of sirens and tritons, who, on the water of the pond, will perform a wonderful sort of dance, the like of which has never been seen or heard of : at the end of which, they having disappeared, and Circe, Virtue, and Ulysses having resumed their conversation and discourse, Circe will ask Virtue the reason that has moved her to leave her studies and magical pursuits to come and visit her : and she will answer, that the object of her coming is her love for Ulysses, whom, from the moment of his birth, she had destined for herself, having experienced from him such tender respect and attention, which have obliged her to seek him, and to come for him, in order to withdraw him from her hands, because her great love allowed her no rest, nor confidence in her ancient friendship with Circe. And the companions of Ulysses, hearing this explanation, wondering and confused at what had happened, will be astonished, and not knowing Virtue under the disguise of a magician, will believe her to be mad ; but Circe, laughing, and treating what her friend had said to her as a jest, will treat her with raillery, notwithstanding-

ing which she, through jealousy, and to reassure herself, will make Ulysses and his companions perform a mimic tournament on foot, the tilting enclosure suddenly appearing for the occasion : scarcely has this begun, when Virtue, praising the shape, the graceful deportment, the activity and courage of Ulysses, will cause great jealousy to Circe, who will suspend the tournament, causing the lists to disappear, and commanding Virtue on the instant to depart the island ; but she will not do so, unless she can take Ulysses with her ; at which Circe, angry and enraged, will make great incantations, shapes, spectres, and enchantments to overcome her and to drive her thence, which will produce in the air and on the island great prodigies and wonderful appearances, which will do no injury to Virtue, who will conquer them all ; and Circe, finding that she is powerless to subdue her, will go away in wrath, leaving Virtue alone with Ulysses, who will reveal herself to him, rebuking him for his way of life, and censuring him for his effeminacy, asking him if it was he that she had conducted out of Greece, and had made victorious over the Trojans, and recalling the other glorious achievements of Ulysses. He, grateful, and with his memory restored, will repent, and will promise to follow her, abandoning his vices, which, till then, had held him in forgetfulness, at which she will lead him to the fountain, where, beholding himself as in a mirror, he will see himself so different from what he was in the days of his valour, that, with a fixed determination, he will resolve to leave Circe. At which there will appear in the theatre a very old and deformed giant, wearing a venerable beard, dressed in the habit of a hermit, and with a staff in his hand, whose presence will compel Ulysses to inquire of Virtue who he is, and what was his business with him ; to whom she will give answer : “ This is he whom thou art to follow, and whom thou oughtest to congratulate in order to rise from the abyss of vices into which thou hast fallen.” With that Ulysses will turn to the giant, and ask him to give him his protection, and to tell him who he is : and the other will assure him of it, saying that he is called the Buen Retiro, (the Happy Re-

treat,\*) and telling Ulysses that what is necessary to obtain for him a place in the temple of eternity, and to make his name famous, illustrating it with glorious actions, is to follow him, the Happy Retreat, because unless he followed that, he would not be able to renounce vice and love virtue, which could only be done by retiring from all that could divert him from her. With that Ulysses, determining to follow the Happy Retreat, will embrace Virtue, and being embraced by her, Circe will return in despair, and, seeing Ulysses embraced by Virtue, will ask him if these were the attentions, the fond vows, the promises and flatteries, on account of which she relied upon his steadfastness and fidelity: and she will ask him not to leave her, availing herself for that purpose of great threats, mingled with caresses, at which, mocking her, Virtue will say, that not only is she powerless to subjugate Ulysses, but that, for his greater triumph, he will take with him all whom that enchanted isle contains, and, for the carrying out of this, it will be so arranged, that the trees will then burst asunder, and from their trunks and cavities all will issue forth who have been there confined."

*Love the Greatest Enchantment* was first printed, in the year 1641, in the second volume of the poet's dramas, published by his brother. It is thus described:—

" *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, a *fiesta* which was represented before his Majesty on the night of St. John, in the year 1635, on the pond of the royal palace of the Buen Retiro." (*Segunda parte de Comedias de Calderon*. Collected by Don José Calderon, his brother. Madrid, 1641.)

Previous to its representation, however, in 1635, a still earlier play on the same subject had been produced, to which the date of 1634 has been assigned, from an allusion to it in the first act of *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, to which I have more particularly referred where the passage

\* "*El Buen Retiro*," a pun, doubtless, on the name of the palace in the gardens of which this spectacle was to be exhibited. In the phraseology of the "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps it might be translated "Giant Good-path."—TRANSLATOR.



occurs. This drama was called *Polyphemus and Circe*, and was the united work of Mira de Mescua, Perez de Montalvan, and Calderon. It is supposed to have been printed at Madrid in 1652, in the *second part* of the collection of *Comedias de varios Autores*,\* as would appear from the MS. index, by Don Juan Ifidro Fajardo, of all the plays printed in Spain to the year 1716, which is preserved in the National Library of Madrid. Of this *second part*, however, there seems to have been two distinct impressions, the one above mentioned, in 1652, and another in 1653. Of these impressions, no copy of the edition of 1652 is known to exist, and that of 1653 does not contain the drama of *Polyphemus and Circe*. A copy, however, has been made up by Señor Hartzenbusch from two manuscripts kindly placed at his disposal by Señor Duran, (the editor of the most complete *Romancero* that has yet been given to the world,) and published by him in the fourth volume of his edition of Calderon.† In addition to the curious paper just given, it may be interesting to give an analysis of this hitherto unknown drama, as a further evidence of the care and deliberation with which Calderon

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\* It is singular, as Mr. Ticknor remarks, that of this collection of the old dramas of Spain, which at least extended to forty-three volumes, (from the list of Fajardo, above mentioned, it would appear there were forty-seven,) so little should now be known. Of these volumes, at the date of the publication of his "History of Spanish Literature" (1849), Mr. Ticknor himself possessed three, namely, the twenty-fifth (Saragossa, 1633), the thirty-first (Barcelona, 1638), and the forty-third (Saragossa, 1650). He mentions two others, which he had not seen, namely, the twenty-ninth (Valencia, 1636), and the thirty-second (Saragossa, 1640). In addition to the twenty-fifth (a copy of which, as has been already mentioned, is in the possession of Mr. Ticknor), Señor Hartzenbusch mentions four others, the twenty-eighth (Huesca, 1634), the thirtieth (Saragossa, 1636), the thirty-third (Valencia, 1642), and the part above described as having taken the first sketch of Calderon's *Armas de la Hermosura*, namely, *El Privilegio de las Mujeres*, which he wrote in conjunction with Montalvan and Antonio Coello. It is given in vol. iv. p. 397, of his edition. Madrid, 1848-50. TR.

† *Comedias de Calderon*. Por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, vol. iv. p. 413.

elaborated those dramas, the subjects of which seem to have been favourites with himself.

### POLYPHEMUS AND CIRCE.

Written by Doctór Mira de Mescua, Doctór Juan Perez de Montalvan, and Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.

The first act is by Mira de Mescua. The opening scene, in the position of the ship, &c. resembles the corresponding one in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. It is a faint outline of the complete picture painted by Calderon.

In the tenth scene Polyphemus quotes Gongora, and seems well read in Spanish poetry.\*

“ Un poeta me dijo que en la luna,  
Desde la cumbre deste monte, puedo  
Escribir mis desdichas con el dedo.”—Pp. 416-17.

The lines of Gongora referred to are—

“ Y en los cielos desde esta roca puedo  
Escribir mis desdichas con el dedo ?”

*Fabula de Polifemo y Galatea*, Stanza 49.†

The first act ends with a struggle between *Love* and *War* for the possession of Ulysses, as in Calderon's play. The song in favour of the former is sung by the sirens, the call to the latter is given by one of the Greeks called Turselino. The refrain is the same in both plays: Ulysses yields to Love, and is overcome with sleep, as in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. The experiment which Circe makes use of as a test of his

\* In Montalvan's special Auto on the same subject, Polyphemus plays on a guitar. This Auto of *Polifemo*, which Montalvan subsequently published in his *Para Todos*, is supposed to have been written as early as 1619.

† *Poetas Líricos de Siglos 16 y 17*, in Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, vol. xxxii. p. 462.

affection, is to assume the appearance of a statue while he sleeps. Ulysses awakes, and, seeing his mistress turned to marble, bewails his loss, and declares that there is nothing now in the palace of Circe that can detain him. He rushes towards the sea, determined to embark; Circe follows, declaring she is still alive, and rejoiced in her heart at the success of her experiment.

The second act is by Montalvan.

In this act Montalvan introduces some harmonious verses, in octave stanzas, taken from his earlier *Auto of Polifemo*, which, as I have said, was probably written before 1619, but not published till 1632; or, as Señor Hartzenbusch says, 1633, in the edition of his *Para Todos*, which appeared at Huesca in that year. These verses are followed by a very spirited scene between Polyphemus and Galatea. The dialogue is kept up with great liveliness, each party scarcely using more than one line—a rhetorical forbearance very unusual in Spanish plays.

The third act is by Calderon. Ulysses relates that in consequence of his having preferred Irene, one of Circe's ladies, to the enchantress herself, for no other reason, he would have us believe, but her resemblance to the absent Penelope, the jealous and indignant Circe had taken a very summary way to put an end to that flirtation, by causing palace, ladies and all, to disappear. Indeed, at the end of the second act, the grated window at which Ulysses and Irene had been conversing at the moment of this catastrophe, and of which the thoughtful lady advised her lover to lay hold, is represented as flying away, with the hero himself hanging on. The story of Polyphemus then proceeds in the usual way. In this play, the disenthralment of Ulysses is effected by an appeal from Acis (the catastrophe connected with whom and Galatea takes place in the second act), who comes forth bleeding from the rock which Polyphemus had flung upon him, and at whose fountain Ulysses was about to drink. At the departure of the hero from the island, Circe makes the same appeal that is given in *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, occasionally in the same words. At the end the indulgence

of the audience is asked for the three poets who had joined in its composition.

It only remains to add that the resemblance, which every one will perceive exists between the opening scene of *Love the Greatest Enchantment* and *The Tempest*, in the position of the ship, the nautical phraseology used by the seamen, and the jokes of the *graciosos* and clowns, seems to be purely accidental. If Calderon were acquainted with the works of his great English predecessor, and he might easily have been so, as he was but twenty-three years of age when the first folio was published; and from the intercourse then existing between Spain and England, it would not be at all surprising that the volume had found its way to the Peninsula; he would scarcely have confined his imitations to this one passage, and perhaps another in his *Saber del mal y del bien* (To know good and evil), where the idea conveyed in Shakespeare's famous lines—

“ All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players,”

is expressed by Calderon with almost equal power in the well-known reflection commencing,—

“ *En el teatro del mundo  
Todos son representantes.*”





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ULÍSES.  
 ANTÍSTES.  
 ARQUELAO.  
 POLIDORO.  
 TIMÁNTES.  
 FLORO.  
 LEBREL.  
 CLARIN.  
 LÍSIDAS.  
 ARSIDAS.  
 BRUTAMONTE, *gigante*.  
 AQUÍLES.  
 CIRCE.  
 CASANDRA.  
 CLORI.  
 TISBE.  
 SIRENE.  
 FLÉRIDA.  
 ASTREA.  
 LIBIA.  
*La Ninfa* IRIS.  
 GALATEA.  
*Griegos, Soldados de Arsidas, Tritones,  
 Sirenas.*

ULYSSES.  
 ANTISTES. }  
 ARCHELAUS. } *Companions of Ulysses.*  
 POLYDORUS. }  
 TIMANTES. }  
 FLORUS. }  
 LEBREL. }  
 CLARIN. }  
 LYSIDAS, *Prince of Tuscany.*  
 ARSIDAS, *Prince of Sicily.*  
 BRUTAMONTE, *a giant.*  
 SHADE OF ACHILLES.  
 CIRCE.  
 CASSANDRA. }  
 CHLORIS. } *Her ladies.*  
 THISBE. }  
 SIRENE. }  
 FLERIDA. }  
 ASTREA. } *Her attendants.*  
 LIBIA. }  
 IRIS. } *Nymphs.*  
 GALATEA. }  
*Greek and Sicilian Soldiers, Tritons,  
 Sirens.*

SCENE, *Sicily.*



LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

JORNADA I.

MAR Y COSTA DE TRINACRIA.

*Suena un clarin, y descúbrefe un navío,  
y en él ULÍSES, ANTISTES, ARQUELAO,  
LEBREL, POLIDORO, TIMÁNTES, FLORO,  
CLARIN y otros Griegos.*

*Antistes.*

**E**N vano forcejamos,  
Cuando rendidos á la fuerte  
estamos,  
Contra los elementos.

*Arquelao.*

Homicidas los mares y los vientos,  
Hoy ferán nuestra ruina.

*Timántes.*

Iza el trinquete.

*Polidoro.*

Larga la bolina.

*Floro.*

Grande tormenta el huracan promete.

*Antistes.*

¡Hola, iza!

ACT THE FIRST.

THE SEA AND COAST OF SICILY.

*A ship is discovered struggling with the  
waves: in it are ULYSSES, ANTISTES,  
ARCHELAUS, POLYDORUS, TIMANTES,  
FLORUS, LEBREL, CLARIN, and others.*

*Antistes.*

**W**E strive in vain,  
Fate frowns averse, and drives  
us o'er the main  
Before the elements:—

*Archeiaus.*

Death wings the wind, and the wild  
waves immense  
Will be our graves to day.

*Timantes.*

Brace up the foresail.

*Polydorus.*

Give the bow-line way.

*Florus.*

The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.

*Antistes.*

Hoist!

*Lebrel.*

A la escota!

*Clarín.*

Al chafaldete!

*Ulises.*

Júpiter soberano,  
Que este golfo en espumas dejas cano,  
Yo voto á tu deidad aras y altares,  
Si la cólera templas de estos mares.

*Antistes.*

¿Sagrado Dios Neptuno,  
Griegos ofendes á pesar de Juno?

*Arquelao.*

Causando está desmayos  
El cielo con relámpagos y rayos.

*Clarín.*

¡Piedad, Baco divino!  
No muera en agua el que ha vivido en  
vino.

*Lebrel.*

¡Piedad, Momo sagrado!  
No el que carne vivió, muera pescado.

*Timántes.*

Monumentos de hielos  
Hoy serán estas ondas.

*Todos.*

Piedad, cielos!

*Polidoro.*

Parece que han oído  
Nuestro lamento y mísero gemido,

*Lebrel.*

To the main-sheet!—

*Clarín.*

Let the clew-lines go!—

*Ulysses.*

O Sovereign Jove!  
Thou who this gulf in mountainous  
foam dost move,  
Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,  
If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.

*Antistes.*

God of the Sea, great Neptune! in de-  
pite  
Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks  
affright?

*Archelaus.*

And see, the kindling Heavens are all  
ablaze,  
With angry bolts and lightning-winged  
rays.

*Clarín.*

Son of Silenus, truly called *divine*!  
Save from a watery death these lips  
that lived on wine!

*Lebrel.*

Let not, O Momus! 'tis his latest wish,  
A man who lived as flesh now die as  
fish!—

*Timantes.*

This day, these waves that round about  
us rise  
Will be our icy tombs:—

*All.*

Have pity, O ye skies!—

*Polydorus.*

It seems that they have listen'd to our  
prayer—  
Our wild lament that pierced the dark-  
some air—



Pues calmaron los vientos.

*Arquelao.*

Paces publican ya los elementos.

*Antistes.*

Y para mas fortuna,

(Que la buena y la mala nunca es una)

Ya en aqueste horizonte

Tierra enseña la cima de aquel monte

Corona de esa sierra.

*Timántes.*

Celages se descubren.

*Todos.*

Tierra, tierra !

*Ulyses.*

Pon en aquella punta,

Que el mar y el cielo, hecho bisagra, junta,

La proa.

*Polidoro.*

Ya toca el espolon la playa.

*Antistes.*

Vaya toda la gente á tierra.

*Todos.*

Vaya ;

*Antistes.*

Del mar cesó la guerra.

*Ulyses.*

Vencimos el naufragio.

*Todos.*

A tierra, á tierra !

[*Llega el bajel y desembarcan todos.*]

*Ulyses.*

Saluda el peregrino,

Que en salado cristal abrió camino,

Since suddenly the winds begin to  
cease.

*Archelaus.*

Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace :—

*Antistes.*

And for our greater happiness,

(Since good and evil on each other press)

See, on the far horizon's verge

The golden summits of the hills emerge

From out the mist that shrouds the

lowlier strand.

*Timantes.*

The clouds are scatter'd now ;

*All.*

The land ! the land !

*Ulysses.*

Beneath this promontory, which doth  
lie

A link of stone betwixt the sea and sky,

Turn the tired prow :

*Polydorus.*

The rock bends beetling o'er :—

*Antistes.*

All hands descend on shore :—

*All.*

All hands on shore !

*Antistes.*

After the war of waves the air grows

bland :—

*Ulysses.*

Shipwreck we have subdued.

*All.*

To land ! to land !

[*The vessel anchors and all the  
crew disembark.*]

*Ulysses.*

Salute this hospitable land,

Whose curving shores like sheltering arms  
expand

La tierra donde llega,  
 Cuando inconstante y náufrago se niega  
 Del mar á la inconstancia procelosa.

*Antistes.*

¡Salve, y salve otra vez, madre piadosa!

*Arquelao.*

Con rendidos despojos  
 Los labios te apellidan, y los ojos.

*Clarín.*

Del mar vengo enfadado;  
 Que no es gracioso el mar, aunque es  
 falado.

*Lebel.*

No es aqueño forzofo  
 Que yo no foy falado, y foy gracioso.

*Ulises.*

¡Qué tierra será esta?

*Timantes.*

¡Quién quieres que á tu duda dé res-  
 puesta,  
 Si, siempre derrotados,  
 Mares remotos, climas apartados  
 Hemos tantos años discurrido,  
 El rumbo, el norte y el iman perdido?

*Polidoro.*

Pues no nuestras desdichas han cesado;  
 Que el monte, donde ahora has arribado,  
 No parece habitable

To clasp us to its breast:—  
 Storm-tofs'd and ship-wreck'd we awhile  
 may rest

Nor dread the sea's wild rage, the storm-  
 wind's wilder mirth!

*Antistes.*

Hail! and thrice hail, O holy mother  
 Earth!—

*Arbelaus.*

To thee O land! our grateful tears and  
 sighs  
 Breathe from our lips, and tremble from  
 our eyes:—

*Clarín.*

Loathing the tiresome sea, I turn from  
 it,—  
 So much of salt and yet so little wit!—

*Lebel.*

That does not follow, since the salt sea  
 can  
 Make a good merman of a merry-man!—

*Ulises.*

What land is this, what shore, what  
 sheltering creek?

*Timantes.*

Which of us all can answer what you  
 seek?  
 Since ever driven along the watery waste  
 Through distant seas and climes asunder  
 placed,  
 We for so many years have now been  
 tost—

Our route, our polar star, our compass lost?

*Polidorus.*

I fear new trials threaten us again;  
 Since from this hill where we have shelter  
 ta'en,  
 The place looks all deserted—hillocks  
 piled

En lo inculto, intrincado y formidable.

*Antíftes.*

En él las mas pequeñas  
Ruinas, de gente humana no dan feñas.

*Arquelao.*

Solo fe vé de arroyos mil furcado,  
Cuyo turbio cristal defentonado  
Parece, á lo que creo,  
Desperdiciado aborto del Leteo.

*Lebrel.*

Que habemos dado, temo,  
En otro mayor mal, que el Polifemo.

*Floro.*

Quejas fon lastimosas y severas,  
Cuantas fe escuchan, de robustas fieras,

*Timántes.*

Y fi las copas rústicas miramos  
Destos funestos ramos,  
No pájaros suaves  
Vemos, nocturnas sí, agoreras aves.

*Arquelao.*

Y entre fus ramos rotos y quebrados  
Trofeos de guerra y caza están colgados.

*Polidoro.*

Todo el fitio es rigor.

*Floro.*

Todos es espanto.

*Antíftes.*

Todo horror.

On woody plains, and heaths untrodden  
rude and wild.

*Antíftes.*

From this I cannot fee the flightest trace  
Of human dwellings in this lonesome  
place.

*Arabelaus.*

'Tis furrow'd by a thousand tiny streams  
Whose troubled tide so hoarse and slimy  
seems,

That one could almost think  
It burst and fray'd away from Lethe's  
laden brink.

*Lebrel.*

Worse than the cave of Polyphemus,  
here

A greater evil threatens us I fear :—

*Florus.*

And hark! that distant sound appears  
the howl  
Of famish'd beasts that through the  
forests prow! ;

*Timantes.*

And if we turn our eyes  
Unto the darksome boughs that hide us  
from the skies,  
No gentle songsters warble from the trees,  
But hoarse nocturnal birds of fatal  
auguries.

*Arabelaus.*

Suspended from the boughs, methinks  
I trace [chafe.

Some broken trophies of the war and

*Polidoro.*

All here is gloomy.

*Florus.*

All is full of fear.

*Antíftes.*

Horror!

*Arquelao.*

Todo afombro.

*Timántes.*

Todo encanto.

*Lebrel.*

Abfarto de mirar sus señas quedo.  
¿ Creerálmé una verdad, que tengo  
miedo?

*Clarín.*

Sí creeré, si es que arguyo,  
Que por mi corazón se juzga el tuyo.  
[*Vanse todos, y quedan Ulises y Clarín.*]

*Ulises.*

Pues los dos nos quedamos,  
Por esta parte penetrando vamos.  
¡ Qué bosque es de confusión tan rara  
A queste que pisamos!

*Clarín.*

Y aun no para

En eso, pues del triste obscuro centro  
Suyo, miro salirnos al encuentro  
Un escuadrón de fieras,  
Bárbara inculta hueste, que en hileras  
Mal formadas embiste  
A los dos.

*Ulises.*

Defendámonos (ay triste!)

El uno al otro.—Pero cómo es esto?  
No sólo á nuestra ofensa se han dispuesto,  
Pero humildes, postrados y vencidos,  
Los pechos por la tierra están rendidos.

[*Salen animales, y hacen lo que se va  
diciendo.*]

Y el Rey de todos ellos,

*Archeblaus.*

And terror!

*Timantes.*

And enchantments drear!

*Lebrel.*

At all these signs I stand and gape dis-  
may'd—

Can you believe it true that I'm afraid?—

*Clarín.*

Easily, truly, and for this alone,  
I judge your heart and courage by my  
own.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Clarín.*]*Ulysses.*

Since we alone of all our comrades stay,  
Let us attempt to penetrate this way:  
What tangled wood with thorny thickets  
Is this we tread? [blind,

*Clarín.*

And worse remains behind,

For from its central sad obscurity,  
My frighten'd eyes a fearful squadron see  
Of banded wild-beasts issuing through  
the gloom;

Hither the savage host appears to come,  
In broken ranks the dreadful foe  
flocks  
nigh

To attack us two!—

*Ulysses.*

O woe! then let us die

Defending one another!—Stranger still,  
They do not seem disposed to do us ill:  
But humbled, vanquish'd, crowd around,  
And with their prostrate breasts salute  
the ground.

[*The Animals enter and act as they are  
described.*]

And see the King of all the train—

El leon, coronado de cabellos,  
En pie puesto, una vez hácia las peñas,  
Y otra hácia el mar, cortes nos hace  
feñas.

O generoso bruto,  
Rey de tanta república absoluto,  
¿Qué me quieres decir, cuando á la  
playa

Senalas? ¿que me vaya,  
Y que no tale mas el bosque, donde  
Tienes tu imperio? A todo me re-  
sponde,

Inclinada la testa,  
Con halagos firmando la respuesta.  
Creamos pues al hado ;  
Que un bruto no mintiera coronado.—  
Convoca á gritos fieros  
A nuestros compañeros,  
Para que al mar volvamos,  
Y agradecidos el peligro huayamos.

*Clarín.*

Compañeros de Ulises,  
Que discurris los bárbaros países  
Deste encantado monte,  
Desamparad fu bárbaro horizonte.

*Ulyses.*

Al mar volved, al mar, que tristemente  
Con halago las fieras obediente,  
Cuando sus voces nuestras gentes llaman,  
Quieren quejarse, y por quejarse, braman.

*Clarín.*

Todas con manso estruendo,

The lordly Lion crown'd with his own  
mane—

Standing erect, doth beckon courteously,  
Now to the rocks, and now unto the  
O generous and noble brute, [sea.  
Of thine own realm sole monarch abso-  
lute ! [to show

What wouldst thou say by seeming thus  
My way to the strand? Is it that I  
should go,

Nor seek to penetrate this mystic wood,  
Where thou dost hold thy court? Oh!

I am understood! [imperial eye,  
He bends his sovereign head, his proud  
And with caresses strengthens his  
reply :—

On fate and on his word let us rely,  
A King—even though of beasts—can  
never lie!

With hurried cries of hope and fear  
Convoke our scater'd comrades here,  
That to the sea we may return once  
more, [shore.  
And grateful fly the dangers of this

*Clarín (calling).*

Companions of Ulysses, who  
Roam this savage region through,  
Come, leave this land by fiends possess'd,  
Come, fly this mountain's magic breast!

*Ulysses.*

To sea! to sea! with what a sad assent  
The wild beasts' voices with our cries  
are blent!

With us they call our people o'er and  
o'er, [ing roar!  
They wish to warn them, and in warn-

*Clarín.*

With gentle clamour through the woods  
they flee,

Repitiendo las señas, van huyendo.

*Ulysses.*

Mucho es mi afombro.

*Clarín.*

Y mi tristeza es mucha.

*Ulysses.*

Dioses, ¿ qué tierra es esta ?

*Sale buyendo ANTISTES.*

*Antístes.*

Atiende, escucha :

Entramos en ese monte,  
 Ulises, tus compañeros,  
 A examinar sus entrañas.  
 A folicitar su centro,  
 Cuando á las varias fortunas  
 Del mar pensamos que el cielo  
 Nos habia dado amparo,  
 Nos habia dado puerto.  
 Mas ay triste ! que el peligro  
 Es de mar y tierra dueño ;  
 Porque en la tierra y el mar  
 Tiene el peligro su imperio.  
 Digalo allí, coronado  
 De tantos naufragios ciertos,  
 Y aqui lo diga, ceñido  
 De tantos precisos riesgos :  
 Aunque ni el mar, ni la tierra  
 No tienen la culpa dellos,  
 Pues el hombre en tierra y mar  
 Lleva el peligro en sí mismo.  
 Por diversos laberintos,  
 Que labró, artífice diestro  
 Sin estudio y sin cuidado,  
 El desaliño del tiempo,  
 Discurrimos ese monte,  
 Hasta que hallándonos dentro,  
 Vimos un rico palacio.  
 Tan vanamente soberbio,  
 Que embarazando los aires,

Still making signs and pointing to the sea.

*Ulysses.*

Great is my wonder.

*Clarín.*

Great my mournful fear.

*Ulysses.*

What is this land, ye Gods ?—

[*ANTISTES rushes in.*

*Antístes.*

Oh ! listen, thou shalt hear :—

We, Ulysses, thy companions,  
 Dared this mountain wild to enter,  
 Its interior to examine,  
 To explore its inmost centre,  
 For we thought the fickle fortune  
 Of the sea at length had ended,  
 And that heaven had given us favour,  
 And the earth a welcome shelter ;  
 But, alas ! doth Danger lord it  
 Over land and sea for ever,  
 Sea and land th' eternal kingdom  
 Ruled by Danger's deathless sceptre ;  
*There* his gloomy throne is builded  
 Of unnumber'd shipwreck'd vessels,  
*Here* his widening realm is bounded  
 By a ring of risks unended,  
 Though nor land nor sea should justly  
 Bear the blame of these excesses,  
 Since on both, the seeds of danger  
 Man within his own breast beareth ;  
 Through the labyrinthine passes,  
 Which with careless hand Time cleav-  
 eth—  
 Time the cunning craftsman making  
 Most of that which he neglecteth,  
 Without seeming toil or effort,—  
 In through these the mount we enter'd,  
 And advanced, until with wonder  
 A rich palace we beheld there,

Y los montes afligiendo,  
 Era para aquellos nube,  
 Y peñasco para estos,  
 Porque se daba la mano  
 Con uno y con otro extremo :  
 Pero aunque viciosos eran,  
 La virtud no estaba en medio.  
 Saludamos sus umbrales  
 Cortesfanamente atentos,  
 Y apenas de nuestros voces  
 La mitad nos hurtó el eco,  
 Cuando de Ninfas hermosas  
 Un tejido coro bello  
 Las puertas abrió, mostrando  
 Apacible y lisonjero,  
 Que habia de ser su agasajo  
 De nuestros males consuelo,  
 De nuestras penas alivio,  
 De nuestras tormentas puerto.  
 Mintió el deseo ; ¿ mas cuándo  
 Dijo verdad el deseo ?  
 Detras de todas venia,  
 Bien como el dorado Febo,  
 Acompañado de estrellas,  
 Y cercado de luceros,  
 Una muger tan hermosa,  
 Que nos persuadimos ciegos,  
 Que era, a envidia de Diana,  
 La diosa destes desiertos.  
 Esta pues nos preguntó,  
 Quiénes eramos ; y habiendo  
 Informádose de paso  
 De los infortunios nuestros,  
 Cautelosamente humana,  
 Mandó fervir al momento  
 A sus Damas las bebidas  
 Mas generosas, haciendo  
 Con urbanas ceremonias  
 Político el cumplimiento.

So superbly proud and haughty,  
 That embarrassing the zephyrs  
 And the mountains' sides oppressing,  
 It to those a vast cloud seemeth,  
 And to these a rock as mighty :—  
 Since at once to earth and heaven  
 Each of its extreme ends reaches ;  
 But unlike the extremes of vices,  
 In its midst no virtue dwelleth.  
 We, its thresholds fair saluted,  
 Courteously approaching nearer,  
 And the swift thief Echo scarce  
 Half our stolen words repeated,  
 When a linkèd choir of nymphs  
 Wide its ample doors extended,  
 Showing in their smiling looks  
 Such a sweet and gracious presence,  
 That we thought at length had come,  
 After all our toils, refreshment,  
 After all our evils, good,  
 And a haven after tempests :—  
 Falsely spoke our wishes thus ;  
 But, ah ! when have wishes ever  
 Spoke the truth ? Behind them all,  
 Like the golden sun attended  
 By the morning stars, and girt  
 Round with rosy eastern ether,  
 Came a woman, ah ! so fair,  
 That our dazzled eyes believed her  
 (To Diana's envy sure)  
 The sole goddess of those deserts :—  
 She inquired of us, at length,  
 Who we were : and when was ended  
 The brief outline of our woes,  
 She, with purpose well dissembled,  
 Order'd her attendant dames  
 To supply us with whatever  
 Generous and refreshing drinks  
 We in our condition needed,

Apenas de sus licores  
 El veneno admitió el pecho,  
 Cuando corrió al corazón,  
 Y en un instante, un momento,  
 A delirar empezaron,  
 De todos los que bebieron,  
 Los sentidos, tan mudados  
 De lo que fueron primero,  
 Que no solo la embriaguez  
 Entorpeció el sentimiento  
 Del juicio, porción del alma,  
 Sino también la del cuerpo ;  
 Pues poco á poco extinguidos  
 Los proporcionados miembros,  
 Fueron mudando las formas.  
 ¿ Quién vió tan raro portentoso ?  
 ¿ Quién vió tan extraño hechizo ?  
 ¿ Quién vió prodigio tan nuevo ?  
 ¿ Y quién vió, que, siendo hermosa  
 Una muger con extremo,  
 Para hacer los hombres brutos,  
 Usase de otros remedios,  
 Pues destas transformaciones  
 Es la hermosura el veneno ?  
 Cual era ya racional  
 Bruto, de pieles cubierto ;  
 Cual, de manchas salpicado  
 Fiera con entendimiento ;  
 Cual sierpe armada de conchas,  
 Cual de agudas puntas lleno,  
 Cual animal mas inmundo :  
 Y todos al fin á un tiempo  
 Articulaban gemidos,  
 Pensando que éran acentos.  
 La mágica entonces dijo :  
 “ Hoy vereis, cobardes Griegos,  
 De la manera que Circe  
 Trata cuantos pasajeros  
 Aquestos umbrales tocan.”—

Greeting us the while with all  
 Courteous gestures and addresses.  
 Scarcely of these poison'd drinks  
 Had the mouth received the effence,  
 When it reach'd the very heart ;  
 So that quickly, in my presence,  
 Strange delirium seized on all  
 Who had drunk what they presented,  
 So that the swift drunkennes  
 Not alone benumb'd the senses,  
 Or obscured the-reason, part  
 Of the immortal soul, but even  
 Reach'd the very frame itself ;  
 So that the well-moulded members  
 Gradually began to lose  
 Their fix'd outline and presentment.  
 Who e'er saw so strange a portent ?  
 Who bewitchment so demented ?  
 Who a prodigy so new ?—  
 And who saw too this extreme  
 Wonder, that a woman deck'd  
 With such charms as she possesses,  
 If she wish'd to make men brutes,  
 Should have other means invented,  
 When so well for such transformings  
 Beauty's poisonous power succeedeth ?  
 One, though keeping reason still,  
 Seem'd a rough-skinn'd beast untether'd ;  
 One, with stain'd and spotted hide,  
 Seem'd a brute with human senses ;  
 This a serpent arm'd with scales,  
 That by prickly stings protected ;  
 This became an animal  
 Most unclean, and all together  
 Utter'd howls and cries, believing  
 They were words that they accented.  
 Then the fair magician said,  
 “ Coward Greeks, this day's experience  
 Teacheth you how Circe treats



Yo, que por ser el que haciendo  
 Estaba la relacion  
 De nueſtros varios ſuceſos,  
 Aun no habia al labio dado  
 El vaſo, el peligro viendo,  
 Sin que reparara en mí  
 Circe, corrió; que en efecto,  
 El que ſe ſabe librar  
 De los venenos mas fieros  
 De una hermoſura, es quien ſolo  
 Niega los labios á ellos.  
 Eſto en ſin me ha ſucedido,  
 Y vengo à aviſarte dello,  
 Porque deſta Eſfinge huyamos.  
 ¿ Pero dónde podrá el cielo  
 Librarnos de una muger  
 Con belleza y con ingenio ?

*Ulyſes.*

¿ Cuándo vengada eſtarás,  
 O injuſta deidad de Vénus !  
 De Grecia ? ¿ cuándo tendrán  
 Divinas cóleras medio ?

*Antiſtes.*

No en laſtimosos gemidos  
 La ocaſion embaracemos,  
 Que tenemos de librarnos :  
 Al mar volvamos huyendo.

*Ulyſes.*

¿ Cómo, habemos de dejar  
 Aſi á nueſtros compañeros ?

*Clarín.*

Perdernos, ſeñor, noſotros,  
 No es alivio para ellos.

*Ulyſes.*

Juno, ſi en deſprecio tuyo  
 Vénus ofende á los Griegos,  
 ¿ Cómo tú no los defiendes,

Every traveller who ſteppeth  
 From his ſhip upon theſe ſhores.”  
 I, that I might be the bearer  
 Of this newer, ſtranger phaſe  
 Of the fate that dogs us ever,  
 Though the cup was at my lips,  
 Seeing what a danger threaten'd,  
 Fled ere Circe was aware.  
 For in truth the only ſecret  
 Antidote by which to eſcape  
 Beauty's poiſon'd influences,  
 Is to never truſt the lips  
 Even to touch what ſhe preſenteth.  
 This is my unhappy tale,  
 And of this I come to tell thee,  
 That we may this fair Sphinx fly.  
 But fly whither ? ſince the heavens  
 Scarce can ſave us from a woman,  
 Ah ! ſo lovely and ſo clever !

*Ulyſes.*

Venus, cruel goddeſs fair,  
 When wilt thou enough avenge thee  
 Upon Greece ? Ah ! when will be  
 Thy divine diſpleaſure leſſen'd ?

*Antiſtes.*

Let us not in mournful ſighs  
 Loſe the ocaſion chance preſenteth  
 Of effecting our eſcape :—  
 Better ſeek the ſea's rude ſhelter.

*Ulyſes.*

How ! and can we leave them here,  
 Our companions thus deſerted ?

*Clarín.*

But to loſe ourſelves, my lord,  
 Will, methinks, but little ſerve them.

*Ulyſes.*

Juno, if through ſcorn of thee  
 Venus thus the Greeks oppreſſes ;  
 Why, reſenting this her ſcorn,

Quejosa de tu desprecio ?  
 Acuérdate, que, ofendida  
 De París, á nuestro acero  
 Le fiaste tu venganza :  
 Acuérdate, que sangrientos  
 Por tí abraçamos á Troya,  
 Cuyo no apagado incendio  
 Hoy en padrones de humo  
 Está en cenizas ardiendo.  
 Si, por haberte vengado,  
 Tantos males padecemos,  
 Remédianos, Juno bella,  
 Contra la deidad de Vénus.

[*Tocan chirimías, y sale en un arco la  
 Ninfa IRIS, y canta la Música dentro.*]

*Música.*

Iris, Ninfa de los aires,  
 El arco despliega bello,  
 Y mensajera de Juno,  
 Rasga los azules velos.

*Iris (canta).*

Ya la obedezco,  
 Y batiendo las alas,  
 Rompo los vientos.

*Ulyses.*

Línea de púrpura y nieve,  
 Nube de rosa y de fuego,  
 Verde, roja y amarilla,  
 Nos deslumbran a sus reflejos.

*Antístes.*

¿ Qué hermoso rasgo corrido  
 En el papel de los cielos,  
 Bandera es de paz ?

*Ulyses.*

Y en él

Está la Ninfa pendiendo,  
 Embajatriz de las diosas,  
 Reina de dos elementos.—

Dost thou not in turn defend them ?  
 Oh ! remember when thou wert  
 Wroth with Paris, to avenge thee,  
 Thou didst trust thee to our swords :—  
 And that bloody deed remember,  
 How it was for thee we burn'd  
 Ilium down, whose living embers  
 Raise red monuments of smoke  
 O'er its ashes still unquenchèd ;  
 If for wreaking thy revenge,  
 Such unnumber'd ills have centred  
 All in us, O Juno fair,  
 Against Venus be our helper !

[*A sound of clarions is heard, and the  
 nymph IRIS appears in a rainbow, voices  
 are heard singing within.*]

*Song within.*

Iris, lovely nymph of air,  
 Now her beauteous bow extendeth,  
 And, swift messenger of Juno,  
 Rends the azure veil of heaven.

*Iris (sings).*

I, the glad-obeying bearer  
 Of good tidings, float along,  
 Parting with my wings the ether.

*Ulyses.*

Curved lines of purpled snow,  
 Clouds of fire and rose-hues blended,  
 Green and red, and golden yellow,  
 Dazzle us with their reflexes.

*Antístes.*

What fair streak of light is this,  
 That, from heaven's blue walls projected,  
 Seems the flag of peace ?

*Ulyses.*

And, lo !

In it is the nymph suspended,  
 She who is embassadress  
 From the Goddeses, and regent

Iris, bellísima Ninfa,  
Si tu respuesta merezco,  
¿Qué, dichosa, vas buscando?  
¿Qué, infelice, vas huyendo?

*Iris (canta).*

A tus fortunas atenta,  
O nunca vencido Griego,  
Juno tu amparo dispone,  
Y yo de su parte vengo.  
Este ramo, que te traigo,  
De varias flores cubierto,  
Hoy contra Circe será  
Triaca de sus venenos.

*[Deja caer un ramillete.*

Toca con él sus hechizos,  
Desvaneceránse luego,  
Como al amor no te rindas :  
Que con aviarte desto,  
Ya la obedezco,  
Y batiendo las alas,  
Rompo los vientos.

*Toda la Música.*

Y batiendo las alas,  
Rompo los vientos.

*[Tocan chirimías, y desaparece  
el arco y la Ninfa.*

*Ulyses.*

Hermoso aliento de Juno,  
No desvanezcas tan presto  
Tanto aparato de estrellas,  
Tanta pompa de luceros.  
Espera, detente, aguarda,  
Que te sacrifique el pecho  
Estas lágrimas, que llesves  
En señal de rendimiento.

*Clarín.*

Ya las esparcidas luces

Of two separate elements :—  
Iris, lovely nymph, if ever  
I thy answer have deserved,  
Say, O happy, whom thou seekest?  
Say, unhappy, whom thou fleest?

*Iris (sings).*

O thou never conquer'd Greek!  
Thou whose fate is ever present  
To great Juno's thoughtful care,  
Unto thee she now has sent me.  
See this floral branch I bear  
Gemm'd with buds that Flora tended,  
It will be the antidote  
Against Circe's poison'd secrets,—

*[She lets fall a bunch of flowers.*

Touch with it her magic spells,  
They will vanish, if thou yieldest  
Not to love's more potent charm :—  
With this parting hint I leave thee,  
I, the glad-obeying bearer  
Of good tidings, float along,  
Parting with my wings the ether.

*Chorus of voices within.*

See! the glad-obeying bearer  
Of good tidings floats along,  
Parting with her wings the ether,

*[The clarions sound, and the rainbow  
and Nymph disappear.*

*Ulyses.*

Sweet-scent breath from Juno's lips,  
Ah! do not so soon disremember  
Such a glorious gleam of stars,  
Such a crimson cloud of crests,  
Oh! detain thee, listen, stay,  
Till at least my breast present thee  
With these sacrificial tears,  
Of my feelings the mute emblems.

*Clarín.*

See, the scatter'd lights retire,

Va doblando y recogiendo,  
Haftaperderse de vista,  
Por las campanas del viento.

*Ulyffes.*

Ya no hay que temer de Circe  
Los encantos, pues ya veo  
Tan de mi parte los hados,  
Tan en mi favor los cielos.  
A fus palacias me guia,  
Veráfine vencer en ellos  
Sus hechizos, y librar  
A todos mis compañeros.

*Antiffes.*

No es menester que te guie  
A fus ojos ; que ella, haciendo  
Salva á tus peligros, fale  
Al fon de mil instrumentos.

*Aparece el Palacio de Circe.*

*Salen los Múficos cantando, y despues  
CIRCE, CASANDRA, TISBE, CLORI  
y ASTREA, que trae un vaso en una  
falvilla, y LIBIA una toalla.*

*Múfica.*

En hora dichosa venga  
A los palacios de Circe  
El siempre invencible Griego,  
El nunca vencido Ulyffes.

*Circe.*

En hora dichosa venga  
Hoy á esta palacio hermofo  
El Griego mas generoso,  
Que vió el fol, donde prevenga  
Blando albergue, y donde tenga  
Dulce hospedage, y atento  
A fus fortunas, contento  
Pueda en la tierra triunfar  
De la cólera del mar,  
Y de la faña del viento.

Now outgleaming, now condensèd  
Till they wholly fade away  
On the far-off plains of heaven !

*Ulyffes.*

Now I have no caufe to fear  
Circe's magic rites, defended  
As I am by friendly fates,  
And by favouring íkies protected.  
To her palace lead the way,  
Thou wilt fee me there defend me  
'Gainft her forceries, and fet free  
My companions from their fetters.

*Antiffes.*

Need there's none that I should lead thee  
To her prefence, fince fhe entereth  
Here herfelf, with thoufand cymbals  
Greeting thee and thy diftreffes.

*The Palace of Circe appears.*

*Muficians enter finging and playing, fol-  
lowed by CIRCE, CASANDRA, THISBE,  
CHLORIS, ASTREA, who carries a gob-  
let on a falver, and LIBIA, bearing a  
napkin.*

*Song.*

Be the hour propitious when  
To the palace-halls of Circe  
Comes the ever-victor Greek,  
The invincible Ulyffes.

*Circe.*

Be the hour propitious when  
To this beauteous palace here  
Comes the nobleft Greek that e'er  
Has the fun feen amongst men ;  
Here fhall he enjoy again  
Sweet refofe, and rapture find,  
And attention the moft kind,  
Since in triumph cometh he  
From the anger of the fea,  
And the raging of the wind.

Felice pues fuefe el día,  
 Que eftos piélagos fulcó,  
 Felice fuefe el que halló  
 Abrigo en la patria mia,  
 Y felice la ofadía,  
 Con que ya vencer prefuma  
 En tranquila paz, en fuma  
 Felicidad inmortal,  
 Efe monftruo de cristal,  
 Sierpe efcamada de espuma.  
 Que yo al cielo agradecida,  
 Pues ya mis venturas sé,  
 De tanto huésped daré  
 Parabienes á mi vida;  
 Y así, á tus plantas rendida,  
 Con aplaufos diferentes,  
 Vengo á recibir tus gentes,  
 Hurtando en ecos fuaves  
 Las claúfulas á las aves,  
 Los compafes á las fuentes.  
 Y porque al que en mar vivió,  
 Lo que mas en él le obliga  
 A fentir, es la fatiga  
 De la fed, que padeció,  
 (¿ Quién fed en tanta agua vió ?)  
 A traerte aqui fe atreven  
 Los aplaufos, que me mueven,  
 (En feñal de cuan piadofó  
 Es mi afecto) el generofó  
 Néctar, que los dioses beben.  
 Bebe, y fin pavor alguno  
 Brinda á la gran mageftad  
 De Júpiter, la beldad  
 De Vénus, ciencias de Juno,  
 De Marte armas, de Neptuno  
 Ondas, de Diana honor,  
 Flores de Flora, esplendor  
 De Apolo; y por varios modos,  
 Porque en uno affiten todos,

May the day thrice happy fhine  
 When he plough'd thefe waves around,  
 Be it happy when he found  
 Shelter in this realm of mine:  
 Be that courage call'd divine,  
 With which he in peace doth come  
 Now to tafte the joys of home,  
 He who lately hath fubdued  
 This cruel cryftal monfter rude,  
 This azure ferpent fcaled with foam.  
 Gratefully, with glowing breaft,  
 Do I thank the Gods for this,  
 That they crown my life with blifs,  
 Giving me fo great a gueft:—  
 Therefore have I hither preft  
 Thus to throw me at thy feet,  
 Thus melodioufly to greet  
 Thy approach with fongs, whofe words  
 Seem the notes of warbling birds,  
 Or the fountains' murmuring fweet.  
 And fince dwellers on the fea  
 'Mid each moment's mifery,  
 Feel of all their ill the worft  
 Is the oppreffive pang of thirft—  
 (Can thirft 'mid fo much water be?)  
 Hither to the ocean's brink—  
 (By this zeal, O wanderer, think  
 How I value thy furviving!)  
 Have I brought thee the reviving  
 Nectar that the great Gods drink.  
 Drink, and without any fear  
 Pledge the fovereign facrednefs  
 Of high Jove, the lovelinefs  
 Of fair Venus, Neptune's fphere,  
 Juno's knowledge, the fevere  
 Huntrefs Nymph who rules the grove,  
 Flora's flowers, the beams that move  
 Round Apollo's golden throne,  
 Or, to blend all praife in one,

Bebe y brinda al dios de Amor.

*Ulyses.*

Bellísima cazadora,  
 Que en este opaco horizonte,  
 Siendo noche todo el monte,  
 Todo el monte haces aurora,  
 Pues no amaneció, hasta ahora  
 Que te ví, la luz en él,  
 Admite rendido y fiel  
 Un peregrino del mar,  
 Que halló piadoso al pesar,  
 Que halló á la dicha cruel.  
 Esa nave derrotada,  
 Que con tanta sed anhela,  
 Pez, que por las ondas vuela,  
 Ave, que en los aires nada,  
 A tu deidad consagrada,  
 Víctima ya sin ejemplo,  
 De tus aras la contemplo,  
 Pues aquí se ha de quedar  
 Por trofeo de tu altar,  
 Por despojo de tu templo.

[*Llegan LIBIA y ASTREA.*

El néctar, con que has brindado  
 Mi feliz venida, aceto,  
 Aunque temor y respeto  
 Me han suspendido y turbado  
 Tanto, que de recatado,  
 No me atrevo á tus favores,  
 Sin que otros labios mejores  
 Lisonjeen tus agravios :  
 Y así, antes que con los labios,  
 Haré la salva con flores.

[*Mete el ramillete en el vaso,  
 y sale fuego.*

*Astrea.*

En fuego el agua encendió.

*Libia.*

¿ Qué es lo que mis ojos ven ?

Drink and pledge the God of Love.

*Ulyses.*

Beauteous huntress, thou that makest  
 All this black horizon bright,  
 Flooding all the darksome night  
 Of this mountain's vault opaquest  
 With the dawn that thou awakest,  
 Since thy face its orient is,—  
 Oh ! receive subdued, submit, s,  
 A poor pilgrim of the sea  
 Who in grief finds sympathy,  
 Cruelty in seeming bliss.  
 Our disrupted bark that there  
 Gapes with thirst, and stranded lies,  
 Fish that through the water flies,  
 Bird that swimmeth through the air,  
 Consecrated, as it were,  
 Unto thee, fair nymph divine,  
 We to-day to thee resign ;  
 Victim-like it must remain  
 As a trophy in thy fane,  
 As a relic at thy shrine.

[*LIBIA and ASTREA advance.*

And this nectar which you drink  
 To my happy coming here,  
 I accept, but with a fear  
 Mingled so with awe, I shrink  
 But to touch the goblet's brink ;  
 Terror even my thirst o'erpowers,  
 Worthier lips than those of ours  
 Should the draught a goddess sips  
 Taste, and thus before the lips  
 I salute it with these flowers.

[*He applies the flowers to the goblet,  
 from which fire issues.*

*Astrea.*

Fire from water flaming high !

*Libia.*

Can my eyes believe this true ?

*Circe.*

¿Quién, cielos airados, quién  
Mas ha fabido que yo?

*Ulyses.*

Quien tus encantos venció  
Deidad superior ha fido ;  
Y pues á tiempo he venido,  
Que á tantos vengar espero,  
Verás, mágica, este acero  
En tu púrpora teñido.

*[Saca la espada.**Circe.*

Aunque llego à merecer  
La muerte, es bien que te afombre,  
Que no es victoria de un hombre  
El matar á una muger.  
Valor, tan hecho á vencer,  
No ha de fer, no, mi homicida.  
Rendida tienes mi vida :  
Luego de tu acero hoy  
Dos veces segura estoy,  
Por muger, y por rendida.

*Ulyses.*

Por rendida, y por muger  
Darte la muerte no quiero ;  
Vida tienes ; mas primero  
Que la vaina vuelva á ver  
La cuchilla, has de traer  
Mis compañeros aqui.

*Circe.*

Eso y mas haré por tí.—  
Oid, racionales fieras,  
En vuestras formas primeras  
Trocad las formas que os dí.

*[Sale cada uno de por sí.**Timántes.*

¿Qué es lo que me ha sucedido  
Este rato que he soñado ?

*Circe.*

Who, O angry heavens ! who  
Deeper lore has learn'd than I ?

*Ulysses.*

One, a mightier deity,  
Who thy charms hath all subdued ;—  
By my vengeful arm pursued  
Thou the atoning stroke shalt feel,  
Sorceress, thou shalt see this steel  
With thy crimson blood imbued.

*[Draws his sword.**Circe.*

Though by me it is confess'd  
That I merit death from thee,  
Still to a man, no victory  
Is it to pierce a woman's breast !  
Valour hath a nobler test  
Than the murderous stroke inhuman—  
'Tis to spare a prostrate foeman ;—  
To subdue is not to slay,  
Doubly safe am I to-day  
In being conquer'd and a woman.

*Ulysses.*

Then for being thus o'erpower'd,  
Likewise for the form you wear,  
I consent your life to spare,  
But before I sheathe my sword,  
On the spot must be restored  
My companions safe and free.

*Circe.*

That and more I'll do for thee :—  
Reason-bearing wild beasts, hear !  
In your proper shapes appear,  
Changing those were given by me !

*[All the followers of ULYSSES enter one after the other.**Timantes.*

What a strange delusive dream  
Slumbering fancy round me wrought !—

*Polidoro.*

En un leon transformado  
Mi letargo me ha tenido.

*Floro.*

¡ Qué ageno de mi sentido  
Me ha usurpado un frenesi !

*Arquelao.*

¡ Gracias á Dios, que te vi,  
O campo azul cristalino !

*Lebrel.*

Vive Dios ! que fui cochino,  
Y aun me foy lo que me fui.

*Circe.*

Ya libres tus gentes ves.

*Ulyses.*

Y ya aqui no hay que esperar.—  
¡ Alto, amigos, á embarcar !

*Timántes.*

A todos nos da tus pies  
Por esta ventura.

*Circe.*

Pues

Tan seguro estás de mí,  
No te ausentes, no, de aqui,  
Sin que llegue á saber yo  
Mas despacio, quién venció  
Mis encantos.

*Ulyses.*

Oye.

*Circe.*

Di.

*Ulyses.*

Si caben tantos sucesos  
En el coto de unas voces :  
La fértil Grecia es mi patria,  
Y Ulyses mi propio nombre ;  
Aunque inclinado á las letras,  
Militares escuadrones

*Polydorus.*

In my lethargy methought  
That a lion I had been !

*Florus.*

What a frenzy came to screen  
Reason's light and nature's laws !

*Archelaus.*

Thanks to Heaven! the cloud with-  
draws,

And I see the azure sky !

*Lebrel.*

Blest be Jove! a hog was I,  
And I *am* just what I was !

*Circe.*

All thy people now are free.

*Ulyses.*

Let us hence, my friends, away !  
Quick! embark ; make no delay !

*Timantes.*

At thy feet permit that we  
Kneel to thank thee.

*Circe.*

Since of me

Now all fear were worse than weak,  
Let me ask you not to seek  
Yonder wave, until I know  
More of him who has laid low  
My enchantments.

*Ulyses.*

Listen !

*Circe.*

Speak !

*Ulyses.*

If such strange adventure can  
By a single voice be spoken :—  
Fertile Greece my country is,  
As Ulyses there they know me ;  
Though inclined to letters first,  
Martial camps and crowds I follow'd,



Seguí; que en mí se admiraron  
 Espada y pluma conformes.  
 Cerqué á Troya, y rendí á Troya:  
 No me permitas que torne  
 A la memoria sus ruínas,  
 Basta que Vénus las lllore.  
 Heredero de las armas  
 De Aquíles fui; porque logren,  
 Si dueño no tan valiente,  
 Dueño á lo menos tan noble.  
 Al mar me entregué, pensando  
 Volver á mi patria, donde  
 Trocara el bélico estruendo  
 A regalados favores.  
 Engañóme mi esperanza,  
 Mintióme mi amor, burlóme  
 Mi deseo. ¡O cuanto fácil  
 Su dicha imagina el hombre!  
 Vénus, del Griego ofendida,  
 Mis venturas descompone;  
 Que es, aunque diosa, muger,  
 En quien duran los rencores.  
 La cárcel abrió á los vientos,  
 Para mi agravio veloces;  
 Que para mis esperanzas  
 Aun fueran los vientos torpes.  
 Ellos, que airados embisten,  
 La fragil armada rompen,  
 Y yo turbado perdí  
 Con la confusión el norte.  
 Huésped viví de Neptuno  
 Seis años, y por salobres  
 Campañas de agua, sospecho,  
 Que he dado una vuelta al orbe.  
 Entre Caríbdis y Scila  
 Me ví, y á las dulces voces  
 Del golfo de las Sirenas  
 Basilisco fui de bronce.  
 Llegué al pie del Lilibeo,

Since in me the sword and pen  
 Woke in turn the same responses,—  
 I laid siege to Troy, by me  
 Was the Trojan city conquer'd;  
 Little need of memory now  
 To go o'er that famous story;  
 'Tis enough its proud walls fell  
 And that Venus weepeth o'er them.  
 I became, by public voice,  
 Of Achilles' arms the owner,  
 Since they needed a new lord  
 If not braver, still as noble;—  
 Trusting to the sea, I thought  
 Soon my country to recover,  
 Where I hoped, instead of steel,  
 Arms of fondness would enfold me.  
 Hope deceived me, love spoke falsely,  
 Fond desire delusive mock'd me.  
 Oh! how easily doth man  
 Dream of joy from doubtful omens!  
 Venus, wrathful with the Greeks,  
 All my plans, my schemes disorder'd—  
 Since a goddess though she be,  
 Woman-like her rage she fondles—  
 She the prison of the winds  
 For my quick destruction open'd;  
 Swift were they to do me wrong,  
 For my hopes so dead and torpid,  
 On my frail armada soon  
 Burst they forth with rage ungovern'd,  
 So that I, confused, overwhelm'd  
 With amazement, lost the pole-star;  
 Six years lived I Neptune's guest,  
 And his salt seas sailing over,  
 Must in that time I suspect  
 Have encompassed the whole earth.  
 Between Scylla and Charybdis  
 I beheld me, and a bronzed  
 Basilisk grew to the siren's song,

Ese gigante, que opone  
 Al cielo sus puntas, siendo  
 Excelsa pira de flores,  
 Donde fui de Polifemo  
 Mísero cautivo, y donde  
 Con su muerte rescaté  
 Mi vida de sus prisiones,  
 El trágico fin vengando  
 De Acis, generoso jóven,  
 Y la hermosa Galatea,  
 Hija de Nereo y Dóris,  
 Que, lágrimas de un peñasco,  
 Al mar en dos fuentes corren,  
 Cuando . . . Mas deber no quiero  
 Tan poco á hazaña tan noble,  
 Que la desluzca en contarla,  
 Presumiendo que la ignores.  
 Basta decir, que seguro  
 De sus castigos atroces,  
 Tuvimos por agradables  
 De los vientos los rigores,  
 Porque tan airados fueron,  
 Que nos trajeron adonde  
 El rigor de una muger  
 Venciese al rigor de un hombre ;  
 Pues venimos donde tú  
 Mágicas transformaciones  
 Usas ; llorando lo digan  
 Esas fieras y esos robles.  
 Y así, pues tan generosas  
 Deidades mas superiores  
 Me aseguran, volveré,  
 Huyendo de tus rigores,

Though they sang their sweetest, softest ;  
 Then I came unto the foot  
 Of Lilybœum, which opposeth  
 Its gigantic mountain-peaks  
 To the heavens, and crown'd with roses  
 Seems a pyramid of flowers,  
 Where I was awhile the hopeless  
 Captive thrall of Polyphemus,  
 Till my prison-doors I open'd  
 By his death ; and so preserving  
 Life and limb, the self-same moment  
 By the self-same stroke avenging  
 Acis' tragic end, young lover,  
 And the beauteous Galatea,  
 Child of Nereus and of Doris,  
 Who, the swift tears of a rock,  
 Roll twin fountains to the ocean ;—  
 There . . . but I would wish to show  
 More respect to a deed so noble  
 Than to spoil it by relating,  
 Thinking that it was forgotten.\*  
 'Tis enough to say that safe  
 From his dread atrocious torments  
 We were waded by the winds,  
 Pleasant now, but with their former  
 Anger wing'd, since us they bore  
 Where the rigour of a woman  
 All man's rigour triumphs o'er,  
 Since we came where thou performest  
 Magic metamorphoses :—  
 Weeping let these beast-shapes own them,  
 And the trees of this strange forest.  
 Now since more indulgent powers

\* Alluding to the drama of *Polifemo y Circe*, which Calderon wrote in conjunction with Mira de Mescua and Perez da Montalvan. It is the original draft of *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, and having been acted the year preceding that in which the latter drama was brought out (1635), was still in the memory of the audience. See Hartzenbusch's "Calderon," vol. iv. pp. 413 and 669, and, for an analysis of it, the introduction to this translation of *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, p. 16.

A quebrantar los cristales  
 De ese piélago, que sobre  
 Sus espaldas tantos años  
 Huésped me admitió. Descoge  
 O furto del fin, que velas,  
 Varado neblí, que corres,  
 Las alas, porque otra vez  
 La plata del agua cortes,  
 O con la quilla la rices,  
 O con el buque la entorches.  
 Torne pues al albedrío  
 De aire y mar la nave, y torne  
 A llevarme donde fuere  
 La voluntad de los dioses.

*Circe.*

Retórico Griego, á quien  
 Ese escollo cristalino,  
 Ese peñasco de nieve,  
 Esa campaña de vidrio  
 Naufrago huésped te tuvo  
 Tantos años, pues, vencidos  
 Los hados, llegas, trayendo  
 Aquellas flores contigo,  
 Que son antidoto hermoso,  
 Que son conjuro divino  
 Contra mortales venenos,  
 Contra mágicos hechizos :  
 No tan presto á peinar vuelvas  
 Al mar los cabellos rizos,  
 Que canos y ajados son  
 Hermosos con desaliño ;  
 Deja descansar las ondas,  
 Y ese bajel, que al abrigo  
 De dos montes furto yace,  
 Permíteme, que agradecido

And divinities more potent  
 Reassure me, once again,  
 Flying from thy deeds of wonder,  
 I shall break the crystal glass  
 Of this sea, upon whose shoulders  
 I, an outcast, have been carried  
 Many a year. Be then unfolded,  
 Flying dolphin anchor'd there—  
 Stranded-falcon so swift-footed,  
 Thy white wings, for thou once more  
 Must cut through the silver-molten  
 Surface of the sea, thy prow  
 Dashing up the curling foam-wreaths,  
 And thy keel wave-woven braid.  
 Give then, give the ship the open  
 Choice of sea and air, that I  
 Borne on it may thus discover  
 Where the Gods desire I go.

*Circe.*

Eloquent-tongued Greek King whom  
 Yonder rippling realm of crystal,  
 Yonder liquid hills of snow,  
 Yonder plains of glassy glitter,  
 Have a shipwreck'd guest detain'd  
 Such a length of years : since hither,  
 Conquering adverse fate, thou hast come,  
 Bearing these divine flowers with thee,  
 Which are beauteous antidotes,  
 Which are god-sent exorcisms,  
 Against deadly poison'd draughts,  
 Against magical bewitchments,  
 Do not fly so quickly back  
 To outcomb the foam-white frizzled  
 Locks of ocean, which, though tofs'd  
 To and fro in wild-tress'd whiteness,  
 Wear a beauteous negligence :—  
 Let the waves repose a little,  
 And that bark which in the shade  
 Of two hills at anchor lieth,—

A la piedad de los cielos,  
 De los hados al arbitrio,  
 Blanda, y no penosamente  
 Bata las alas de lino,  
 En tanto que te reparas  
 De aquel pasado peligro,  
 Que derrotado te trajó  
 A aquestos montes altivos.  
 Y para que sepas cuanto  
 Afombro es el que has vencido,  
 Darte relacion de mí  
 Este instante solícito.  
 Esa luminar antorcha,  
 Que desde su plaustro rico  
 El cielo ilumina á rayos,  
 El mundo describe á giros,  
 Ese planeta, que corre  
 Siempre hermoso, siempre vivo,  
 Llevándose tras sí el día,  
 Fue el luciente padre mio.  
 Prima nació de Medea  
 En Tesalia, donde fuimos  
 Afombro de sus estudios,  
 Y de sus ciencias prodigio ;  
 Porque enseñadas las dos  
 De un gran mágico, nos hizo  
 Docto escándalo del mundo,  
 Sabio portentoso del figlo :  
 Que en fin las mugeres, cuando  
 Tal vez aplicar se han visto  
 A las letras, ó á las armas,  
 Los hombres han excedido.  
 Y así, ellos envidiosos,  
 Viendo nuestro ánimo invicto,  
 Viendo sutil\* nuestro ingenio,  
 Porque no fuera el dominio  
 Todo nuestro, nos vedaron

\* Hartzenbusch reads *agudo*, see his edition.  
 t. i. p. 304.—TR.

Grant that, showing thus thy thanks  
 To the heavens for their late pity,  
 For their mercy, to the fates,  
 It may beat its wings of linen  
 Tranquilly, without fatigue,  
 Whilst thou dost repair a little  
 The effects of that late danger  
 Which had flung thee almost shipwreck'd  
 At the foot of those tall cliffs.  
 And, that thou mayst know the mighty  
 Terror whom thou hast subdued,  
 I will give to thee this instant  
 An account of who I am.  
 Yonder torch of dazzling brightness  
 Which, from out its car of gold,  
 Heaven with glorious beams enlightens,  
 Earth encircles as it rolls ;  
 That great star whose undiminish'd  
 Power and beauty lead along  
 Captive day untired, delighted,  
 Was my splendour-crown'd fire :  
 Being of Medea's kindred,  
 I with her, a child, was rear'd  
 In Thessalia as a sifter,  
 Where we were its school's amazement,  
 And the wonder of its science ;  
 For being there well taught, we two,  
 By a greatly-skill'd magician,  
 We became the learn'd marvel  
 Of the world, a lore-enlighten'd  
 Lamp portentous to the age,  
 For 'tis ascertain'd that women,  
 When to letters or to arms  
 They with resolute will apply them,  
 Oftentimes surpass the men.  
 Thus it is, by envy blinded,  
 Fearing our unvanquish'd spirit,  
 Dreading the result to witness  
 Of our quick intelligence,

Las espadas y los libros.  
 No te digo, que estudié  
 Con generoso motivo  
 Matemáticas, de quien  
 La filosofía principio  
 Fue ; no te digo, que al cielo  
 Los dos movimientos mido,  
 Natural y rapto, siendo  
 Ambos á un tiempo continuos ;  
 No te digo, que del sol  
 Los veloces cursos figo,  
 Siendo cambiante cuaderno  
 De tornasoles y visos ;  
 No, que de la luna observo  
 Los resplandores mendigos ;  
 Pues una dádiva fuya  
 Los hace pobres ó ricos ;  
 No te digo, que los astros,  
 Bien errantes, ó bien fijos,  
 En ese papel azul  
 Son mis letras : solo digo,  
 Que esto, aunque es estudio noble,  
 Fue para mi ingenio indigno ;  
 Pues pasando á mas empeños  
 La ambicion de mi albedrío,  
 El canto entiendo á las aves,  
 Y á las fieras los bramidos,  
 Siendo para mí patentes  
 Agüeros ó vaticinios.  
 Cuantos pájaros al aire  
 Vuelan, ramilletes vivos,  
 Dando á entender, que se llevan  
 La primavera consigo,  
 Renglones son para mí,  
 Ni señalados, ni escritos.  
 La harmonia de las flores,  
 Que en hermosos laberintos  
 Parece que es natural,  
 Sé yo bien que es artificio ;

Left all empire should be given  
 Unto us, to us have they  
 Swords and books alike forbidden.  
 I say nothing of the zeal,  
 Truth inspired, with which I studied  
 Mathematics, on whose base  
 All philosophy is builded,  
 Or with what success I measured,  
 With a scientific niceness,  
 The two movements of the sky,  
 Each by days and years divided,  
 Both continuous at one time.  
 I say nought of my untired  
 Watching of the sun's swift course,  
 As it oped its ever-shifted  
 Gold-emblazon'd book of light,  
 Or the moon's poor pauper brightness,  
 Begg'd for from the sun, like alms,  
 Since its poverty and riches  
 Are his beams, refused or given.  
 I say nothing of the fixèd  
 Or slow-moving orbs on high  
 Being to me but letters written  
 On the heaven's cerulean page.  
 This alone I say, this singly,  
 That the study of this science,  
 Noble though it be, seem'd worthless  
 To my mind that fought the highest,  
 Since its free flight, soaring ever  
 In pursuit of new achievements,  
 Learn'd what meant the birds' sweet  
 ditties,  
 And the howlings of the wild-beasts,  
 They to me becoming patent  
 Auguries or prophesyings.  
 When the rich-plumed birds sweep by me  
 Like to living nosegays lifted  
 High in air, the tidings telling  
 Of the sweet spring they bear with them,

Pues son imprenta,\* en que el cielo  
 Estampa raros avisos.  
 Por las rayas de la mano  
 La quiromancia examino,  
 Cuando en ajadas arrugas  
 De la piel el fin admiro  
 Del hombre ; la geomancia  
 En la tierra, cuando escribo  
 Mis caractéres en ella ;  
 Y en ella tambien configo  
 La piromancia, cuando  
 De su centro, de su abismo,  
 Hago abrirse las entrañas,  
 Y abortar á mis gemidos  
 Los difuntos, que responden,  
 De mi conjuro oprimidos.  
 ¿ Mas qué mucho, si al infierno  
 Tal vez obediente he visto  
 Temblar de mí ? ¿ si tal vez  
 Sus espíritus asijio ?  
 ¿ Pero para qué te canso ?  
 ¿ Pero para qué repito  
 Grandezas mías, si todas  
 En esta sola las cifro ?  
 Para que mejor pudiese  
 Entregarme á mis designios,  
 A Trinacria vine, donde  
 En este apartado sitio  
 Del Etna y del Lilibeo,  
 Estos palacios fabrico,  
 Deleitosas selvas fundo,  
 Y montes incultos finjo.  
 Aquí pues, siendo bandida  
 Emperatriz de sus riscos,  
 La vida cobro en tributo  
 De todos los peregrinos,  
 Que náufragos en el mar,  
 A la ley de su destino,

\* Hartzzenbuch reads *planas*.—Tr.

They to me are secret ciphers,  
 Legible although unwritten.  
 Then the harmony of flowers,  
 In wild beauteous mazes mingled,  
 Though so natural it seemeth,  
 Well I know is artificial ;  
 Since upon their lovely leaves  
 Rare advices heaven imprinteth.  
 By the lines upon the hand  
 Palmistry's strange lore delights me,  
 When the destiny of man  
 In the skin's poor wither'd wrinkles  
 I can see. And geomancy  
 On the earth, when I inscribe there  
 My mysterious characters ;  
 And with it I also mingle  
 Pyromancy, when from out  
 Earth's far centre, its abysses,  
 I command its womb to open  
 And with groans bring forth the buried  
 Dead, who answer all I ask,  
 To my magic spells submitted.  
 And what wonder, when full oft  
 Hell itself is seen to shiver  
 With submissive fear before me,  
 When I question its lost spirits ?  
 But for what should I fatigue thee ?  
 But for what should I thus fritter  
 Time away, my greatness telling,  
 When this single proof suffices ?  
 That I might the better work  
 Out my plans uncheck'd, unwitness'd,  
 I Trinacria fought, where here,  
 In this lonely spot, which circle  
 Ætna and wild Lilybœum,  
 I these palaces have builded,  
 These delicious woods have planted  
 And with harvests clothed these hills here.  
 Being thus the brigand queen

Cerrado puerto de nieve,  
 Ofaron abrir caminos.  
 Y porque fuefe mi imperio  
 Mas raro y mas exquisito,  
 Efas fieras y efos troncos  
 Todos fon vafallos míos ;  
 Que los troncos y las fieras  
 Viven aquí con infintio ;  
 Pues árboles racionales  
 Son hombres vegetativos.  
 Efta foy, y con mirar  
 El fol á mi voz rendido,  
 La luna á mi accion atenta,  
 Obediente á mi fufpiro  
 Toda la caterva hermosa  
 De los aftros y los signos ;  
 Con faber, que, quando quiero,  
 El cielo empañó, que vibro  
 Los rayos, que de las nubes  
 Aborto piedra y granizo,  
 Que hago eftremecer los montes,  
 Caducar los edificios,  
 Titubear todo efe mar  
 Y penetrar los abifmos ;  
 Y finalmente trocarfe  
 Los hombres fin albedrío  
 En varias formas, teniendo  
 Ya en las peñas obelifcos,  
 Ya en las cortezas fepulcro,  
 Y ya en las grutas afilo :  
 Hoy á tus plantas me poftro,  
 Hoy á tu valor me rindo,  
 Y como muger te ruego,  
 Como feñora té pido,  
 Como Emperatriz te mando,  
 Como fábía te fúplico,  
 No te aufentes, hafta tanto  
 Que hayas del-hado vencido  
 El rigor, con que te trajó

Of this realm by rocks engirdled,  
 I as tribute claim the lives  
 Of all ftrangers who are fhipwreck'd ;  
 Daring through this lonely fea,  
 Yielding to a fate forewritten,  
 A prefumptuous path to cleave  
 Through this gulf by fnow-foam filver'd.  
 And, in order that my realm  
 Should be rareft and uniqueft,  
 I have made as vaffals mine  
 All thefe tree-trunks, all thefe wild beaft ;  
 For the wild beaft and the trees  
 Here poffefs peculiar infintts,—  
 Vegetative men are they,  
 Trees with human reafon gifted.  
 This I am. The fun fubmiffive  
 At my potent voice inclineth,  
 At my beck the moon doth liften,  
 At my breath, in prompt obedience,  
 All the beauteous troop of ftars,  
 And the zodiac figns and circles.  
 With the knowledge then that I  
 Can, whene'er I choofe, in mift-wreaths  
 Hide the heavens, can launch the  
     lightnings,  
 Can from out the clouds parturient  
 Bring forth frozen fleet and ftones ;  
 That thefe mountains I can fhiver,  
 Shake to duft thefe edifices,  
 Cleave afunder the abyffes  
 Of the fea, and look within them ;  
 That, in fine, againft their will  
 I can change men to the likenefs  
 Of what form I pleafe, fome having  
 Obelifks of rocks to gird them,  
 Some their tombs in rough bark finding,  
 Some in grottoes their afylum ;  
 Still I throw me at thy feet,  
 To thy might to-day I yield me,

Derrotado y perseguido  
 A inculcar\* aquestos mares.  
 Quédate unos dias conmigo ;  
 Verás trocado mi extremo  
 De riguroso en benigno,  
 Con el gusto que te hospedo,  
 Con la atencion que te sirvo ;  
 Siendo el Flegra desde hoy,  
 No ya fiero, no ya esquivo  
 Hospedage de Saturno,  
 Siempre en roja sangre tinto ;  
 Selva sí de Amor y Vénus,  
 Deleitoso Paraíso,  
 Donde sea todo gusto,  
 Todo aplauso, todo alivio,  
 Todo paz, todo descanso.  
 Y no quieras mas indicio  
 De mi piedad, que ser hoy  
 El primero que ha venido  
 A aquestos montes, á quien  
 Con algun afecto miro,  
 Con algun agrado escucho,  
 Con algun cuidado asisto,  
 Con algun gusto deseo,  
 Y con toda el alma estimo.

*Ulyses (aparte).*

No fuera Ulyses, si ya  
 Que á estos montes he venido,  
 La libertad no trajera  
 A cuantos aqui cautivos

\* Probably a misprint for *fulcar*, which Hartzenbusch adopts.—TR.

And as simple woman ask thee,  
 As a lady I desire thee,  
 As a sovereign I command thee,  
 As a sage with tears invite thee,  
 Not to go from this, until  
 Thou hast well subdued the rigour  
 Of the fate that hither drove thee,  
 Tost, abandon'd, anger-smitten,  
 Through these dangerous seas to steer  
 thee.

Here remain some few days with me,  
 And thou'lt see my rude behaviour  
 Change to more excessive mildness,  
 In thy joyful entertainment,  
 In the attention I will give thee.  
 Phlegra from this day shall be  
 Not that dreadful, not that fiery,  
 Dwelling-house of Saturn which  
 Ever is with red blood tinted ;  
 But a grove of Love and Venus,  
 An elysium where unmixed  
 Joy shall reign, a bower of pleasure,  
 Full of rapture, full of blisses,  
 Calm repose and sweet refreshment.  
 And thou needest have no higher  
 Proof of my good will than this,  
 That of all who have come hither  
 To these mountains, thou'rt the first  
 Whom I see with aught of kindness,  
 Whom I hear with any pleasure,  
 Whom I have in aught assisted,  
 Whom with any joy I wish for,  
 And whom all my soul desireth.

*Ulyses (aside).*

I were not Ulyses if,  
 Now that 'mid these hills I find me,  
 I did not restore to freedom  
 All those captives whom bewitchment  
 Holds imprison'd here. To-day



Tiene el encanto. Hoy feré  
De aquesta Esfinge el Edipo.

*Antífes (aparte á el).*

Señor, no de sus lisonjas  
Te creas, porque es fingido  
Su halago.

*Lebrel.*

Huyamos de aqui.

*Circe.*

Qué dices, Ulíses?

*Ulyses.*

Digo,  
Que no pudiera ser noble  
Quien no fuese agradecido,  
Y que conmigo he de ser  
Cruel, por ser cortés contigo.

*Cassandra (aparte).*

Ay de tí! porque no sabes  
A lo que te has atrevido.

*Circe.*

Pídeme pues en albricias  
Una merced.

*Ulyses.*

Solo pido,  
Que estos dos árboles, que hoy  
A lástima me han movido,  
Porque fue mi acero causa  
De aumentarles su martirio,  
En pago de aqueſto, sean  
A la luz reſtituidos.

*Circe.*

Eſte árbol Flérida, una

I will prove myſelf this ſphinx's  
Ædipus through all her lures.

*Antífes (aſide to him).*

Ah! my lord, do not confide thee  
To her flatteries: her endearments  
All are feign'd.

*Lebrel.*

Ah! let us fly hence.

*Circe.*

What, Ulyſſes, ſay'ſt thou?

*Ulyſſes.*

This,  
That *his* nature were unknighly  
Who could thankleſs be for kindneſs,  
And that *I* muſt be ſelf-cruel,  
Thee to treat with due politeneſs.

*Cassandra (aſide).*

Woe to thee! thou little knoweſt  
What thy boldneſs enterpriſeth.

*Circe.*

Ask me then by way of earneſt  
For ſome favour.

*Ulyſſes.*

I aſk ſimply  
That theſe two trees which to-day  
Moved ſo much my grief and pity,  
Since my ſword unwittingly  
Upon *them* new pain inflicted,\*  
Shall, in recompenſe of this,  
Back to living light be given.

*Circe.*

This tree here was Flérida,

\* This is not explained. Nothing is ſaid throughout the entire play from which it can be inferred how the ſword of Ulyſſes augmented the ſuffering which Flérida and Lyſidas endured under their transformation into trees. Perhaps in ſome paſſage which is ſuppreſſed there may have been a theatrical trick or artifice introduced to which this is an alluſion; for inſtance, Ulyſſes might have ſtruck with his ſword theſe trees, from which blood might have iſſued—HARTZENBUSCH.

Divina hermosura, ha sido,  
 Dama mia, y mi privanza.  
 Rindió al amor su albedrío,  
 Enamorada de un jóven,  
 Lísidas en su apellido,  
 Heredero de Toscana,  
 Que de ese mar peregrino  
 Salió á tierra; y porque osados  
 Profanaron el retiro  
 De mi palacio, así yacen  
 En árboles convertidos;  
 Porque, aunque yo fiera y monstruo,  
 Tan dada soy á los vicios,  
 Solos delitos de amor  
 Fueron para mí delitos;  
 Tanto, que Arsfidas, valiente  
 Jóven y Príncipe invicto  
 De Trinacria, á cuyo imperio  
 Estos montes tiranizo,  
 Con saber que enamorado  
 De mi hermosura ha venido,  
 No ha merecido tener  
 Mas favor, que volver vivo.  
 Pero ya que es la primera  
 Cosa, que tú me has pedido,  
 Flérida y Lísidas rompan  
 Las prisiones que han tenido.

[*Abrense dos árboles, y salen*  
 FLÉRIDA y LÍSIDAS.

*Lísidas.*

Torpe el discurso, atado el pensamiento,  
 La razon ciega, el ánimo oprimido,  
 Sin uso el alma, el corazón rendido,  
 Muda la voz, y tímido el aliento;  
 Sin voluntad, memoria, entendimiento,  
 Vivo cadáver de este tronco he sido.  
 Ya pues, que me quitabas el sentido,  
 Quitárasme también el sentimiento.

Who, with rarest beauty gifted,  
 Was my confidential lady.  
 She to love her free heart yielded,  
 Being enamour'd of a youth,  
 Lyfidas by name, entitled  
 To the fair Etruscan kingdom,  
 Who upon this sea a pilgrim  
 Landed here: and for their daring  
 To profane the calm retirement  
 Of my palace, thus they lie,  
 Into two fair trees transfigured;  
 Since, though monstrous I may seem,  
 Subject to so many vices,  
 Love's offences are by me  
 But the sole ones unforgiven;  
 So much so, that Arsfidas,  
 A brave youth, Trinacria's prince here,  
 From whose sceptre these proud hills  
 I have sever'd and divided,  
 Knowing that inflamed with love  
 Of my beauty he came hither,  
 Merited no greater boon  
 Than to get back with his life hence.  
 But as this is the first thing  
 Thou hast ask'd that I should give thee,  
 Flerida and Lyfidas,  
 Burst the prison bonds that bind ye.

[*The trees open and FLÉRIDA and*  
 LYSIDAS come forth.

*Lyfidas.*

Dull was my mind, embarrass'd was my  
 thought,  
 Blind was my reason, and my mind  
 oppress'd,  
 Useless my soul, my heart by fear  
 oppress'd,  
 Mute was my voice, and all my brain  
 distraught;

Si de amar (ay de mí) á Flérida bella,  
 Castigo fue esta forma, en vano  
 quieres,  
 Que yo me olvide, porque vivo en ella.  
 Los troncos aman : luego mal infieres,  
 Que, por ser tronco, venceré mi  
 estrella,  
 Pues no la vences tú, y mas sabia eres.

*Flérida.*

Racional, vegetable y sensible  
 Alma el cielo le dió al fugeto humano ;  
 Vegetable y sensible al bruto ufano ;  
 Al tronco y á la flor vegetativa.  
 Tres almas son ; si de las dos me priva  
 Tu voz, porque amo á Lífidas, en  
 vano  
 Solicitas mi olvido, pues es llano  
 Que, aun tronco, alma me dejas con  
 que viva.  
 No de todo mi amor tendrá la palma  
 La parte, en que has querido con-  
 servarme ;  
 De aquella sí, que permitió esta calma :  
 Luego mudarme en tronco, no es  
 mudarme ;  
 Porque si no me quitas toda el alma,  
 Todo el amor no has de poder qui-  
 tarme

Without the power to will or think of  
 aught,  
 A breathing corse I lived this strange  
 tree's guest :  
 Ah ! since thou took'st the feeling  
 from my breast,  
 Why not the pain that all this suffering  
 wrought ?  
 If 'twas for loving Flérida the fair  
 I thus was punish'd, then how vainly  
 tries  
 Thy wrath to kill the love that lives  
 in her ;—  
 Trees even love ;—the star that rules my  
 skies  
 If thou dost seek to darken, thou dost  
 err,  
 Since thou art foil'd although thou art  
 more wife.

*Flérida.*

Life, reason, feeling, Heaven's all-wise  
 decree  
 Unites commingled in man's heart and  
 brain,  
 Feeling and life in beasts that scour the  
 plain,  
 And life alone in budding flower and  
 tree.  
 These are three souls : if two out of the  
 three  
 I lose for loving Lífidas, in vain  
 Thou seek'st that I forget him, since  
 'tis plain  
 That, though a tree, a soul still dwells  
 in me.  
 Those I have lost do not contain the  
 whole  
 Of that fond love that thy dread wrath  
 could wake,

*Circe.*  
 Agradeced vuestras vidas  
 Al huésped, que me ha venido,  
 Y vivid los dos seguros  
 Por él ya de mis castigos,  
 Como de vuestros amores  
 No deis el mas leve indicio.

*Lísidas.*

Siempre, Ulíses, me tendrás  
 A tus pies agradecido.

*Flérida.*

Y siempre confesaré,  
 Que por cuenta tuya vivo.

*Circe.*

Pues porque empiecen á ser  
 Desde hoy aplausos festivos  
 Todo el monte, todo el valle,  
 Todo el mar y todo el sitio,  
 Volved á cantar, y todos  
 Con él volved, y conmigo.

*Música.*

En hora dichosa venga  
 A los palacios de Circe  
 El rayo de los Troyanos,  
 El discreto y fuerte Ulíses:  
 En hora dichosa venga . . . .

*Sale ARSIDAS.*

*Arfidas.*

No venga en hora dichosa,  
 Felice en desprecio mio,

The one I keep is free from thy  
 control ;  
 To change me thus doth seem a strange  
 mistake,  
 Because if thou dost take not all my  
 soul,  
 All of my love thou hast not power to  
 take.

*Circe.*

For your new-recover'd lives  
 Thank the guest who stands beside me,  
 And be sure henceforth that I  
 Shall not with new pains chastise ye,  
 If you give not of your loves  
 Any new hint to remind me.

*Lysidas.*

Ever shalt thou see me lie  
 Grateful at thy feet, Ulysses.

*Flérida.*

And for ever shall I own  
 Thine the life this day thou giv'st me.

*Circe.*

Then in order that from this  
 Our glad festive notes should circle  
 Round the mountain, round the valley,  
 Round the sea and all it girdles,  
 Raise the strain once more, and lead  
 Him and me back thus united.

*Song.*

Be the hour propitious when  
 To the palace-halls of Circe  
 Comes the terror-bolt of Troy  
 The discreet and bold Ulysses,—  
 Bright, propitious be the hour . . . .

*Enter ARSIDAS.*

*Arfidas.*

Be it not propitious when  
 He comes here in my despisal,

Ni el que fue sepulcro á tantos,  
 Hoy á uno solo sea alivio.  
 Peligre en la tierra quien  
 Por aqueſos mares vino,  
 En ſu ſombra tropezando,  
 De un peligro á otro peligro.  
 Eſe acento harmoſoſo,  
 Que le ſaluda benigno,  
 Airado trueque en endechas  
 Triftes, fúnebres caiftros  
 Las cláuſulas, porque ſean  
 De ſus tragedias aviſo ;  
 Que no es juſto, no, que un Griego  
 Extrangero, advenedizo,  
 De tanto uſado rigor  
 Venga á mudar el eſtilo.  
 ; Deſde cuándo, Circe bella,  
 Con tanto aplauſo feſtivo,  
 Con tan alegre aparato,  
 Tanto noble regocijo  
 Al foraftero ſaludas,  
 Recibes al peregrino,  
 Sin que eſte mar, ó eſtas peñas  
 Le ſirvan de precipicio,  
 O ya convertido en ſiera,  
 O ya en árbol convertido,  
 Tenga en las peñas ſu eſtancia,  
 Tenga en las grutas ſu aſilo ?  
 Príncipe ſoy de Trinacria :  
 No derrotado y perdido  
 Llegué á eſte puerto, pues vine  
 De mis afectos traído,  
 Porque aun aqueſto tambien  
 Debiefes á mi albedrío ;  
 Que no quiſo, no, el que ſolo  
 Porque le fue fuerza quiſo,  
 Ni es ſacrificio, no ſiendo  
 Voluntario el ſacrificio.  
 Y en cuanto tiempo eſtos montes,

Nor the grave-yard of ſo many  
 Prove a ſolace to him ſingly ;  
 Let him who theſe wild ſeas dared  
 On the land endure new riſks here,  
 From one danger to another  
 Ever treading as he ſlieth.  
 Let this ſoftly-cadenced ſtrain,  
 Which ſaluteth him benignly,  
 Change to mournful wails of woe,  
 Hoarſely change to funeral dirges,  
 Propheſying thus to him  
 What the tragic future bringeth.  
 For it is not fit that he,  
 A Greek ſtranger, a benighted  
 Alien, ſhould come here to change  
 Thine accuſtom'd form of rigour,  
 Since what time, O Circe fair !  
 With ſuch feſtal ſongs and timbrels,  
 With ſuch joyful preparation,  
 With a proud diſplay ſo princely,  
 Doſt thou thus ſalute the ſtranger,  
 Thus receive the wretch here driven,  
 Without making theſe ſteep rocks,  
 Sea-waſh'd, be his precipices,  
 Or transform'd into a tree,  
 Or tranſmuted to a wild-beaſt,  
 Make him hold 'mid cliffs his dwelling,  
 Amid grottoes his aſylum ?  
 Of Trinacria Prince am I :—  
 Not as one nigh loſt and ſhip-wreck'd  
 Came I to this port, but drawn  
 By my true love came I hither,  
 That my heart's free-will ſhould be  
 Thus a new claim to thy pity :—  
 Since he loves not, he who only  
 Loves becauſe ſome force inciteth,  
 And if not ſpontaneous, all  
 Sacrifice is worſe than idle.  
 And ſince fight of thee has been

Por solo mirarte, vivo,  
 No he debido á tu rigor,  
 Ni á tu crueldad he debido  
 Una accion, á quien me muestre  
 Gustoso, ni agradecido ;  
 Tanto, que aun de tus encantos  
 Libre, estos campos asisto,  
 Porque en tantos sentimientos  
 No me faltasen sentidos.  
 Pues dos hombres folamente  
 Los que nos libramos fuimos,  
 Ulises y yo, porque  
 Todo hoy en desprecio mio  
 Resulte ; pues si los dos  
 Nos reservamos, ha sido  
 Ulises para gozarlo,  
 Y Arfidas para sentirlo.

*Ulysses.*

Si de mi dicha envidioso,  
 Si de mi fuerte ofendido . . . .

*Circe.*

Calla, Arfidas, si conoces,  
 Que la vida te permito,  
 Porque es la mayor venganza  
 Que tomo, como tú has dicho,  
 Dejarte vivir, teniendo  
 Sentimientos y sentidos.  
 Quejarte de mí, es decirme,  
 Que lo que busco consigo ;  
 Y así, porque tú te quejes,  
 Yo la causa no te quito.—  
 Cantad, cantad, y tú ven,  
 Ulises, al lado mio.

*Lebrel (á Clarin).*

No son muy malas las dos  
 Circecillas de poquito.

'Mid these hills my sole existence,  
 I owe little to thy rigour,  
 To thy cruelty as little,  
 Nought for which to thee should I  
 Joy or gratitude exhibit,  
 Only that exempt from all  
 Thy enchantments, I can visit  
 These dread fields, in order that  
 For the sorrows that afflict me  
 Human senses should not fail.  
 Since then but two men are singled  
 Out of all the world, to whom  
 Freedom from thy spell is given,  
 This Ulysses and myself,—  
 Ah! the exemption but inflicteth  
 A new pang, a fresh despatch;  
 Since if we are both preserved,  
 'Tis with more malign refinement  
 To give pain to Arfidas,  
 To give rapture to Ulysses.

*Ulysses.*

If thou enviest my good fortune,  
 If my happier fate afflicteth thee . . . .

*Circe.*

Cease, O Arfidas! if thou  
 Knowest that I have permitted  
 Thee to live, since greater vengeance  
 I could take not, as admitted  
 By thyself, than with thy life  
 Feelings and their food to give thee.  
 To complain is but to tell me  
 That I have obtain'd my wishes,  
 And that thou mayst still complain,  
 I the cause shall still leave with thee.  
 Sing, sing, and at my side  
 Come unto my court, Ulysses.

*Lebrel (aside to Clarin).*

Not so very bad these two,  
 Circe's little servant Circelets.

*Clarín (á Lebrél).*

No hay que volver á dar cartas ;  
Que yo las tomo, y no miro.

*Astrea (aparte).*

Habíanme dicho, que eran  
Los Griegos feos y esquivos,  
Y ni esquivos son, ni feos,  
Tanto como me habian dicho.

*Lisidas.*

¡ Gracias á Amor, que otra vez,  
Flérida hermosa, te miro !

*Flérida.*

¡ Gracias, Lisidas, á Amor  
Que otra vez á amarte vivo !

*Circe (aparte).*

Vencerále mi hermosura,  
Pues mi ciencia no ha podido.

*Ulises (aparte).*

Libraré de aqueíta fiera  
A Trinacria, si amor finjo.

*Arfidas (aparte).*

Solo zelos me faltaban,  
Ya está todo el mal cumplido.

*Musica.*

En hora dichosa venga, &c.

*Clarín (to Lebrél).*

Don't mind shuffling ; I will take  
My chance of trumps and win though  
blinded.

*Astrea (aside).*

They have told me that the Greeks  
All were scornful and unsightly ;  
But nor ugly nor so coy  
Are they as they have been libell'd.

*Lyfidas.*

Thanks to Love, fair Flérida,  
That once more thy face I witness !

*Flérida.*

Thanks to Love, I live once more,  
Lyfidas, my heart to give thee !

*Circe (aside).*

Let my beauty him subdue,  
Since so powerless was my science !

*Ulyfses (aside).*

I, by feigning love, may free  
Fair Trinacria from this wild-beast.

*Arfidas (aside).*

I but needed jealousy  
My full cup of woe to embitter.

*Song.*

Be the hour propitious when  
To the palace-halls of Circe  
Comes the never-vanquish'd Greek,  
The invincible Ulyfles !

[*Exeunt, all singing.*





## JORNADA II.

PALACIO DE CIRCE.

*Salen CIRCE, llorando, FLERIDA, TISBE,  
CASANDRA, ASTREA, LIBIA, y CLORI.*

*Libia.*

**S**EÑORA, qué llanto es este ?

*Astrea.*

¿ Qué pena, señora, es esta ?

*Clori.*

¿ Tú lágrimas en los ojos ?

*Flerida.*

¿ Tú suspiros, y tú quejas ?

*Tisbe.*

¿ Qué ocasion pudo moverte

A que sentimientos tengas ?

*Cassandra.*

Los males comunicados,

Si no se vencen, se templan.

*Circe.*

¿ Quien tiene de que quejarse,

O cuanto en quejarse yerra !

Que la justicia del llanto

Hace apacibles las penas.

Yo así mi tristeza quiero,

Que tan poco no me deba,

## ACT THE SECOND.

CIRCE'S PALACE.

*Enter CIRCE in tears, attended by FLE-  
RIDA, THISBE, CASSANDRA, ASTREA,  
LIBIA and CHLORIS.*

*Libia.*

**L**ADY, what lament is this ?

*Astrea.*

Ah, my lady, whence this  
sadness ?

*Chloris.*

Canst thou fill thine eyes with tears ?

*Flerida.*

Sob and sigh like one distracted ?

*Thisbe.*

Say what sudden cause of grief

Can thy senses thus have master'd ?

*Cassandra.*

The confiding of our ills

If it cures not, mitigates them.

*Circe.*

He who for complaint hath cause,

Oh ! how errs he who complaineth !

Since the justice of his plaining

Turns his very grief to gladness.

I so love my source of sorrow,

Feel so much its sweet advantage,



Que en repetirla procure  
Hacer menor mi tristeza.  
Dejadme sola.

*Astrea (aparte las dos).*  
Oyes, Libia?

*Libia.*  
Razonablemente, Astrea.  
*Astrea.*

¡ Plegue á Amor, que estos extremos  
Lo que yo pienso no sean !

*Libia.*  
¡ Plegue al Amor, que si haga !  
Que es lo que plegamos piensa :  
Pues si es amor la ocasion  
Dellos, y ella á verfe llega  
Enamorada, dará . . . .  
*Astrea.*

Qué ?

*Libia.*  
Libertad de conciencia.  
*Astrea.*

Holgaréme de salir  
De religion tan estrecha,  
Como es el honor. Vestales  
Vírgenes Diana celebra  
Entre gentes, mas nosotras  
Entre animales y fieras .  
Somos vírgenes bestiales.

*Libia.*  
Calla, porque no lo entienda.  
[*Vanse todas las Damas,*  
*menos FLERIDA.*

*Circe.*  
Flérida, tú no te ausentes :  
Sola conmigo te queda,  
Que tengo que hablarte sola.

That I would not by repeating  
Take one sting from out my sadness.  
Leave me here alone.

*Astrea (to Libia).*  
Canst hearken,  
Libia?

*Libia.*  
Pretty well, Astrea.  
*Astrea.*

Love but grant that these excesses  
Are not what my fear doth fancy !

*Libia.*  
Love but grant they are, if it  
Fancieth what we both sigh after !  
Since if their true source be love,  
If she has her own heart granted  
To love's sway, she'll give us . . . .  
*Astrea.*

*Libia.*  
Liberty of conscience, may be.  
*Astrea.*

I indeed were glad to free me  
From a worship so contracted,  
And so strict as honour is.  
Great Diana celebrateth  
Among men her festal choirs  
Of vestal virgins, but, unhappy !  
We poor bestial virgins seem  
Among beasts who growl and chatter.

*Libia.*  
Silence, lest she overhear us !  
[*Exeunt all the ladies and at-*  
*tendants but FLERIDA.*

*Circe.*  
Flerida, in the others' absence  
I would speak with thee alone  
Of a certain private matter :  
Stay thou here with me.

*Flérida (aparte).*

Sin duda, cielos, que intenta  
 Darne castigo mayor,  
 Que el que en la dura corteza  
 Tuve, porque hablé esta tarde  
 A Lífidas.

*Circe.*

Oye atenta :

Este Ulíses, este Griego,  
 Que es marítima bestia  
 Sorbió fin duda en el mar,  
 Para escupirle en la tierra ;  
 Este, que á la discrecion  
 De los vientos, con deshecha  
 Fortuna, tan derrotado  
 Llegó á tocar estas selvas ;  
 Este, que trajo deidad  
 Superior en su defenfa,  
 Pues, burlando mis encantos,  
 Les tiraniza la fuerza ;  
 Este pues, que mi hospedage  
 Cortesfanamente acepta,  
 Adonde hoy tan divertido  
 Vive, olvidado de Grecia :  
 Como si fuera mi vida  
 Troya, ha introducido en ella  
 Tanto fuego, que en cenizas  
 No dudo que se resuelva ;  
 Y con razon ; porque ya  
 En callado fuego envuelta,  
 Cada aliento es un Volcan,  
 Cada suspiro es un Etna.  
 Quisiera . . . quisiera dije ?  
 Mal empecé ; pues si es fuerza  
 Querer, Flérida, y ya quiero,  
 Erré en decir, que quisiera.  
 Quiero, digo ; pero quiero  
 Tanto á mi ambicion atenta,  
 Que quiero á Ulíses, y no

*Flerida (aside).*

O heavens !

Doubtless now her anger planneth  
 Some new punishment, severer  
 Than the hard bark that enwrapp'd me,  
 Since this evening I have spoken  
 Unto Lyfidas.

*Circe.*

Now, mark me ;

This Ulyffes, this Greek king,  
 Whom the sea—that mighty kraken—  
 Doubtless swallow'd on the ocean  
 To outspew him on the land here ;  
 He who at the wild wind's lifting,  
 So forsaken, so storm-shaken,  
 Came to anchor by these groves ;  
 He who calleth in his danger  
 On some mightier god to aid him,  
 Since despising my enchantments  
 O'er their power he tyrannifeth :  
 He who courteously hath granted  
 All my hospitable wishes,  
 And a glad guest at my table,  
 Lives forgetful now of Greece.  
 He it is who in my heart here  
 (Ah ! as if 'twere Troy) hath kindled  
 Such a fire, that soon in ashes  
 Doubtless it must be dissolved ;  
 And with reason, since already  
 Wrapp'd in hidden flames it burns,  
 Every breath it breathes volcanic,  
 Every sigh an Ætna seems.  
 I would love him . . . would love !—  
 badly  
 I begin in saying “ would ; ”  
 Since, if doom'd to love, I madly  
 Yield to Fate, I err in saying  
 I would love when love hath happen'd.  
 Him I say I love, but love

Quiero, que Ulíses lo entienda.  
 Ahora te admirarás  
 De que yo, que tan soberbia  
 Tu amor reñi, te fie el mio ;  
 Pero admirarás necia ;  
 Porque la causa mayor,  
 Porque la ocasion mas cierta  
 De incurrir en una culpa,  
 Es haber dicho mal della.  
 Y porque el contar delitos,  
 A quien es cómplice, cuesta  
 Menos vergüenza, yo quisé  
 Recatear esta vergüenza,  
 Y porque me cueste menos,  
 Decirlos á quien los sepa.  
 Yo amo en fin, Flérida mia ;  
 Vengada estás de mi ofensa.  
 ¡ Pluguiera á Júpiter santo,  
 Tú trasformarme pudieras  
 A mí en infensible planta,  
 Que yo te lo agradeciera !  
 Porque si supiera entonces  
 Lo que es amor, mas quisiera  
 Verte enamorada y viva,  
 Que no enamorada y muerta.  
 Enamorada en efecto  
 Llego, y pues tú á saber llegas.  
 Qué es amor, de tí pretendo  
 Ayudar una cautela ;  
 Y es, que para poder yo  
 Hablar con él, sin que él sepa  
 Que soy yo la que le habla,  
 Tú con ruegos y finezas  
 Le has de enamorar de dia,  
 Y diciéndole que venga  
 De noche á hablarte, estaré  
 Yo con tu nombre encubierta,  
 Donde mi altivez, mi honor,  
 Mi vanidad, mi soberbia,

With an eye of such exactness  
 To decorum, that I wish  
 He should know not my attachment.  
 Wonder now that I who late  
 Chid thy love with so much anger,  
 Should confide to thee my own ;  
 But thy wonder is the vainest,  
 Since the greatest cause of all,  
 The sure source that never faileth,  
 Of committing any fault,  
 Is sometimes to reprimand it.  
 And because confessing crimes  
 To an accomplice doth o'ermantle  
 The flush'd face with blushes less,  
 I desire to drive this hardest  
 Bargain with my blushes thus,  
 And to make my heart's crimes stand me  
 A less price, to tell them thee,  
 Who so well can understand them.  
 Ah ! my Flerida, I love !—  
 Now thou art avenged with ample  
 Justice for my bygone wrong.  
 Would that sacred Jove might grant thee  
 Power, through magic transformation,  
 To a senseless plant to change me !  
 Oh ! how thankful would I be !  
 Since, if at that time, exactly  
 I knew what was love, enamour'd  
 I would see thee living, rather  
 Than enamour'd not and dead.  
 Since then love is superadded  
 To my past experience, and  
 Thou too knowest love's enthrallments,  
 In a little stratagem  
 I expect that thou wilt aid me ;  
 And it is,—that I may speak  
 With him, without any danger  
 Of his knowing that 'tis I [thee  
 Who speak *with* him ; thou must mask

Mi respeto, mi decoro  
No se rindan, y . . . .

*Flérida.*

Oye, espera,

Que quieres hacer en mí  
Dos costosas experiencias.  
Yo amo á Lísidas, y tú  
Cruel, señora, me ordenas,  
Que disimule el amarle ;  
Yo no amo á Ulíses, é intentas,  
Que finja amarle. ¿ Pues cómo,  
A dos afectos atenta,  
Quieres, que olvide á quien quiero,  
Y que á quien olvido quiera ?  
Damas tienes con quien hoy  
Partir los afectos puedas ;  
A una alma basta un cuidado.

*Circe.*

Y aun la misma causa es esa ;  
Yo sé, que quien llega á estar  
Enamorada, no deja  
Lugar para otro cuidado  
En el alma : luego acierta  
Quien á ella el fuyo le fia,  
Porque no peligra en ella  
El riesgo de enamorarse,  
Pues ya lo está ; de manera,  
Que tú no me darás zelos,  
Y otra sí, cuando te vea  
Con Ulíses ; pues tu amor  
Sanea la contingencia.

So in soft requests and smiles,  
So by day his heart entangle,  
That when thou requir'st that he  
Meet thee nightly in the garden,  
I may take thy place, conceal'd  
'Neath thy name as 'neath a mantle,  
Where my haughtiness, my honour,  
Where the pride on which I trample,  
My decorum, self-respect  
May be safe from . . . .

*Flérida.*

Hear, oh ! hearken :

For thou wouldst attempt on me  
Two experiments the hardest.  
I love Lyfidas, and thou,  
Lady, sternly wouldst command me  
To dissemble that I love him ;  
I Ulysses love not, natheless  
Thou desirest I should feign so ;  
How, by two desires distracted,  
Can I think of the ne'er thought of,  
And forget the never absent ?—  
Ladies hast thou here with whom  
Thou thy feelings thus may parcel ;  
To one heart one care's enough.

*Circe.*

It is therefore that I ask thee,  
Since I know that whosoever  
Is in love, can keep vacated  
Heart-space for no alien care :  
Safe then is he who imparteth  
His heart's love to such an one,  
Since in love itself, the latter  
Runs no danger of becoming  
His friend's rival ; in this manner  
Thou no jealousy wilt give me,  
Even when I see thou standest  
By Ulysses side,—thy love  
Bailing the contingent danger.

Esto ha de ser en efecto.—

¿Mas qué ruido es ese?

*Flérida.*

Llegan

Dos criados aquí, y traen  
Sin duda alguna pendencia.

*Circe.*

Retírate; que no quiero,  
Que á todas horas me vean,  
Y escuchemos desde aquí  
Lo que tratan en mi ausencia.

[*Retíranse.*]

*Sale LEBREL y CLARIN.*

*Lebrel.*

Digo, que es la mejor vida,  
Que tuve en mi vida, aquesta.

*Clarín.*

Eso dices?

*Lebrel.*

Esto digo;

Y que en el mundo no hay tierra  
Como Trinacria, y que Circe  
Es un ángel en belleza  
Y condicion.

*Clarín.*

Estás loco?

*Lebrel.*

Dime, ¿ella no nos hospeda  
Como á unos reyes?

*Clarín.*

Es cierto;

Mas mucho mejor nos fuera,  
Que en sus palacios, estar  
En un bodegon de Grecia.

*Lebrel.*

¿No comemos lindamente?

*Clarín.*

No; que no hay comida buena

This thou must in fine contrive.—

But what noise is this?

*Flérida.*

Two valets

Hither come, engaged no doubt  
In some scolding match or quarrel.

*Circe.*

Step a little back, I would not  
Have them every moment pass me,  
And we'll hear from this, how they  
Treat me when they think me absent.

[*They retire.*]

*Enter LEBREL and CLARIN.*

*Lebrel.*

I still say, no sweeter life  
Have I in my whole life tasted.

*Clarín.*

Can you say so?

*Lebrel.*

This I say,—

That Trinacria is the marvel  
Of the whole world, and that Circe  
Is in form and face an angel  
Of perfection.

*Clarín.*

Art thou mad?

*Lebrel.*

Tell me, are we not here treated  
As if we were kings?

*Clarín.*

'Tis true,

But a better place, I fancy,  
For us were a Grecian cook-shop,  
Than these palaces of marble.

*Lebrel.*

Don't we eat though sumptuously?

*Clarín.*

No, 'tis not a pleasant banquet

Adonde no doy bocado,  
Que no piense, que me deja  
Hecho un cochino.

*Lebrel.*

No es eso  
Tan malo como tú piensas ;  
Que yo lo fui, y no me hallaba  
Mal con serlo ; de manera,  
Que á cuantos cochinos hay  
Sin aliño y sin limpieza,  
Disculpo, porque se ahorran  
De muchas impertinencias.  
Y al caso, ¿ dónde hallarás  
Una cama tan compuesta ?

*Clarín.*

No está el descanso en la cama ;  
Ni hay pícaro, que no duerma  
Sin penas en un pajar  
Mejor, que un señor con ellas  
En una cama dorada.

*Lebrel.*

¿ Dónde estos jardines vieras ?

*Clarín.*

¿ Para qué quiero jardines ?

*Lebrel.*

Cogíte : ¿ dónde tuvieras  
Dos mozas de tan buen aire,  
Como son Libia y Astrea ?

*Clarín.*

Daréme por concluido  
En tocándome esa tecla ;  
Pero no confesaré,  
Que Circe no es una fiera,  
Nígmante, encantadora,  
Energúmena, hechicera,  
Súcuba, incuba ; y en fin  
Es, por acabar el tema,  
Con los demonios demonia,

Where I scarce can take a mouthful,  
But I think I'm transmigrated  
To a hog.

*Lebrel.*

That's not so bad  
By one half as you imagine ;  
I was one some time, and found me  
Nought the worse for what had happen'd ;  
So that now when I behold  
Happy pigs, unkempt, untrammell'd,  
Wallowing in the mire, I give them  
My forgiveness, since their manners  
Save them from much usefess trouble.  
To thepoint though ; where, my master,  
Have you such a soft bed found ?

*Clarín.*

Rest comes not from bed or blanket ;  
Not a beggar but sleeps better  
On his scanty straw-strewn pallet,  
Free of care, than doth a lord  
Rack'd with *bis*, upon his grand bed.

*Lebrel.*

Where such gardens have you seen ?

*Clarín.*

Gardens ? what care I for gardens ?

*Lebrel.*

Now I have you, tell me where  
Have you seen two girls, the matches  
Of fair Lybia and Astrea ?

*Clarín.*

Well to that there's but one answer ;  
You have touch'd the chord at last ;  
But I won't confess so gladly,  
Circe is not a wild-beast,  
A demoniac, a witch-charmer,  
An hobgoblin, a wild vampire ;  
And in fine to end our quarrel,  
A she-devil among demons,  
A duenda among fairies.

Como, con los duendes duenda.

*Circe (aparte á Flerida).*

No puedo sufrir ya mas  
El escuchar mis ofensas.

*Flerida.*

No te des por entendida.

*Clarín.*

Y es Circe . . . .

*Salen CIRCE y FLERIDA.*

*Circe.*

Qué es ?

*Clarín.*

Una Reina,

Y á quien dijere otra cosa,  
Le daré, porque no mienta,  
Dos mil palos, como uno.—

[*á Lebrél.*]

Y á tí, porque no te atrevas  
A hablar mal de las señoras  
Doñas Circes en su ausencia,  
Yo te haré . . . .

*Lebrél.*

¿ Pues quién hablaba

Mal, fino tú ?

*Clarín.*

Buena es esa ;

¿ A mí por los filos ?

*Circe.*

Basta.

*Lebrél.*

Yo . . . .

*Circe.*

Bien está.

*Clarín (aparte).*

El cielo quiera,

Que no oyese lo demas.

*Lebrél.*

¿ Que tan gran mentira creas !

*Circe (afide to Flerida).*

Oh ! I can't endure to let  
This insulting scene go farther.

*Flerida.*

Do not seem as if you heard them.

*Clarín.*

Circe is . . . .

*CIRCE and FLERIDA advance.*

*Circe.*

Pray what ?

*Clarín.*

A lady,

And a queen, and who denies it  
I will teach him better manners,  
By two thousand blows at least.

[*to Lebrél.*]

As for you because you gabbled  
Something naughty of the noble  
Lady Circes in their absence,  
I will make . . . .

*Lebrél.*

Why, who spoke badly

But yourself ?

*Clarín.*

Well, that is cool !

Would you turn the tables ?

*Circe.*

Mark me.

*Lebrél.*

I . . . .

*Circe.*

'Tis well.

*Clarín (afide).*

Heaven grant that she

Did not hear our tittle-tattle !

*Lebrél.*

Who'd believe so great a liar ?

*Circe.*

Yo sé bien lo que es verdad.  
 Vos os salid allá fuera ;  
 Que yo haré, que mi castigo  
 Hoy escarmiente la lengua,  
 Que habló mal de mí.

*Clarín.*

Y será

Muy justo.

*Lebrel.*Que esto suceda ! [*Vase.*]*Circe.*

A tí, en pago de que así  
 Hoy mis acciones defiendas,  
 Te quiero dar un tesoro,  
 Con que á Grecia rico vuelvas.  
 De ese monte en lo intrincado  
 Llamarás con voces fieras  
 Tres veces á Brutamonte ;  
 Que él te dará la respuesta.

*Clarín.*

Mil veces tus plantas besó ;  
 Que bien tu gran valor muestras.  
 A toda ley, hablar bien.  
 ¡ Qué haya hombres de mala lengua !  
 [*Vase.*]

*Flérida.*

¡ Cómo castigas, señora,  
 Al que te defiende, y premias  
 Al que te ofende ?

*Circe.*

A su tiempo  
 Verás el premio que lleva.

*Sale ASTREA.**Astrea.*

Ulises desde su cuarto

*Circe.*

I know well the truth of the matter.  
 Go, and wait without : to-day  
 I shall make a dread example  
 Of the faucy tongue that dared  
 To insult me.

*Clarín.*

And 't will be

Only just.

*Lebrel.*That this should happen !  
[*Exit.*]*Circe.*

As for thee, to pay thy zeal  
 In defence of the way I act here,  
 I intend a gift to give thee,  
 With which rich to Greece thou'lt  
 travel :—  
 Deep within this mountain's thickets,  
 Thou shalt call out loud and sharply  
 Three times upon Brutamonte,  
 Who will give to thee thy answer.

*Clarín.*

At thy feet a thousand kisses,  
 Thou, who knowest to act so grandly :  
 Civil speaking is my motto,  
 Oh ! that men should use bad language !  
 [*Exit.*]

*Flérida.*

How is it thou dost punish, lady,  
 Thy defender, and rewardest  
 Him who wronged thee ?

*Circe.*

In due time,  
 Thou'lt perceive why thus I've acted.

*Enter ASTREA.**Astrea.*

From his quarter comes Ulysses



Al tuyo pafa.

*Circe.*

Aquí empieza

Del amor y la altivez  
La mas cautelosa guerra,  
Pues no he de dar por vencida  
La que quiero que se venza.

[*Vanse.*]

JARDIN.

Salen ULISES, CIRCE, FLÉRIDA, LÍ-  
SIDAS, ANTISTES, ARQUELAO, LE-  
BREL, CLARIN, CASSANDRA, Damas,  
Griegos, Musicos.

*Ulyses (aparte).*

Temeroso vengo, ay triste !  
A ver á Circe, si es fuerza  
Que como sabia la admire,  
Y la admire como bella.  
¡ Quién no se hubiera fiado  
Tanto de sí ! ¡ quién no hubiera  
Hecho cautela el quedarfe !  
Pues ya contra su cautela  
Es imposible olvidarla,  
Y es imposible quererla.

*Circe.*

En este hermoso jardín,  
Adonde la primavera  
Llamó las flores á cortes,  
Para jurar por su reina  
A la rosa, que teñida  
En sangre de Vénus bella  
Púrpura viste real,  
Generoso honor de Grecia,  
En tanto que de una caza  
Boreal el término llega,  
Que será luego que el sol  
Vaya perdiendo la fuerza,

To wait on thee.

*Circe.*

Here at last then

'Twiixt my love and pride commences  
The most singular of battles ;  
Since I'd wish that one were victor,  
Yet the other not be master'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE GARDEN.

Enter ULYSSES, CIRCE, FLERIDA, LYSI-  
DAS, ANTISTES, ARCHELAUS, LEBREL,  
CLARIN, CASSANDRA, Ladies, Greeks,  
Musicians.

*Ulysses (aside).*

Tremblingly I come, O sorrow !  
To see Circe, since I'm fated  
For her wisdom to admire her,  
To adore her for her graces.  
Who would not have so far trusted  
In himself? oh! who that waits here  
Would not need a sage's caution?  
Since, despite of all his calmness,  
It is hopeless to forget her,  
And to love her is but madness.

*Circe.*

Here—where Spring has call'd together  
In this bright and beauteous garden  
Her sweet parliament of flowers  
To swear fealty to the fairest,  
To their queen, the rose, who wears  
Her imperial purple mantle,  
Dyed in the blood of Venus fair,—  
I await thee, pride and marvel  
Of all Greece, until the chafe  
Circles o'er our northern lands here,  
Which will be when sinks the sun  
With his burning beams abated.

Con músicas y festines  
Te espero, porque la ausencia,  
Y memorias de tu patria  
Entretenido diviertas.

*Ulysses.*

Bellísima Circe, en quien  
Por lo hermosa y lo discreta,  
O está de mas el ingenio,  
O está de mas la belleza,  
No es menester, que mi vida  
Tantas lisonjas te deba,  
Para que rendido siempre  
A tus plantas la agradezca ;  
Que el merecer adorar  
Tu hermosura . . . .

*Circe.*

Aguarda, espera ;

Que este cortes cumplimiento  
No quiero, Ulises, que sea  
Carta de favor, con que  
A mi respeto te atrevas ;  
Que una cosa es hospedarte,  
Agradecida á tus prendas,  
Y otra es escucharte amores.

*Ulysses.*

Ni yo, Circe, me atreviera  
A decirlos ; que una cosa  
Es cortefana fineza,  
Y otra fineza amorosa.

*Circe (aparte).*

¡ Pluguiera á Dios que lo fuera !—  
En esta tejida alfombra,  
Que de colores diversas  
Labró el Abril, á quien sirve  
De dosel la copa amena  
De un laurel, al sol hagamos  
Apacible resistencia.  
Vayan tomando lugares  
Todos, y tú aqui te sienta.

Here with songs and festive music  
I await thee, that the absence  
And the memory of thy country,  
Thus amused, may not unman thee.

*Ulysses.*

Loveliest Circe, thou in whom  
Beauty so to sense is added,  
That superfluous seems the sense,  
Or the beauty seems not wanted.  
Needless is it that my life  
Owe thee for such liberal largesse  
Of all kindness, though thus kneeling  
Ever at thy feet 'twould thank thee ;  
Since to merit leave to worship  
Thy fair beauty . . . .

*Circe.*

Stay, detain thee ;

Since this courteous compliment,  
I, Ulysses, would not have thee  
Use against me as a license  
To o'erstep respect's exactness.  
One thing is a guest's warm welcome,  
Such as worth like thine demandeth,  
And another, love to list to.

*Ulysses.*

Nor would I, fair Circe, ask thee  
So to listen ; it is one thing  
With a courtier's tongue to flatter,  
With a lover's is another.

*Circe (aside)*

Would to God, he used the latter !—  
On this flower-inwoven floor,  
Spread as with a coloured carpet  
By rich April's hand, beneath  
These o'erhanging laurel branches,  
Which—a green-leaf'd canopy,  
Tremble o'er it—to the ardent  
Sun a soft shade let us make.  
All take seats, thine here, I ask thee.

*Ulysses.*

Temo enojarte otra vez.

*Circe (aparte á Flérída).*Flérída, á entablar empieza  
Lo que has de fingir.*[Van tomando lugares las damas y los galanes, y ULÍSES se asienta en medio de CIRCE y FLÉRIDA.]**Flérída (aparte á Ulysses).*

Aqui

Me siento, porque quifiera  
Daros á entender, Ulysses,  
Lo que me debeis.*Lísidas (aparte).*

¿Qué llegan

¿ A ver mis ojos ? ay cielos !

¿ Flérída al lado se sienta

De Ulysses, y con él habla ?

¿ Denme los cielos paciencia !

*Antístes (aparte).*

¿ Infelices de nosotros,

Si á estas lisonjas se entrega

Ulysses ! pues tarde, ó nunca

Daremos la vuelta á Grecia. *[Vase.]**Música.*

Solo el silencio testigo

Ha de ser de mi tormento,

Y aun no cabe lo que siento

En todo lo que no digo.

*Salte ARSIDAS.**Arsidas (á Circe).*

Si para ver sus desdichas

Siempre ha tenido licencia

Un triste, porque el pesar

A nadie cerró las puertas,

No te admires que la tome

*Ulysses.*

Once again I fear to offend thee.

*Circe (afide to Flérída.)*

Flérída, be now enacted

The feign'd part I gave thee.

*[The ladies and gentlemen take their places, so that ULYSSES has CIRCE at one side of him, and FLÉRIDA at the other.]**Flérída.*

Here

I my place select, to make thee  
Feel, Ulysses, what thou owest  
To my favour.*Lysidas (afide).*

O unhappy

Eyes of mine, what sight to see !

Can my mistress by this stranger

Sit and whisper in his ear ?—

O ye heavens, full patience grant me !

*Antístes (afide).*

Ah ! unhappy we, if now,

By these false fair flatteries dazzled,

Yields Ulysses, late or never

Shall we back to Greece be wafted.

*[Exit.]**Song with Music.*

Silence only, ah ! I feel

Must be witness of my woe ;

Though my suffering doth outgrow

Even the all that I conceal.

*Enter ARSIDAS.**Arsidas (to Circe).*

If to see his own misfortunes

Ever hath a wretch free access,

Since the gloomy gates of grief

Shut not out the humblest sadness,

Wonder not that I avail me

Yo, y que á tus jardines venga,  
Pues he de mirar mis zelos,  
A mirarlos de mas cerca.

*Circe.*

Yo no doy satisfacciones ;  
Pero huélgome que seas  
Testigo de esto, porque,  
Sin que yo las dé, las tengas.

*Arfidas.*

Pues siendo así, y que ya Ulíses  
Está á la mano derecha,  
Como escogido, yo tomo,  
Como dejado, la izquierda.

*Circe.*

Pues habemos de pasar  
Aqui el ardor de la fiesta,  
Porque una aguda cuestion  
Mas á todos entretenga,  
Haz, Flérida, una pregunta,  
Y cada uno la defienda.

*Flérida (aparte).*

Diré lo que á mí me pasa,  
Porque Lísidas lo entienda.—  
Danteo ama á Lisis bella,  
Y Lisis manda á Danteo  
Disfumar su deseo ;  
Silvio olvida á Clori, y ella  
Manda, que finja querella ;  
Danteo, amando, ha de callar ;  
Silvio, no amando, mostrar  
Que ama : siendo esto forzoso,  
¿ Cuál es mas dificultoso,  
Fingir, ó disfumar ?

*Ulyses.*

Disfumar el que amó,  
Lo mas difícil ha sido.

*Arfidas.*

Fingir el que no ha querido,  
Mas difícil juzgo yo.

Of the boon, and seek thy gardens ;  
Since if I must jealousy see,  
Best to see it near and naked.

*Circe.*

Satisfaction for suspitions  
I ne'er give, although it glads me  
That you witness this, since I  
Give them not, and yet you have them.

*Arfidas.*

This then being so, and since  
On thy right hand fits the favour'd  
Guest, Ulyses, on thy left  
Will I seat me, the forsaken.

*Circe.*

Since we here intend to pass  
The fiesta's burning ardour,  
That some subtle play of wit  
May amuse us while it lasteth,—  
Flerida, a question start  
Which we all in turn must answer.

*Flerida (aside).*

What has pass'd I'll tell, and trust  
Lyfidas may understand me.—  
Laon loveth Lyfis fair,  
Yet she doth of him require  
To dissemble his desire ;  
Silvio is free as air,  
Yet is forced to affect despair ;  
Laon loves, yet hides his pain ;  
Silvio's free, yet wears the chain.  
Thus coerced the two, I ask,  
Which is the severer task,—  
To dissemble or to feign ?

*Ulyses.*

The most difficult must be  
To dissemble where one loves.

*Arfidas.*

Feigning when no passion moves  
Seems more difficult to me.

*Cassandra.*

Esta opinion me agradó.

*Arquelaos.*

Yo estotra pienso seguir.

*Clori.*

¿ Quién disimula el sentir ?

*Lisidas.*

¿ Y quién fingirá el amar ?

*Tibíbe.*

Lo mas es disimular.

*Timántes.*

Lo menos es el fingir.

*Ulises.*

El hombre, que enamorado  
Está, (quien lo está no ignora,  
Que esto es así) á cualquier hora  
Trae consigo su cuidado ;  
El que finge no ; olvidado  
Puede estar, hasta llegar  
De fingir tiempo y lugar :  
Luego, si fu afecto es juez,  
Uno siempre, otro tal vez,  
Mas cuesta el disimular.

*Arfidas.*

La misma razon ha sido  
La que me da la victoria.  
Configo trae su memoria  
Quien ama ; quien finge, olvido :  
Luego el que ama no ha podido  
Olvidarse de sentir ;  
Quien finge sí, pues ha de ir  
Tras la ocasion que se pierde,  
Sin que nadie se lo acuerde :  
Luego mas cuesta el fingir.

*Ulises.*

El fingir se trae consigo  
Un cuidado tambien, pues  
Batalla es fingir ; mas es  
Batalla fin enemigo ;

*Cassandra.*

That I hold instinctively.

*Arabelaus.*

I the other view maintain.

*Chloris.*

Who can hide the heart's fond pain ?

*Lysidas.*

Love can have no imitator.

*Tibíbe.*

To dissemble is the greater.

*Timantes.*

'Tis the lesser talk to feign.

*Ulysses.*

He who loves (it is confess'd  
By all hearts that own Love's power),  
Carries with him every hour  
Care and trouble in his breast ;  
He who feigneth love's unrest  
Feeleth nought that these resemble  
Till the time and place to tremble  
At and in come round ; deciding  
'T'wixt the fleeting and abiding ;  
Then 'tis greater to dissemble.

*Arfidas.*

For the reason you express  
I may claim the victory :  
He who loves brings memory,  
He who feigns, forgetfulness ;  
One is powerless to repress  
The remembrance of his pain ;  
That the other can is plain,  
Since 'tis used but as a cover,  
And forgotten when 'tis over ;  
Therefore greater 'tis to feign.

*Ulysses.*

He who feigns must also know  
Constant care, for feigning is  
A warfare ; but this war of his  
Is a fight without a foe ;

La del que ama no ; testigo  
Es uno, y otro pesar :  
Este tiene que triunfar  
De muchos afectos ciego ;  
Aquel de uno solo : luego  
Mas es el disimular.

*Arfidas.*

Mayores afectos miente,  
Que el que siente un mal cruel,  
Y le disimula, aquel  
Que le dice, y no le siente.  
Pruébale esto claramente,  
Si un representante á oír  
Vamos, porque persuadir  
Nos hace entonces que amó,  
Y un enamorado no :  
Luego mas es el fingir.

*Ulyses.*

Yo siento esto.

*Arfidas.*

Estotro yo.

[*Metem mano á la espada.*

*Circe.*

¿ Qué es esto ? ¿ pues como así  
Hablais delante de mí ?  
Duelos del ingenio no  
El acero los lidió :  
Y así, para que salgamos  
De la cuestion en que estamos,  
Desde el empuñado acero  
Hoy á la experiencia, quiero,  
Que la duda remitamos.  
Ulyses no ama, y defiende  
Que es mas zelar un ardor ;  
Arfidas ama en rigor,  
Y que es mas fingirle entiende ;  
Y así mi ingenio pretende  
La cuestion averiguar :  
Los dos la habeis de mostrar

That the lover's is not so,  
Witness sorrows that assemble,  
Witness fears that make him tremble  
For his leaguer'd hope nigh lost :  
This fights one, but that a host ;  
Then 'tis greater to dissemble.

*Arfidas.*

Hard albeit to conceal,  
Yet 'tis false to say one feeleth  
Equal heart-pangs who concealeth,  
And who feigns but does not feel ;  
This I prove by an appeal  
To the actor's mimic pain ;  
When we listen to his strain,  
We believe his passion real,  
Though we know 'tis all ideal ;—  
Therefore greater 'tis to feign.

*Ulyses.*

This I feel.

*Arfidas.*

The other I.

[*They put their hands to their swords.*

*Circe.*

What is this ? and can it be  
That you speak thus before me ?  
With the sword we ne'er should try  
Wit-jousts to conclude thereby.  
Thus that we may pretermitt  
The dispute that here is knit,  
Without clenching swords to aid it,  
By a trial I'll evade it,  
And refer the doubt to it.  
Free of love, Ulysses holdeth  
Harder 'tis to hide love's fire ;  
Arfidas, who's all desire,  
Thinks to feign, more pain enfoldeth.  
Of the truth that each upholdeth  
Thus I mean to manifest :—  
Let the two be put to test

Hoy conmigo; y sin reñir,  
 Tú, Ulises, has de fingir,  
 Tú, Arfidas, disimular.  
 Y el que en la experiencia hiciere  
 Primera demostracion,  
 Por premio de la cuestion  
 Una rica joya espere.

*Arfidas.*

Mi amor aceptar no quiere  
 El partido, pues la llama  
 Ha de ocultar que le inflama;  
 Y Ulises no ha de fingir,  
 Pues nada finge en decir  
 Que te ama, si te ama.

*Circe.*

Sospechas son de tus zelos,  
 Y esto ha de ser.

*Ulises.*

Desde aqui

Finjo ser tu amante.

*Circe (aparte).*

Afi

Abran camino los cielos,  
 Para explicar mis desvelos.

*Arfidas.*

Yo disimulo, que no  
 Te quiero, pues me obligó  
 Tu precepto.

*Circe (aparte).*

Defta fuerte

Al uno y al otro advierte  
 Mi amor lo que deseó.

*Flérida (aparte à Circe).*

Si le das á cada uno  
 Un cuidado, ¿ cómo, ay Dios!  
 Quieres, que yo tenga dos?  
 Pues en mal tan importuno  
 Son muchos cuidados uno.

In my person; uncomplaining.  
 Thou, Ulysses, play love's feigning;  
 Arfidas, conceal thy best.  
 And who better doth affect  
 His assignèd part to-day,  
 Guerdon of this mimic fray,  
 A rich jewel may expect.

*Arfidas.*

My true love cannot accept  
 A partition which concealeth  
 What my burning heart revealeth.  
 Light the part Ulysses playeth,  
 Since he feigns not if he sayeth  
 That he loves, when love he seeleth.

*Circe.*

This thy jealous thoughts betray;  
 Be it so, howe'er it move thee.

*Ulysses.*

I henceforth pretend to love thee.

*Circe (aside).*

Heaven but point me out a way  
 That to show I dare not say.

*Arfidas.*

I henceforth pretend that I  
 Love thee not, and thus comply  
 With thy precept.

*Circe (aside).*

In this fashion,

I my heart's new waken'd passion  
 Indicate to both thereby.

*Flerida (aside to Circe).*

If from thee in separate shares  
 Each a single care must rue,  
 Canst thou wish that I have two?  
 Since in hapless love affairs  
 One care holds a thousand cares.

*Circe.*

¿Si ambos los has de tener,  
 Quien te metió, di, en faber  
 Cual de los dos en rigor  
 Era cuidado mayor,  
 Pues no habías de escoger?

[*Quiere irse.*]*Arfidas.*

Circe se va, ingrata y bella,  
 Y aunque su ausencia sentí,  
 No la seguiré; que así  
 Difimularé el querella.

*Ulyses.*

Circe se ausenta; tras ella  
 Iré, aunque mi mal infiero,  
 Por mostrarla que la quiero.

*Circe.*

¿Dónde, Ulyses, vas?

*Ulyses.*

Tras tí,

Que eres el sol, de quien fui  
 Girasol; vida no espero,  
 Ausente tu rosicler;  
 Y así tus reflejos figo.

*Circe.*

Arfidas, ven tú conmigo.

*Arfidas.*

Tengo otra cosa que hacer;  
 Perdona, no puede ser.

[*Vanse.*]*Circe (aparte).*

Bien á los dos confidero  
 En el combate primero.  
 ¿O si este amor, si este olvido,  
 Uno no fuera fingido,  
 Y otro fuera verdadero!

[*Vanse todos, y FLERIDA detiene  
 á ULISES.*]*Flerida.*

¡Oye, Ulyses!

*Circe.*

If thou'rt forced the two to hold,  
 Thou thereby art less controll'd;  
 What availeth thee to know  
 Which care works the weightier woe,  
 Since to choose thou art not told.

[*She is about retiring.*]*Arfidas.*

Circe goes, and though my trembling  
 Heart may for her absence ache,  
 I the cruel fair forsake,  
 Thus my love of her dissembling.

*Ulyses.*

Circe goes, and I resembling  
 One who 'neath some charm doth move,  
 Follow her to show my love.

*Circe.*

Whither goest thou?

*Ulyses.*

After thee,

Sun, whose sun-flower I must be;—  
 Till thy sweet light from above  
 Dawns on me no life I know;  
 Therefore where thou shin'st, I go.

*Circe.*

Arfidas, come thou with me.

*Arfidas.*

Pardon me, it cannot be,  
 I a different duty owe.

[*Exit.*]*Circe (aside).*

In this primal test the two  
 Have the fight gone bravely through.  
 Thus adored, and thus disdain'd,  
 Would the real love were feign'd!  
 And the feign'd love were but true!

[*Exeunt all but FLERIDA, who  
 detains ULYSSES.  
 Flerida.*]

Lift, Ulyses!



*Ulyses.*

¿Qué me quieres ?

*Flérida.*

Estoy tan agradecida  
A la deuda de mi vida,  
Que haſta decirte, que eres  
Quien hoy en ella prefieres  
Sus ſentidos, no tendré  
Soſiego en ellos ; porque  
Es el agradecimiento  
El mas precifo argumento  
Para probar una fe.

*Ulyses.*

De tus penas obligado,  
Decir puedo, y aſtigido,  
Que antes de haberlas ſabido,  
Ya me habian laſtimado.  
No debes á mi cuidado  
Lo que por tí no hice alli,  
Cuando á la luz te volví ;  
Porque tú no tienes, no,  
Que agradecer lo que yo  
No ſupe que hacia por tí.  
Ahora ſí que debieras  
Mi deſeo agradecer,  
Pues almas quiſiera ſer,  
Para que tú las tuvieras.

*Flérida.*

Aunque acciones liſonjeras,  
Agradezca ſu trofeo  
Con mis brazos mi deſeo :—

[*Abrázale.*

¿ Yo miſma de mí me admiro !

[*aparte.*

[*Al ir á darſe los brazos ſalen por  
dos puertas CIRCE y LISIDAS.*

*Líſidas (Cada uno aparte).*

¿ Qué es eſto, cielos, que miro ?

*Ulyſſes.*

Call'ſt thou me ?

*Flérida.*

Ah ! the gratitude I'd ſhow thee  
For the debt of life I owe thee  
Is ſo great, that, till to thee  
I declare it openly,  
I can find nor peace nor reſt  
In the ſenſes thou haſt bleſt ;  
Since a warm acknowledgment  
Is the ſtrongeſt argument  
Of a true and faithful breaſt.

*Ulyſſes.*

Though thy pain's unnatural laws  
Muſt have moved the flintieſt heart,  
I can ſay their bitter ſmart  
Pain'd me ere I knew their cauſe.  
Then before you thank me, pauſe ;  
Thanks to me you do not owe,  
Thanks you do not owe me, no,  
For reſtoring you to light.  
Service can at beſt be flight  
Given to one we do not know.  
Wouldſt thou now my wiſhes meet,  
Truſt me, if that debt ſurvives,  
If I had a thouſand lives,  
I would lay them at thy feet.

*Flérida.*

Let this flattering act complete  
What my words have fail'd to prove,  
All my gratitude and love :—

[*Embraces him.*

Self-ſurpriſe amazeth me !

[*At the moment of their embracing,*

CIRCE and LISIDAS appear at  
different doors.

*Lýſidas (aſide.)*

What is this, O heavens ! I ſee ?

*Circe.*

¿Qué es esto, dioses, que veo?

*Lísidas.*El Griego Ulíses es quien  
Darme vida y muerte espera.*Circe.*Bien que fingiese quisiera,  
No que fingiese tan bien.*Lísidas.*

Muerte mis zelos me den.

*Circe.*

¿Mas de qué debo quejarme?

*Lísidas.*¿La vida intenta quitarme,  
Que me ha dado Ulíses, cielos!  
Porque darne vida y zelos,  
No deja de ser matarme.*Flérida (á Ulíses).*Estaré, como te digo,  
De noche en ese jardín,  
Que cae sobre el mar, á fin  
De que él solo sea testigo  
Del afecto á que me obligo.*Ulíses.*Flérida, no es grosería  
Que responda la voz mía  
Que no te ha de obedecer;  
Pues es mas defaire ser  
Amada por cortesía.  
Yo he de fingir ser amante  
De Circe, y no lo fingiera,  
Si otro favor admitiera  
Tan poco firme y constante.  
No el desengaño te espante;  
Que aunque de mi pensamiento  
Otro haya sido el intento,  
Cesó; que en el mal que figo,  
Solo el silencio testigo  
Ha de ser de mi tormento. [*Vase.*]*Circe (aside).*

What a fight! ye powers above!

*Lysidas (aside).*By the Greek Ulysses' spell  
Must I death as life attain?*Circe (aside).*Though I wish'd that you should feign,  
Ah! you should not feign so well.*Lysidas (aside).*

Jealousy doth ring my knell!—

*Circe (aside).*

Wherefore though should I complain?

*Lysidas.*Heavens! Ulysses would again  
Of that life he gave deprive me!  
Since 'tis worse than death to give me  
Life so link'd with jealous pain.*Flérida to Ulysses.*I to-night will wait for thee  
In the garden o'er the sea,  
Since my grateful heart would only,  
Of its utterance, have that lonely  
Silent scene its witness be.*Ulysses.*Lady, if my voice replieth  
With refusal, it denieth  
Not through want of courtesy,  
Since affected love to thee  
Far less courtesy implieth.  
I, thou know'st, must feign to be  
Circe's lover: 'twere not feigning,  
If my suit to her disdainings,  
I elsewhere should bend the knee;  
Let my candour pain not thee:—  
Other homage do I owe,  
Other love I fain would show,  
But unspoken must conceal.  
Silence only, ah! I feel,  
Must be witness of my woe! [*Exit.*]

*Flérída.*

No pudiera responder  
Mas á mi contento nada ;  
Pues de verme despreciada,  
Soy la primera muger,  
Que guſto llegó á tener.

*Lísidas (aparte).*

Qué eſpero ? Mas ay de mí !  
Que eſtá Circe ingrata alli.  
Ocaſion eſperaré  
De quejarme, ſi podré.

*Flérída.*

¿ A qui eſtás, ſeñora ?

*Circe.*

Sí.

*Flérída.*

¿ Luego ya bien entablado  
Lo que me has mandado habrás  
Viſto ?

*Circe.*

Sí, Flérída, y mas  
De lo que te habia mandado.

*Flérída.*

Encarecí mi cuidado  
Con afeſto, ay de mí ! cuanto  
Supe.

*Circe.*

Deja afeſto tanto,  
Flérída, que amando muero ;  
Y bien que lo finjas quiero,  
Mas no que lo finjas tanto.  
Demas, que ſi en los primeros  
Lances pierdo los ſentidos,  
No quiero zelos fingidos,  
Que ſepan á verdaderos.  
Tus afeſtos liſonjeros  
Ceſen, pues que ſu caſtigo  
Fingido fue tal conmigo,  
Que no digo fu tormento ;

*Flerída.*

A more fortunate reply  
Fate could never have deviſed !  
Since to ſee myſelf deſpized  
Fiſt of womankind am I  
Who a pleaſure feel thereby.

*Lyſidas (aſide).*

Why delay ? But, dire diſtreſs !  
Circe's there, the mercileſs.  
I a better time muſt plan  
To expoſtulate, if I can.

*Flerída.*

Wert thou here, Señora ?

*Circe.*

Yes.

*Flerída.*

Saw you then how I expended  
All my art in the part I play'd  
By your orders ?

*Circe.*

You obey'd  
Even more than I intended.

*Flerída.*

Woe is me ! I thus offended,  
Fancying that you wiſh'd for ſuch  
Feint of fondneſs.

*Circe.*

Ceaſe ! Thy touch  
Ice-like chill'd my heart and brain ;  
Ah ! I die of love !—to feign ?  
Yes, but not to feign ſo much.  
Nay, if thus I ſadly rue  
This fiſt feint ſo unpropitious,  
I deſire not by fiſtitious  
Jealouſies to learn the true.  
Ceaſe then with fond wiles to woo,  
Since I pay for thy appeal  
With ſuch feign'd pain, that I feel  
Words are weak to ſpeak my woe,

Y aun no cabe lo que siento  
En todo lo que no digo. [*Vase.*

*Flérida.*

¿ Quién mas necio extremo vió ?  
¿ Hay mas penas, que por mí  
Pafen este instante ?

*Lífidas.*

Sí;

Que aun ahora falto yo.  
No, Flérida hermosa, no  
Porque á quejarme me obligo,  
Porque para mi castigo,  
Que esto hable, que esto vea,  
No quiero mas de que sea  
Solo el silencio testigo.

*Flérida.*

Lífidas, si has escuchado  
Lo que á Ulises dije aqui,  
Tambien lo que Circe á mí  
Es fuerza que hayas notado.  
No lince para el cuidado,  
Y ciego para el contento  
Estés; que este fingimiento,  
Si fue causa de mi engaño,  
Tambien, tambien defengaño  
Ha de ser de mi tormento.

*Lífidas.*

De un triste el rigor es tal,  
Que, aunque mal y bien estên  
Iguales, duda del bien  
El crédito que da al mal.  
Uno y otro en mí es mortal;  
Y así, al bien y al mal atento,  
Flérida, aufentarme intento  
De aquefte monte cruel,  
Que con ser tan grande, en él  
Aun no cabe lo que siento. [*Vase.*

*Flérida.*

Oye, escucha!—Mas ; ay cielos !

Though my suffering doth outgrow  
Even the all that I conceal. [*Exit.*

*Flérida.*

Who has seen more wild conceit ?  
Can this moment bring excess  
Of the pain I suffer ?

*Lyfidas (advancing).*

Yes;

Without me 'twere incomplete :  
But I come not to repeat  
Vain complaints, alas ! not so,  
Since, fair Flérida, I know  
From the things I hear and see,  
Silence only, woe is me !  
Must be witness of my woe.

*Flérida.*

Lyfidas, if audibly  
What I told Ulysses floated  
To thine ear, thou must have noted  
Also Circe's words to me,  
Be not then to misery  
Lynx-eyed, and to joy but blind :—  
If the part to me assign'd  
Causes grief by its deceiving  
Likewise too in undeceiving  
Must I still my torment find.

*Lyfidas.*

'Tis the torment of the sad,  
That though good and evil should  
Seem alike, they doubt the good,  
And give credence to the bad.  
Both a mortal anguish add  
To my suffering, I would fain  
Flérida forget the twain,  
And this cruel mountain flee,  
Which however vast it be  
Cannot compass all my pain. [*Exit.*

*Flérida.*

Listen ! hear me !—But, ah me !

¿ Con qué podrán mis enojos  
 Detenerle, si los ojos  
 No pueden, que en sus desvelos  
 Rémoras son de los zelos ?  
 En vano, ay de mí ! le figo ;  
 No á explicar mi mal me obligo,  
 Pues que no cabe, no ignoro,  
 Aun nada de lo que lloro,  
 En todo lo que no digo. [*Vase.*]

MONTE.

*Sale CLARIN.*

*Clarín.*

Engañada Circe bella  
 (Que en efecto las mugeres,  
 Que saben mas en el mundo,  
 Se engañan mas fácilmente),  
 Agradecida me dijo  
 Que á este monte me viniese,  
 Y que en hallándome solo,  
 A Brutamonte le diese  
 Voces, que al instante el tal  
 Brutamonte, sea quien fuere,  
 Me traeria un gran tesoro.  
 Solo estoy, ya no hay que espere.  
 Brutamonte !—No responde ;  
 Brutamonte !—No me entiende ;  
 A tres irá la vencida :  
 Brutamonte !

*Sale BRUTAMONTE gigante.*

*Brutamonte.*

Qué me quieres ?

*Clarín.*

Nada, si fuere posible,  
 Es cuanto puedo quererte.

*Brutamonte.*

Ya me has llamado, y ya sé

How can all my tears and sighs  
 Hold him here, when even the eyes  
 Cannot do so, though we see  
 Oft their light scares jealousy.  
 It is vain, oh ! woe the day !  
 To pursue him, vain to stay  
 Doubts that o'er his heart are creeping,  
 Let me then in silent weeping  
 Wail the grief I must not say. [*Exit.*]

A MOUNTAIN.

*Enter CLARIN.*

*Clarín.*

Circe fair, by me deceived  
 (Since 'tis easiest of all women  
 To impose on those who are  
 Wisest in all kinds of knowledge),  
 Circe fair, as I have said,  
 In a grateful moment told me  
 To this mountain to repair,  
 And to shout out Brutamonte  
 When I found myself alone,  
 And that he upon the moment  
 Would, whoe'er he be, confer  
 Some most precious gift upon me.  
 I am now alone, why wait ?  
 Brutamonte !—No responses ;  
 Brutamonte !—No one hears me ;  
 Third and last time,—Brutamonte !

*Enter BRUTAMONTE, a giant.*

*Brutamonte.*

At your service, what's your business ?

*Clarín.*

Nothing, faith, an it were only  
 Possible to get away.

*Brutamonte.*

You have call'd me, and the object

A lo que vengo ; que es este  
Recado que traigo.

*Clarín.*

¿ Y no

La señora Circe tiene  
Otros pagedicos mas  
Mañeros, que le trajesen ?  
Porque para mí bastara  
Menor seis varas, ó siete.

*Brutamonte.*

De mí se sirve, que foy  
De Cíclopes descendiente,  
Por mas magestad, y espero,  
Antes que de aqui se ausenten  
Los Griegos, vengar en todos  
De Polifemo la muerte.

[*Sacan una arca dos animales.*

*Clarín.*

Poco hay que vengar en mí ;  
Que yo no le toqué, y siempre  
Le tuve, viven los cielos !  
Tanto miedo como este ;  
Que otro hipóbole no sé,  
Con que mas encarecerle.

*Brutamonte.*

Toma esta caja, que traigo  
Para tí.

*Clarín.*

Bien.

*Brutamonte.*

Y agradece

A Circe, que su obediencia  
Atadas mis manos tiene,  
Para que no te arrebatase  
De un brazo, y contigo diese  
De esotra parte del mar.

*Clarín.*

Lindo saque fuera ese ;

Of your coming I discover  
By the dispatch I carry.

*Clarín.*

Can

Lady Circe have no other  
Little page but you to run  
On her errands through the forest ?  
Quite enough for me were one  
Who was six or seven yards shorter.

*Brutamonte.*

She makes use of me, who am  
From the Cyclops sprung, to show her  
Greater grandeur, and I hope,  
Ere the Greeks depart these coasts here,  
For the death of Polyphemus  
To take vengeance on the whole herd.

[*Two animals draw in a chest.*

*Clarín.*

Little need you take on me :—  
Since I never touch'd him, no then,  
But the same fear felt, by Heaven !  
Towards him then, that now comes o'er  
me ;

I know no hyperbole  
Better can my terror show thee.

*Brutamonte.*

See this chest I here have brought thee,  
Take it.

*Clarín.*

Good.

*Brutamonte.*

And thank the goddess

Circe, that obedient duty  
Unto her my strong hand holds here,  
So that I do not uplift thee  
With one arm, and hurl thee yonder  
Far amid the whelming sea-waves.

*Clarín.*

What a game of ball, to hop there

Pero, aunque hiciera buen bote,  
¿Quién de allá había de volverme?

*Brutamonte.*

Y si esto no hiciera, hiciera  
Otra cosa.

*Clarín.*

Cuál?

*Brutamonte.*

Comerte

De un bocado.

*Clarín.*

Y aun no hubiera

Harto para untar un diente.

*Brutamonte.*

¿O llegue el día en que tenga  
Esta licencia!

*Clarín.*

¿O no llegue

Nunca, fino despeado

En el camino se quede!

*Brutamonte.*

Toma la caja, y en ella  
Hallarás mas que quisieras.

*Clarín.*

Un modo de despedirte

Quisiera hallar solamente.

*Brutamonte.*

Pues yo me voy.

*Clarín.*

Haces bien.—

¿Qué gigantes tan corteses [*aparte.*

En esta tierra se usan,

Que poquito se detienen

En conversaciones donde

Estorban!

*Brutamonte.*

Y cuantas veces

Me nombrares . . . .

Out so far! But, when I bounded  
On the sea, who'd hit me home here?

*Brutamonte.*

If I didn't do that, I'd do  
Something better.

*Clarín.*

What?

*Brutamonte.*

Just gobble

You up in a bit.

*Clarín.*

'Twould scarcely whet

One of your teeth, so small a morsel.

*Brutamonte.*

May the day come soon when I  
Have that licence!

*Clarín.*

May it not then

Ever come, but rather founder

On the road before it comes here.

*Brutamonte.*

Take the chest, and you will find  
In it more than you could covet.

*Clarín.*

How to get you to take leave

Is just now my only problem.

*Brutamonte.*

Then I go.

*Clarín.*

You do quite right;—

How obliging and how courteous

[*afide.*

Are the giants of this country,

Who their visitations shorten,

When they find their conversation

Grows a bore!

*Brutamonte.*

And I, as often

As you call me . . . .

*Clarín.*

Qué?

*Brutamonte.*

Vendré

A estos países á verte.

[*Vase.*]*Clarín.*Yo le ahorraré ese trabajo  
Cuantas veces yo pudiere.—Fuese? Parece que sí,  
Aunque aquí no lo parece.; Pero de qué tengo miedo,  
Si es humilde y obediente,

Un novicio de gigantes?

Y pues el tesoro viene,

; Quién me mete en discurrir?

Tráigale quien le trajere.

; Alto pues, abro la caja!

Que la llave en ella tiene.

; Quién duda, que habrá diamantes

Como el puño, como nueces

Perlas, y como las bolas

De los bolos los claveques?

[*Abre la caja, y sale una Dueña.*]

Mas, cielos! qué miro?

*Dueña.*

Miras

A una mísera sirviente,  
Que para fervir de escucha,  
Y hablar cuanto dijeres  
De Circe, me manda que ande  
Contigo acechando siempre.  
Por eso en traje de dueña  
Me envía, para que aceche.*Clarín.*; Lindo tesoro de chismes  
En la tal arca me viene!  
; Yo dueña, tras un gigante?  
Aqui falta solamente,*Clarín.*

Well?

*Brutamonte.*

Will come

Here to see you on the moment. [*Exit.*]*Clarín.*Well, that trouble I will spare you  
Every time I can, good monster.—  
Has he gone? It seems he has,  
Though perhaps it seems so only.  
But what need I fear? He is  
Mild and meek in his deportment,  
Quite a novice among giants.  
Since a treasure I have gotten,  
'Bout the bearer, or the bringer  
Why should I disturb my noddle?  
Courage then! the chest I'll open.  
With the key that's in the lock here,  
Who can doubt that here are diamonds  
Bigger than my fist, and whole heaps  
Of large pearls like nuts, and gems  
That like bowls roll o'er each other?[*He opens the box, from which a**Duenna arises.*

Heavens! what's this I see?

*Duenna.*

You see

A poor wretched servant body,  
Who to play the part of spy,  
And to tell what may be spoken  
Against Circe, is commanded  
Ever-listening to escort thee.  
Since I'm sent to listen, I  
Thus duenna-like am clothèd.*Clarín.*What a treasure-trove of rags  
Have I in this chest discover'd!  
First comes giant, then duenna:—  
Now the thing that's only wanted



Para que el triunfigurato  
De caballeros noveles  
Esté cabal, un enano.

*Dueña.*

Pues no faltará, si es ese  
El defecto.—Brunelillo!  
Sal al punto.

*Sale un Enano.*

*Enano.*

¿Qué me quieres,  
Doña Brianda?

*Clarín.*

¿De dónde  
Sales, átomo viviente?

*Enano.*

De mi casa, que lo es  
Esta caja, donde siempre  
Acueftas me has de traer.

*Clarín.*

¿Pues cómo aquí caber pueden  
Un enano y una dueña,  
Si cualquiera de ellos fuele  
No caber en todo el mundo?

*Dueña.*

Brunelillo, gente viene,  
Y no es justo que nos vean.—  
Oye, dóblenos, y cierre  
La caja.

*Enano.*

Circe lo manda,  
Que siempre al hombro nos lleve,  
Y lo que dijere oigamos.

*Dueña.*

Y aun mas de lo que dijere.

[*Métiense en la caja y cierran.*]

*Clarín.*

¿Señores, qué es lo que pasa  
Por mí? qué tesoro es este?

To make all this transformation  
(Like to a knight-errant novel)  
Finish finely, is a dwarf.

*Duenna.*

Then if that be so, no longer  
Need you wait.—Here! Brunelillo,  
On the instant.

*A Dwarf comes out.*

*Dwarf.*

For what object,  
Dame Brianda?

*Clarín.*

Where did you come from,  
Living atom, pigmy wonder?

*Dwarf.*

From my mansion, which you see  
Is this box, where on your shoulder  
You must carry me henceforth.

*Clarín.*

How I marvel, can this box here  
Hold a dwarf and a duenna,  
When there's scarce for either of them  
Room enough in all the whole earth?

*Duenna.*

Brunelillo, men come yonder,  
And 'twere wrong that they should see us.  
Hark you! fold us smooth, and cover  
Up the chest.

*Dwarf.*

Remember, Circe  
Bids you bear us on your shoulder,  
And that what you speak we'll hear.

*Duenna.*

Ay, and more than will be spoken.

[*They enter the box, which closes.*]

*Clarín.*

What on earth am I to do  
With my treasure, good Señores?

Vive Júpiter ! que juntos  
 A su cascara se vuelven.  
 Aqui hay trampa, vive Dios!  
 Mas no, en la caja no tienen  
 Por donde haberse salido.  
 ¿Qué haré en confusion tan fuerte ?  
 Si de Circe no obedezco  
 El castigo que me ofrece,  
 Otro mayor me dará,  
 Si es que otro ser mayor puede  
 Que levar la caja. Pues  
 Ahora veo claramente,  
 Por qué el gigante la trajo,  
 Y los animales fuertes ;  
 Porque cosa tan pesada,  
 Como una dueña, no puede  
 Sufriarla, sino un gigante  
 Y dos bestias folamente.—  
 ¿Quién compra dueñas y enanos,  
 Como peines y alfileres ?

*Sale* LEBREL.

*Lebrel (Para sí).*

¿ Que tal pensáse de mí  
 Circe, y que á Clarin creyese !  
 Huyendo vengo á este monte,  
 Donde á los dioses pluguiese,  
 Que al castigo, que me espera,  
 Halláse donde esconderme.  
 Pondré, que aquesta es la hora,  
 Que está trazando de hacerme  
 Sabandija destos montes,  
 Gufarapo destas fuentes.  
 Este es Clarin, y aqui dél  
 Será razon que me vengue.—  
 Huélgome de haberte hallado,  
 Clarin.

*Clarin.*

Por mas que te huelgues,

Jupiter ! my precious gems  
 In their casket now are cover'd :  
 Oh ! there must be trap-doors here !  
 Yet the box contains no open,  
 Out through which they could have gone.  
 In such strong fix, how comport me ?  
 If the punishment rejecting  
 Which to me hath Circe offer'd,  
 She a greater one may give me,  
 If a greater is concocted  
 Than to bear this box. I now  
 Clearly can explain the problem  
 Why a giant had to draw it,  
 And two beasts as big as oxen ;  
 Since such heavy baggage is  
 A duenna, that the strongest  
 Giant and two beasts to match him  
 Must unite them to uphold her.—  
 Dwarfs ! Duennas ! come, who'll buy ?  
 Like the man who pins and combs sells.

*Enter* LEBREL.

*Lebrel (Soliloquising).*

Oh ! that thus could think of me  
 Circe, and trust Clarin's nonsense !  
 Flying do I seek this mountain,  
 And its guardian gods invoke here,  
 That I may perchance find shelter,  
 From the wrath impending o'er me.  
 Now I'll bet she's thinking how  
 In the best way to transform me  
 To a beetle of these mountains,  
 To a wet worm of these ponds here.  
 Here is Clarin, and here I  
 Will revenge the wrong he has done me.  
 Clarin, I'm o'erwhelm'd with joy  
 To have met thee.

*Clarin.*

If thy load, then,

No tanto como me pesa.

*Lebrel.*

Que vengo á darte la muerte.

*Clarín.*

Yo vengo á darte la vida.

*Lebrel.*

De qué fuerte ?

*Clarín.*

Defta fuerte :

Circe, obligada de mí,  
En esta caja me ofrece  
Un tesoro, y yo con él  
Pretendo fatisfacerte ;  
Porque si del bien hablar  
El premio, Lebrel, es este,  
Con dártelo á tí, tendrás  
El premio, que tú mereces.  
¿ Puedes obligarme á mas  
De que todo te lo entregue ?  
Toma la caja.

*Lebrel.*

No quiero,

Que todo á dármelo llegues,  
Sino, pues me desenojas,  
Que partamos igualmente.

*Clarín.*

Pues llevaráste la dueña,  
Y yo el enano.

*Lebrel.*

¿ Qué quieres

Decir en eso ?

*Clarín.*

No sé,

Tú lo verás, si la abrieres.

[*Pone la caja en otra parte, y  
ábrela* LEBREL.

*Lebrel.*

Nonla aqui. Ya abierta está.

Is so great, mine's not less weighty.

*Lebrel.*

Since to kill thee I'm devoted.

*Clarín.*

And to give thee life am I.

*Lebrel.*

In what way ?

*Clarín.*

In *this* way, know then.

Circe being obliged to me,  
In this chest to me has offer'd  
A great treasure, which as thine  
I'm determin'd to restore thee ;  
Since, if it is the reward,  
Friend Lebrel, of the civil-spoken,  
By my giving it thee, thou'lt have  
The reward thou'lt won so nobly.  
Can you then oblige me more  
Than I do in giving the whole heap ?  
Take the chest.

*Lebrel.*

I do not wish you

To bestow the whole upon me ;  
But since you've appeas'd my wrath,  
Be one half to each allotted.

*Clarín.*

Then do *you* take the duenna,  
And I'll take the dwarf.

*Lebrel.*

You mock me ;

What do you mean ?

*Clarín.*

I do not know ;

But you'll see all when you open.

[*He places the chest in another place,  
and LEBREL opens it.*

*Lebrel.*

Place it here, 'tis open now.

[*Saca* *LEBREL* *todo lo que dice.*

¡Qué joyas tan excelentes!

*Clarín.*

Son muy excelentes joyas . . . .  
(Para el diablo, que las lleve.)

[*aparte.*

*Lebrel.*

Aquesta cadena escojo,  
Y esta para tí se quede.

*Clarín.*

Ca . . . . qué?

*Lebrel.*

Cadena; y ahora

Dé diamantes este Fénix  
Para mí, y esta Sirena,  
Toda de esmeraldas verdes,  
Te deajo.

*Clarín (aparte).*

¡Viven los cielos,

Que es imposible, que hubiese  
Diamantes donde hubo dueñas!

*Lebrel.*

Yo no quiero parecerse  
Codicioso; esto me basta,  
Lo demas es bien te deje.—

¡Quién no se defenojara [ *aparte.*  
Con tesoro como este?

A buscar á Libia voy,  
Y á darla cuanto quisiere. [ *Vase.*

*Clarín.*

O yo estoy borracho, ó yo  
Sueño cosas diferentes,  
O he perdido mi juicio,  
O tengo un grande accidente,  
O de Circe he hablado mal.  
¡Que joyas hallar pudiese

[*He takes out each article as he describes it.*

Oh! what rich gems I behold here!

*Clarín.*

Very precious gems they are . . . .  
(For the devil himself who bore them.)

[*aside.*

*Lebrel.*

I select this pretty chain,  
And for you remains this other.

*Clarín.*

Pretty what?

*Lebrel.*

This pretty chain;

Now in turn to me belongeth  
This resplendent diamond Phoenix,  
And this Siren emerald brooch here,  
I leave thee.

*Clarín (aside).*

Good gracious heavens!

Can it be that he discovers  
Diamonds now where I found dwarfs?

*Lebrel.*

I don't wish that you suppose me  
Greedy; so I've had enough:  
Of the rest I make thee owner.—  
Who would not forego his anger

[*aside.*

For a prize like this I hold here?  
Libia now I go to seek,  
And I'll give her what she chooses.

[*Exit.*

*Clarín.*

Either I am drunk, or I  
Dream now this, and now the other;  
Or I have my senses lost,  
Or have got some grief in store yet,  
Or 'gainst Circe wagg'd my tongue.—  
Jewels how could be behold here,

Donde yo dueñas y enanos !  
Mas yo las ví claramente,  
Y supuesto que las hay,  
Tomaré las que pudiere.

[*Sale la Dueña no mas del  
medio cuerpo.*

*Dueña.*

Señor, diga á Brunelillo  
Vuefa merced, que me deje  
Hacer mi labor.

[*Sale el Enano.*

*Enano.*

Señor,  
Dígala usted, que no llegue  
A lamerme la merienda.

*Dueña.*

Tú mientes.

*Enano.*

Tú eres quien miente.

[*Aporréanse y húndense.*

*Clarín.*

¿ Qué es lo que pasó por mí ?  
¡ Valedme, dioses, valedme !  
¿ Esta traje Brutamonte ?

*Sale BRUTAMONTE.*

*Brutamonte.*

Qué me mandas ?

*Clarín.*

¡ Qué obediente

Es toda aquesta familia !  
¡ Con la presteza que vienen  
En llamándolos !—Señor  
Brutamonte, á quien prospere  
Júpiter con la salud,  
Que su gigantéz merece,  
Yo he visto la caja, y yo  
Le ruego, que se la lleve.

Where I saw but dwarfs and damsels ?  
But I saw the gems with open  
Eyes, and now with open hands too  
Shall I make a haul and bolt hence.

[*The Duenna arises half her  
height in the box.*

*Duenna.*

Speak to Brunelillo, Sir,  
Bid him leave me at my work here  
Quietly, your worship.

[*The Dwarf rises up.*

*Dwarf.*

Sir,

Tell her not to spoil my possiet,  
Please your worship, with her licking.

*Duenna.*

Oh ! a lie.

*Dwarf.*

On thy fide only.

[*They beat each other, and  
sink down.*

*Clarín.*

What, oh ! what fate will befall me ?  
Help me ! help me ! all ye Gods here.  
Was it this brought Brutamonte ?

*Enter BRUTAMONTE.*

*Brutamonte.*

What are your commands ?

*Clarín.*

The promptness

Of the family's surprising !  
With what quickness they all hop here  
When you call them !—Brutamonte,  
Noble Sir, whom Jove may prosper  
With sufficiency of health  
For your giantship's big body,  
I have seen the chest, and I  
Ask thee now to take it home hence ;

Quédese para señores  
 Esto de trastos vivientes ;  
 Que no he menester alhajas,  
 Que coman, y no aprovechen.

*Brutamonte.*

¿ Para eso se llama á un hombre  
 Como yo ? Estoy por hacerle . . . .

*Clarín.*

Por deshacerme dirá.

*Brutamonte.*

Piezas ; y si le sucede  
 Llamarme otra vez . . . .

*Clarín.*

No hará.

*Brutamonte.*

Por Júpiter ! que le eche  
 Tan alto de un puntapie,  
 Que cuando á los cielos llegue,  
 Ya llegue muerto de hambre ;  
 Y vuelva, si acaso vuelve,  
 De los pájaros comido.

[*Vase.*

*Clarín.*

¿ Puntapie bien excelente !  
 ¿ Dónde le hacen puntapies ?  
 No sé, vive Dios ! que hacermé  
 Entre los tres enemigos  
 Del cuerpo.

*Salen ASTREA, LIBIA y LEBREL.*

*Lebrel.*

Un instante breve

Habrá, que le dejé aqui  
 Con las joyas.

*Astrea.*

Tiempo es este  
 De buscarle, que está rico.  
 Ven, Libia, conmigo á verle.

Living lumber like to this  
 May be fit for grand señores,  
 But fine furniture that eats,  
 And is uselefs, I don't covet.

*Brutamonte.*

Is't for this, a man like me  
 Thou dar'st call on ? I am prompted . . .

*Clarín.*

To do something pleasant, doubtless.

*Brutamonte.*

To make bits of thee ; another  
 Time if thou dost call . . . .

*Clarín.*

I won't then.

*Brutamonte.*

By great Jove ! so high I'll toss thee  
 With a kick, that when thou reachest  
 The remote celestial bodies,  
 Thou'lt have long since died of hunger ;  
 And thou'lt drop, if e'er thou droppest,  
 On the earth, by birds half eaten.

[*Exit.*

*Clarín.*

Kick supreme ! of kicks the model !  
 Where are such kicks to be purchased ?  
 I know not, as God's above me,  
 What to do against these three foes  
 Of my body.

*Enter ASTREA, LIBIA, and LEBREL.*

*Lebrel.*

Scarce a moment

Is it since I left him here  
 With the jewels.

*Astrea.*

Then 'tis proper  
 That we seek him, since he is rich.  
 Libia, come, let's seek our old friend.

*Libia.*  
Aqui está.—Clarín, qué hay?  
*Lebrel.*  
De qué suspiras?  
*Astrea.*  
    Qué tienes?  
*Clarín.*  
Tengo dueña, tengo enano,  
Y tengo gigante.  
*Astrea.*  
    Vuelve,  
Y dínos, qué es eso?  
*Clarín.*  
    Es  
La dueña, que me atormenta,  
El enano, que me valga,  
Y el gigante, que me lleve.  
*Astrea.*  
Estás loco?  
*Clarín.*  
A Dios pluguiera!  
*Astrea.*  
¿Qué modo de hablarme es ese?  
De otra manera Lebrel  
A Libia habla, adora y quiere;  
Pues una joya la ha dado,  
Y tu ninguna me ofreces  
De tantas.  
*Clarín.*  
    Déjame, Astrea,  
Y no de joyas me tientes,  
Que me harás desesperar,  
Si á hablar mas en eso vuelves.  
*Voces (dentro).*  
Por acá, por acá!  
*Circe (dentro).*  
    Sube,  
Remontada garza, á hacerte

*Libia.*  
Here he is.—How goes it, Clarín?  
*Lebrel.*  
Why thus sigh?  
*Astrea.*  
    What hast thou got there?  
*Clarín.*  
I've a dwarf here, a duenna,  
And a giant also.  
*Astrea.*  
    Nonsense,  
Tell us what it is.  
*Clarín.*  
    It is  
The duenna who's my torment,  
'Tis the dwarf with whom I'm blest'd  
so,  
'Tis the giant sworn to flog me.  
*Astrea.*  
Are you mad?  
*Clarín.*  
    I would I were so!  
*Astrea.*  
What a way is this to have spoken!  
In another style Lebrel  
Speaks to Libia, worships, loves her,  
Since a jewel he has given her;  
And to me not one thou'st offer'd  
Of so many.  
*Clarín.*  
    Cease, Astrea!  
And on jewels touch no longer,  
Since you'll drive me to despair,  
If again you harp upon them.  
*Voices (within).*  
Hither! hither!—  
*Circe (within).*  
    Upward still,  
Soaring heron, and transform thee

Estrella viva de pluma.

*Astrea.*

Circe es esta, que aquí viene ;  
Yo no quiero que me vea.

*Lebrel.*

¡ A Júpiter para siempre !

[*Vanse LIBIA, ASTREA y LEBREL.*]

*Sale CIRCE.*

*Circe.*

Por ver si Ulíses me figue,  
Me he perdido de mi gente,  
Y dejando á un tronco atado  
Ese zéfiro obediente,  
Que fatigué, he de esperar  
Entre estos álamos verdes.—  
Quién está aquí ?

*Clarín.*

Un mentecato,  
Un fucio, un impertinente,  
Un necio, un loco, un menguado,  
Y un cuanto vusted quisiere.  
Sáqueme, por Dios ! de dueñas,  
De hombres largos, y hombres breves,  
Aunque me convierta en mona.

*Circe.*

Yo lo haré, si eso pretendes.

*Clarín.*

No me tome la palabra  
Tan presto, si le parece.

*Circe.*

Y porque me debas mas  
Que otros, que mi voz convierte,  
Haré, que tengas tu voz  
Y tu entendimiento. Vete  
De aquí.

To a living star of plumes !

*Astrea.*

Circe's voice ! this way she cometh :  
Here I would not have her see me.

*Lebrel.*

Jove ! nor I upon the whole earth !

[*Exeunt LIBIA, ASTREA, and LEBREL.*]

*Enter CIRCE.*

*Circe.*

To discover if Ulysses  
Follows, from my train I've lost me,  
And unto a tree-trunk tying  
My obedient zephyr courier,  
Wearied with the chase, I'll wait here  
Underneath these dark green poplars.—  
Who is there ?

*Clarín.*

A simple ninny,  
A poor moon-calf, a big blockhead,  
A born fool, an ass, a madman,  
And what else your worship chooses.  
Free me, God's life ! from duennas,  
From these tall men, from these short  
men,  
Though you make of me a monkey.

*Circe.*

So I'll do, since you have told me.

*Clarín.*

Do not take me at my word  
Quite so quickly, I implore thee.

*Circe.*

And that you may owe me more  
Than the others I transform here,  
I will leave to you your senses  
And your voice. And now begone  
hence,  
Quick !



*Clarín.*

No lo dije yo

Por tanto.

*Circe.*

Un punto no esperes.—

Hasta mirarse á un espejo, [*aparte.*  
Ya en su forma no ha de verse.*Clarín.*Si es que mona me has de hacer,  
Solo quiero merecerte,  
Que sea mona de lo caro,  
Mas que dormilona, alegre.—  
Hombres monas, presto habrá  
Otro mas de vuestra especie. [*Vase.**Sale ULISES.**Ulises.*Por mas que te he seguido,  
Corto el aliento de ese bruto ha sido,  
Si bien con harto rastro te seguia,  
Pues llevabas por señas todo el dia.*Circe.*De la caza cansada,  
A este apacible sitio retirada  
Me vine. Qué has volado?*Ulises.*Un deseo, ay de mí! tan remontado,  
Que oíó con alto vuelo  
Calaré entre las nubes de algun cielo,  
Donde al fuego vecino,  
Con ligereza suma,  
Abrafada la pluma,  
Subió deseo, y mariposó vino.*Clarín.*In faith, I didn't mean it  
Seriously.*Circe.*

Don't wait a moment.—

Till he looks into a mirror, [*aside.*  
He his own shape won't recover.*Clarín.*If a monkey you will make me,  
Let me for this favour hope then,  
That you make a nice ape of me,  
Brisk and lively, and no snorer.—  
Monkey-men there, soon you'll have  
One more member of your order.[*Exit.**Enter ULYSSES.**Ulyses.*The quicker was my speed,  
The quicker fail'd the hot breath of my  
speed,  
Following thy track along the devious  
way,  
Since in thy flight thou hast outftripp'd  
the day.*Circe.*Aweary with the chase,  
To this retired and sylvan-shaded place  
I came. Say, what has risen?*Ulyses.*A fond desire, ah me! from out its  
prison,  
Which dared in lofty flight  
To pierce the clouds of one sweet hea-  
ven so bright,  
That from the glowing sky  
Through which it soar'd a passion-wing'd  
desire,  
With plumage all afire,

*Circe.*  
¿ De la caza, pregunto, qué has volado ?

*Ulysses.*  
En ella te respondo, que un cuidado.

*Circe.*  
¿ Pues cómo á mí en sentido  
Equívoco respondes atrevido ?

*Ulysses.*  
Como pienso que sabes, que esta culpa  
Anticipada tiene la disculpa.

*Circe.*  
Ah sí, no me acordaba . . . .  
*Ulysses (aparte).*  
Yo estoy loco.

*Circe.*  
De la porfía de hoy.  
*Ulysses (aparte).*  
Ni yo tampoco.

*Circe.*  
Qué dices ?  
*Ulysses.*  
Que por ella me atrevia.

*Circe.*  
Por ella ?  
*Ulysses.*

Sí.  
*Circe (aparte).*  
¡ O mal haya la porfía !—  
Mas pues fingidos son esos extremos,  
Hablemos en la caza sola.

*Ulysses.*  
Hablemos.  
Luego que tú te retiraste de una

Fell back to earth, a flame-fing'd but-  
terfly.

*Circe.*  
I spok'e of hawking, when I ask'd, What  
ros'e ?

*Ulysses.*  
And I repli'd, a woe of tenderest woes.

*Circe.*  
Why thus forgetful of my dignity,  
Dost thou still make equivocal reply ?

*Ulysses.*  
Because I thought the talk thyself had  
given,  
Might have supposed such fault would  
be forgiven.

*Circe.*  
Ah ! yes, I had forgotten . . . .  
*Ulysses (aside).*  
I am mad.

*Circe.*  
To-day's dispute.  
*Ulysses (aside).*  
'Twere better that I had.

*Circe.*  
What do you say ?  
*Ulysses.*  
'Twas that impell'd my suit.

*Circe.*  
That only ?  
*Ulysses.*  
Yes.

*Circe (aside).*  
Accurs'd be the dispute !—  
Well, since these feignings but false  
flatteries seek,

Let us speak of the chase alone.  
*Ulysses.*  
So let us speak :—  
You scarce had gone, when near

Guarnecida laguna,  
 Espejo de la hermosa primavera,  
 Se remontó una garza, que altanera  
 Tanto á los cielos sube,  
 Que fue á un tiempo aquí pájaro, allí  
 mube ;  
 Y entre el fuego y el viento,  
 Arbitro igual, (o válgome su aliento !)  
 De fuerte se interpuso, que las alas  
 En la diáfana esfera, en la suprema,  
 O las hiela, ó las quema,  
 Cuando las enarbola, ó las abate,  
 Tan á compas entre las dos las bate,  
 Que aquí elevadas é inclinadas luego,  
 Aquí dan en el aire, allí en el fuego.  
 Geroglífico era  
 La garza entre la una y otra esfera  
 De alguno, que aquí osado, allí cobarde,  
 Se hiela á un tiempo, y arde,  
 Y entre el aire y el fuego se embaraza.

*Circe.*

Eso no es de la caza.

*Ulyses.*

Es de la pena mia,  
 Que es en parte tambien volatería.

*Circe.*

Hubiérame ofendido,  
 Si no supiera, Ulyses, que es fingido.

*Ulyses (aparte).*

¡ A Júpiter pluguiera !

The margin of a lake, that crystal-clear  
 Seem'd a smooth mirror for the beauteous  
 Spring,

A heron rose, so sudden its quick wing  
 Bore it amid the sky elate and proud,  
 That at one moment it was bird and  
 cloud,

And 'twixt the wind and fire,  
 (Would that such courage had my heart's  
 desire !)

So interposed itself, that its bold wings  
 Wheeling alternate near,  
 Now the diaphanous, now the higher  
 sphere,

Were burnt or froze,  
 As down they sank or upward soaring  
 rose,

In all the fickleness of fond desire,  
 Now in the air and now amid the fire.  
 An emblem as it were,

This heron was, betwixt each opposite  
 sphere,

Of one who is both cowardly and bold,  
 Can burn with passion, and yet freeze  
 with cold,

And 'twixt the air and fire still doubts  
 his place.

*Circe.*

You speak not of the chase.

*Ulyses.*

I speak of my heart's care,  
 Which seems a quarry for each fond  
 despair.

*Circe.*

This would have offended me again,  
 Did I not know, Ulyses, that you  
 feign.

*Ulyses (aside).*

Ah ! would to Jupiter, 'twere so.

*Circe (aparte).*

¡ Pluguiera al cielo, ay Dios ! que no  
lo fuera !  
Y pues que solo estás aquí conmigo,  
No finjas, y profigue.

*Ulyses.*

Ya profigo.

Atomo ya la garza apenas era,  
Cuando, defenhetrada la cimera  
Que el capirote enlaza,  
Mi mano un gerifalte defembraza,  
A quien, porque en prision no se pre-  
fuma,  
La pluma le halagaba con la pluma,  
Y él, como hambriento estaba,  
Duro el laton del cascabel picaba.  
Apenas á la luz restituidos  
Se vieron otro y él, cuando atrevidos,  
Cuanta estacion vacía  
Palestra es de los átomos del día,  
Corren los dos por páramos del viento,  
Y en una y otra punta,  
Este se aleja, cuando aquel se junta ;  
Y el bajel ceniciento  
(Que bajel ceniciento entonces era  
La garza, que velera  
Los piélagos fulcó de otro elemento)  
Librarfe determina diligente,  
Aunque navega sola,  
Hechos remos los pies, proa la frente,  
La vela el ala, y el timon la cola.  
¡ Miserá garza, dije, combatida  
De dos contrarios ! bien, bien de mi vida  
Imágen eres, pues fitiar la veo  
De uno y otro defeo.

*Circe (afide).*

Ah ! would to Heaven, 'twere other-  
wise I know !—  
And since you're here alone with me,  
you need  
Not further feign ; proceed.

*Ulyses.*

I thus proceed :—

Scarce had the heron dwindled to a speck  
On the far sky, when from about the neck  
Of a gerfalcon I unloosed the band  
Which held his hood ; a moment on  
my hand  
I soothed the impatient captive, his dark  
brown  
Proud feathers smoothing with caressings  
down ;  
While he, as if his hunger did surpass  
All bounds, pick'd sharply on his bells  
of brass.  
Scarce were they back restored to light,  
He and another, when in daring flight  
They scaled heaven's vault, the vast  
void space where play  
In whirling dance the mote-beams of  
the day,  
Then down the deserts of the wind they  
float,  
And up and down the sky  
One flies away as the other swoopeth  
nigh ;  
And then the ashen-colour'd boat  
(An ashen-colour'd boat it surely were,  
That heron, that through shining waves  
of air  
Furrow'd its way to fields remote)  
Resolving to be free and not to fail,  
Although alone it faileth now,  
Of feet made oars, of curved beak a prow,

*Circe.*

Ahora disculparte no has podido,  
Pues yerras, si es fingido, ó no es fingido.

*Ulyses.*

Sí puedo ; ser tu amante no fingiera,  
Si á la primera vez te obedeciera.—  
A uno pues, y otro embate,  
Coge las alas, ó las velas bate,  
Y poniendo debajo de la una  
La cabeza, se deja á su fortuna  
Venir á pique, cuando  
Nos pareció caer revoloteando  
Una encarnada estrella,  
Y los dos gerifaltes siempre en ella.  
Si ejemplo eres, o tú, á mi pensamiento,  
Sé tambien escarmiento,  
Y no me ofrezcas esperanza alguna,  
Si ha de defengañarme tu fortuna.

*Circe.*

Aunque sea fingido, todavía  
Es ya en ofensa mia,  
Pues si te habia mandado  
Fingir antes de ahora tu cuidado,  
Tambien te mandé ahora  
A folas no fingirle.

Sails of its wings, and rudder of its tail;—  
Poor wretched heron, said I then, thy  
trife

'Gainst two opposing ills, are of my life  
Too true an image ; since it is to-day  
Of two distinct desires the hapless prey.

*Circe.*

Now thou canst not excuse thee, since  
'tis plain

Thou offendeest, whether thou feignest,  
or don't feign.

*Ulysses.*

I can ; thy lover's part I would badly play,  
If at thy first command I could obey.—  
'Gainst this, 'gainst that, as either doth  
assail,

It furl'd its wing, and droop'd its lan-  
guid sail,

And placing its dazed head beneath the  
one,

Trusting to fortune, like a plummet-stone  
Straight down it fell, we looking, from  
afar

Saw it descending, an incarnate star  
Through the dark sky,

With the pursuing falcons ever nigh.  
O thou ! if thou'rt the image of my  
thought,

Be thou a warning too, with wisdom  
fraught,

Let no delusive hope by thee be shown,  
If in thy fate I must foresee my own.

*Circe.*

Though this be feigning, it offends no  
less,

Than if the feigning were all truthfulness ;  
Since if I bade thee feign,

At another time, the lover's anxious pain,  
I also bade thee now not feign again,

*Ulysses.*

Pues, señora,

Si tu castigo espero,  
Siendo fingido, y siendo verdadero,  
De verdadero ya el castigo pido,  
Pues solo esto es fingido en ser fingido.

*Circe.*

¿Cómo, di, tan osado  
Respondes?

*Ulysses.*

Como estoy desesperado.

*Circe.*

¿Cómo tan atrevido  
Te desvaneces . . . .

*Ulysses.*

Como estoy perdido.

*Circe.*

A hablarme desta fuerte?

*Ulysses.*

Como finjo quererte.

*Circe.*

¿Luego aquesto es fingido todavía?

*Ulysses.*

No, señora.

*Circe (aparte).*

¡O bien haya la porfía!—

Ulysses, aunque fuera  
Justo, que de escarmiento te sirviera  
Tu osadís, conviene  
Disfimilar, porque la gente viene,  
Que hasta aquí me ha seguido;  
En su fuerza se quede lo fingido.

Since we are here alone.

*Ulysses.*

O Lady! then

If I alike thy chastisement must rue,  
Whether my passionate speech be feign'd  
or true;

Then let the true be punish'd or disdain'd,  
Since it is only feign'd in being feign'd.

*Circe.*

How hast thou, say, such courage as to  
dare

So bold a reply?

*Ulysses.*

Because I must despair.

*Circe.*

Why thus presuming to the uttermost,  
Venturest thou now again . . . .

*Ulysses.*

Because I am lost.

*Circe.*

To speak though I reprove thee?

*Ulysses.*

Because I feign I love thee.

*Circe.*

Is this then also feign'd as was thy suit?

*Ulysses.*

Señora, no.

*Circe (afide).*

Oh! blest be the dispute!—

Ulysses, though it were  
But just, that thou shouldst pay by thy  
despair

For thy presumption; still it needs that  
we

Dissemble, since my people seeking me  
Have hither come; thus there is no  
resource,

And the command to feign must still  
remain in force.

*Salen todos, excepto CLARIN.*

*Arfidas (aparte).*

Aunque en tantos desvelos  
 Mis agravios se valgan de mis zelos,  
 No darne intentaré por entendido.  
 ¿Mas cómo disimula un ofendido?  
 Volverme es ya mostrar mi sentimiento;  
 Despejo quiero hacer de mi tormento.—  
 Siguiéndote, señora, con tu gente  
 Por la florida márgen desta fuente  
 Vine, que ella pautada de colores,  
 Las señas de tu pie daba con flores.

*Circe.*

Hácia esta parte vine,  
 Porque es donde la cena ahora previne.

*Lebrel.*

¡Qué bien, qué bien me suena  
 Esta palabra, cena!  
 Mas no veo entre ramas, ni entre flores  
 Mesas, ni aparadores,  
 Ni ocupada en doméstico trabajo  
 A la familia de escalera abajo  
 Cruzar muy diligente.

*Circe.*

Todos os id sentando brevemente,  
 Porque en el campo todos  
 Cenemos juntos, y de varios modos  
 Se firvan las viandas.—  
 ¡Hola, la mesa!

*Lebrel.*

Dime, á quién lo mandas?

*Enter all, except CLARIN.*

*Arfidas (aside).*

Although these watchings bring no ease  
 Unto my wrongful pangs but jealousies,  
 Still I would feel as if I did not feel them;  
 But how can *he* who knows his wrongs  
 conceal them?

Now to turn back would all my wounds  
 lay bare,

And so I'll mask them with this light-  
 some air.

Lady, I've follow'd with thy people here  
 Unto this flower-encinctured fountain  
 clear,

Whose margin, colour'd by its crystal  
 showers,

Gave us the impress of thy feet with  
 flowers.

*Circe.*

I led unto this shade,  
 As here I order'd supper to be laid.

*Lebrel.*

Supper! delicious word!  
 Oh! how my heart by the sweet sound  
 is stirr'd!

But beneath the boughs, nor on the lea,  
 Tables nor sideboards can I see,  
 Nor on needful house affairs  
 The family down-stairs  
 Buffling about all busy and all heated.

*Circe.*

Here I desire that you would all be seated,  
 Since in the open field shall we  
 Together sup, and with variety  
 Of meats be served; and so as time is  
 pressing,

The table there!—

*Lebrel.*

Now who are you addressing?

*Circe.*

A quien ya me ha entendido.

[*Por debajo del tablado sale una mesa muy compuesta y con luces, y siéntanse ULISES, CIRCE, y ARSIDAS, y los demas en el suelo.*

*Lebrel.*

Linda mesa, pardiez! nos ha venido.  
¿No me dirás, si desto no te pesa,  
Cuanto habrá que sembraron esto mesa?

*Circe.*

¡Hola, cantad! cantad, y divertido  
Uno y otro sentido  
Esté con las viandas y las voces,  
Que fuenen en los zéfirros veloces.

[*Canta la Música.*

*Música.*

Olvidado de su patria,  
En los palacios de Circe  
Vive el mas valiente Griego,  
Si, quien vive amando, vive.

*Tocan dentro cojas y sale LIBIA.*

*Circe.*

¿Pero qué es esto que escucho?

*Ulyses.*

¿Pero qué es esto que oigo?

*Flérida.*

¿Qué es esto, cielos, que veo?

*Arsidas.*

¿Qué es esto, cielos, que noto?

*Circe.*

¿Qué bélico estruendo, qué  
Marcial ruido, qué alboroto  
Deja la luz del sol ciega,

*Circe.*

One who can understand me, do not fear.

[*A table rises from the ground, well furnished, and with lights. CIRCE, ULYSSES, and ARSIDAS seat themselves at it, the others on the grass.*

*Lebrel.*

Jove! what a crop of table springeth  
here!  
Will you not tell me though, if you are  
able,  
How long it took the fowing of this table?

*Circe.*

Sing, sing! and with the influence  
Of music please a double sense,  
Let voice to voice replying  
Blend with the zephyrs o'er our banquet  
flying. [*Music within.*

*Song.*

Native land and home forgetting,  
In the palace-halls of Circe  
Lives the bravest Grecian hero;  
If he lives, who loving, liveth.

*A sound of drums is heard from within,  
and LIBIA enters.*

*Circe.*

But what noise is this I hear?

*Ulyses.*

But what sound is this that stirs me?

*Flérida.*

What, O heavens! must I behold?

*Arsidas.*

Heavens! to what strain must I listen?

*Circe.*

Say, what warlike clangour, what  
Martial noise is this that filleth  
Heaven with darkness, blinds the sun,



Y el eco del aire sordo ?

*Libia.*

Ese fiero Brutamonte,  
 Ese gigante furioso,  
 Que preso, señora, tienes,  
 Por guarda de tus hermosos  
 Jardines, porque no robe  
 Nadie sus manzanas de oro,  
 Ofendido que á los Griegos  
 Blanda paz y suave ocio  
 En tus palacios divierta,  
 Olvidados de sí propios,  
 Habiendo sido homicidas  
 De Polifemo, que asombro  
 Era monstruo de los hombres,  
 Y era hombre de los monstruos :  
 Comunero de tu imperio,  
 Para vengarse de todos,  
 Convocó del Lilibeo  
 Cuantos Cíclopes famosos,  
 Espurios hijos del sol,  
 Hoy viven de darle enojos ;  
 Y dándoles paso al Flegra  
 Brutamonte cauteloso,  
 Vienen contra tí en escuadras  
 Mal ordenadas, de modo,  
 Que viendo vagar los riscos,  
 Discurrir los promontorios,  
 Parece que aquestos montes  
 Descienden unos de otros,  
 A cuyo estrépito, á cuyas  
 Voces y suspiros roncós,  
 El sol se turba, y del cielo  
 Caducan los ejes rotos.

*Circe.*

¡ Ay de mí, en qué gran peligro  
 Estoy ! en qué grande ahogo !

And the deafen'd echo dinneth ?

*Libia.*

That ferocious Brutamonte,  
 That gigantic form of grimness,  
 Whom, a captive, lady, thou  
 Makest guardian of the richness  
 Of thy gardens fair, that none  
 May their golden apples pilfer,  
 Being offended that the Greeks,  
 Gentle peace, and rest, and mirth, here  
 In thy palaces enjoy,  
 Home-forgetting, and when drifted  
 Here erewhile, that they had slain  
 Polyphemus, who was mingled  
 Man and monster—man 'mongst  
 monsters,  
 And a monster 'mong man's kindred,  
 Now a rebel of thy realm,  
 In revenge his foes to kill here,  
 Hath convoked from Lilybœum  
 All the famous spurious children  
 Of the sun, the giant Cyclops,  
 Who in spite of thee still live here.  
 By the cunning Brutamonte  
 They through Phlegra's pass admitted,  
 Come against thee in disorder'd  
 Squadrons, so that up the cliffs here  
 Climbing, o'er the promontories  
 Striding, each huge bulk uplifted  
 'Gainst the sky, they look like moun-  
 tains  
 O'er each other roll'd and rifted,  
 At whose clamour, at whose tumult,  
 Hoarse halloos, and hollow whispers,  
 The sun groweth dark, and downward  
 Fall heaven's axes crack'd and shiver'd.

*Circe.*

Woe is me ! in what great danger  
 Am I ! oh ! how I'm afflicted !

*Ulyses.*

Dadme mis armas, que yo  
Saldré á recibirlos solo ; . . .

*Arsidas.*

No temas, que yo á tu lado  
Te defenderé de todo ; . . .

*Ulyses.*

Porque para mi valor  
Son tantos Cíclopes pocos.

[ULÍSES *va hácia afuera, y AR-*  
*SIDAS acude á CIRCE.*

*Arsidas.*

Porque no quiero mas vida,  
No, que morir á tus ojos.

*Lebrel.*

Como y cordelejo, dicen,  
Que es en el mundo uno propio ;  
Mas la cena que esperaba  
Es cordelejo, y no como.

*Circe.*

¡ Deteneos, deteneos !  
Que este aparato ruidoso  
Solo ha sido ma experiencia,  
Exámen ha sido solo,  
Para ver, cual de los dos  
En un peligro notorio  
Acudia á sus afectos  
Mas noble y mas generoso ;  
Y así en campañas del aire  
Fantásticas huestes formo.

*Arsidas.*

Pues si ha sido esto experiencia,  
Yo soy el que me coronó  
Vencedor, y el que merezco,  
Circe, tu favor hermoso,  
Ya pue Ulises, acudiendo  
A sus armas tan heróico,  
Dejó de mostrarse amante,  
Pues en riesgo tan forzoso,

*Ulyses.*

Bring me here my arms, for I  
Shall go forth and meet them singly ; . . .

*Arsidas.*

Do not fear, for at thy side  
I shall guard thee from all ills here . . .

*Ulyses.*

Since for valour such as mine  
All the Cyclops' strength seems little.

[ULYSSES *goes to the side, and AR-*  
*SIDAS approaches CIRCE.*

*Arsidas.*

Since I only wish for life,  
That thou may'st my death here witness.

*Lebrel.*

Mirth is just as good as meat,  
So they say, but all within me  
Yearneth for the missing supper  
As the fitter thing to fill me.

*Circe.*

Stay ! oh, stay here ! stay ! oh, stay here !  
For this seeming sound that stirs thee,  
Is but an experiment,  
Is but only a slight trial,  
To discover, of the two,  
Which of you in dangerous risks here,  
Would more generously, more nobly  
Show the love that in him liveth ;  
Therefore on the fields of air  
Have I phantom hosts depicted.

*Arsidas.*

Then if this has been a trial,  
I am he, who, as the victor,  
Crown me, as the one who merits  
Thy divinest favour, Circe,  
Since Ulyses when he hurried  
Hero-like to his arms so swiftly,  
Ceased to show himself thy lover,  
Since in such a needful risk, he

No acudió luego á su dama,  
Que en un amante es impropio.

*Ulyses.*

Que acudí á las armas mías,  
No niego ; pero tampoco  
Niego, que de amante ha sido  
El afecto mas forzofo ;  
Porque si tomo mis armas,  
Para defenfa las tomo  
Suya.

*Arfidas.*

Nunca en un acafo  
Eftá el difcurfo tan pronto,  
Que espere á caufa feconda ;  
Lo primero es lo mas propio :  
A las armas fuifte, luego  
Ya perdiste.

*Ulyses.*

De efe modo  
Tú tambien ; pues si me acufas  
De poco amante, de poco  
Fino, porque no acudí  
A Circe, con efo propio  
Te convenzo, pues que tú  
Acudifte á fus enojos,  
Y ya te mostraste amante.

*Arfidas.*

Si las nobles leyes noto  
De caballería, acudir  
A las damas es forzofo ;  
Y así, como caballero,  
No como amante, focorro  
A Circe.

*Ulyses.*

En las de milicia  
Es ley, fiempre que armas oigo,  
Acudir á tomar armas ;  
Y así, con valor heróico,  
Yo, foldado, caballero

Did not haften to his lady,  
As a lover would from inflinft !

*Ulyses.*

That I hurried to my armour  
I admit, but unadmitted  
Is it, that in this, my aftion  
From a lover's impulse differ'd,  
Since if I took arms, it was  
But in her defence I girt me  
With them.

*Arfidas.*

Ne'er in sudden need  
Can the reason have fuch quicknefs  
As to think of fecond caufes ;  
The firft impulse is the fitteft.  
To your arms you went, and therefore  
You've already loft.

*Ulyses.*

In *this way*,  
Have you alfo ; fince if *me*  
Thou doft charge with fhowing little  
Love-zeal, for my not approaching  
Circe, I can now convift thee  
On thine own ground, fince thou haft  
Sought her, though it was forbidden  
To avow thyfelf her lover.

*Arfidas.*

If I underftand the firmeft  
Law of knighthood, 'tis to fuccour  
Ladies when fome wrong afflicts them,  
Therefore it was not as lover,  
But as cavalier, that Circe  
I thus guarded.

*Ulyses.*

In war's code too,  
'Tis the law, that when the firft peal  
Calls to arms, we then fould arm us ;  
And thus, valorous, as befits me,  
I, as foldier, knight, and lover,

Y amante, he acudido á todo.

*Arsidas.*

Ya fé, que por la elocuencia  
Has de quedar siempre airoso ;  
Que no heredaras de Aquiles  
El grabado arnes de oro,  
Si por el valor humbiera  
De dársele á Telamonio.

*Ulyses.*

El valor le mereció ;  
Y ahora verás si es forzofo,

[*Saca la espada.*

Pues de esá voz en ofensa,  
El Flegra volará en polvo.

*Arsidas.*

Primero arderá en cenizas  
Con el fuego de mis ojos,  
Porque á los dos de Trinacria  
Volcanes se añadan otros.

[*Saca la espada.*

*Circe.*

Pues qué es esto ? ¿ en mi presencia  
Sacais el acero ? cómo ?

*Arsidas.*

Tu respeto me perdone.

*Ulyses.*

Perdóneme tu decoro.

*Arsidas.*

Que no hay respeto con zelos.

*Ulyses.*

Ni decoro con oprobios.

*Lebrel.*

En mi vida me hallé en cena,  
Que no parase en lo propio.

*Ulyses.*

Aqui de Grecia !

*Arsidas.*

¡ Y aqui

Wholly have myself acquitted.

*Arsidas.*

Yes I know, thy eloquence  
Ever proveth thee keen-witted,  
Else thou hadst not won the golden  
Graven armour of Achilles,  
Which had been the Telamonian's,  
If to valour it were given.

*Ulyses.*

'Twas by valour it was won,  
This thou'lt own when thou dost wit-  
ness

Phlegra into dust down shaken  
By my voice in anger lifted.

[*Draws his sword.*

*Arsidas.*

By the fire-flames from mine eyes,  
It will first be burnt to cinders,  
As if two volcanoes more,  
With Trinacrias two, were lit here.

[*Draws his sword.*

*Circe.*

How is this ? and in my presence  
Dar'st thou draw thy sword ? can this be ?

*Arsidas.*

May the respect that's due thee, pardon.

*Ulyses.*

May thy due deserts forgive me.

*Arsidas.*

Since respect no jealous heart knows.

*Ulyses.*

No desert makes insult stingsless.

*Lebrel.*

Never in my life, a supper  
Have I waited for, like this here.

*Ulyses.*

Here for Greece !

*Arsidas.*

And here, on my fide

De Trinacria! Que aunque solo  
Me ves, mis vasallos son  
Efos brutos y efos troncos.—  
¡Fieras de Trinacria humanas,  
Dad á vuestro Rey focorro!

*Salen todas las fieras, y pónense al  
lado de ARSIDAS, y los Griegos al  
lado de ULYSES.*

*Ulyses.*

Aunque á tus voces se muevan  
Mejor, que al eco sonoro  
De Orfeo, troncos y fieras,  
Haciendo en ellas destrozo,  
Apuraré estas montañas  
Bruto á bruto, y tronco á tronco  
[*Riñen.*]

*Sale CLARIN de mona.*

*Clarín.*

Entre Griegos y animales  
Mal trabadas lides noto.  
No sé á cual debo acudir;  
Porque obligado de todos,  
Soy por una parte Griego,  
Y por otra parte mono.

*Circe.*

Pues no puedo reportaros  
Con mis voces, con mi afombro  
Podré. Los aires cubiertos  
De vapor caliginoso,  
Segunda noche parezca,  
Y á tanto fracaso abortos,  
Del embrión de las nubes  
Sean los rayos abortos,  
Y el sol y la luna hoy,  
Viéndose vivir tan poco,  
Pienſen, que el camino erraron

For Trinacria! For though single  
Here you see me, I as vassals  
Have these wild-beasts and these fir-trees.  
Human wild-herds of Trinacria,  
Succour! succour! to your king here!

*Enter all the animals and place them-  
selves beside ARSIDAS, and the Greeks  
beside ULYSSES.*

*Ulyſſes.*

Though unto thy accents move,  
Better than when Orpheus' fingers  
Touch'd the lyre, the woods and wild-  
beasts,  
Swift destruction dealing 'midst them,  
Brute by brute, and tree by tree now  
Shall I purify these hills here.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter CLARIN, as a monkey.*

*Clarín.*

'Twixt the Greeks and animals,  
I the conflict watch bewilderd:  
Which of them to join I know not.  
Since they're both of them my kinsmen,  
Being half monkey, and half Greek,  
On my outer side and inner.

*Circe.*

Since I cannot hold you back  
By my words, my dread bewitchments  
May be stronger. Let the air  
Cover'd with a mist's black thicknes  
Seem to spread a second night,  
And the clouds, by terror stricken,  
From their wombs in sudden travail  
Give the abortive bolts existence;  
And the sun and moon to-day  
Seeing how their brief life flitted,  
Let them think they've lost their way

De sus celestiales tornos,  
 O que yo desde la tierra  
 Apagué su luz de un soplo.  
 [Truenos y relámpagos, obscurécense  
 el teatro, y riñen á oscuras.

*Arfidas.*

¿ Adónde, Ulises, estás ?

*Ulises.*

Con mi acero te respondo.

[*Pelean todos.*

*Florus.*

Qué pena !

*Cassandra.*

Qué ciego abismo !

*Arquelao.*

Qué llanto !

*Cbloris.*

Qué triste enojo !

*Antístes.*

Qué obscura noche !

*Clarín.*

Ha señores !

¿ Somos Griegos, ó qué somos ?

*Lebrel.*

En tanto que todos andan  
 Tropezando unos con otros . . . .

*Clarín.*

En tanto que cada uno  
 Busca de escaparle modo . . . .

*Lebrel.*

Yo á la mesa me remito.

*Clarín.*

Y yo á la cena me acojo.

[*Suben sobre la mesa, y abrázanse  
 uno con otro.*

*Lebrel.*

Pero qué es esto ? un leon  
 Dió conmigo.

'Mid the fix'd celestial circles,  
 Or that I from off the earth  
 With a breath their light eclipsèd.

[*Thunder and lightning ; the theatre  
 becomes darkened, and in the ob-  
 scurity the fighting is still continued.*

*Arfidas.*

Say, Ulysses, say, where art thou ?

*Ulysses.*

Let my sword an answer give thee.

[*All fight.*

*Florus.*

Oh ! what pain !

*Cassandra.*

What blind abyfmi !

*Archelau.*

Oh ! what yells !

*Cbloris.*

What mournful shrill screams !

*Antistes.*

What a night !

*Clarín.*

Oh ! are we Greeks,

Or what are we else, good misters ?

*Lebrel.*

While they all o'er one another  
 Tread and trample, hither, thither . . . .

*Clarín.*

While each one of them is thinking  
 Of the safest way to flit hence . . . .

*Lebrel.*

I'll unbend me at the table.

*Clarín.*

I'll take refuge 'mong the dishes.

[*They leap on the table, and fall  
 into each other's arms.*

*Lebrel.*

But what's this ? a mighty lion  
 Seizes me !

*Clarín.*

Mas qué toco?  
 Conmigo ha dado un gigante.

*Circe.*

Húndase este suelo todo,  
 Y ponga paz la distancia.

*Clarín.*

Todo se hunde con nosotros.

[*Húndese la mesa, y los dos graciosos  
 sobre ella, y con la batalla y la  
 tempestad se van todos.*]

*Clarín.*

What's this that grips me?  
 I am seized here by a giant!

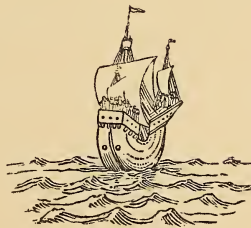
*Circe.*

Let the whole ground sink down with  
 them,  
 And let peace spring from their severance.

*Clarín.*

All things sink, as down we sink here.

[*The table sinks into the earth, with  
 the graciosos upon it, and with the  
 cessation of the battle and the tem-  
 pest, the scene closes.*]





### JORNADA III.

MARINA, E IMMEDIATOS A ELLA LAS  
JARDINÉS DE CIRCE.

*Salen* ANTÍSTES, ARQUELAO, POLIDORO,  
FLORO, TIMANTES y LEBREL.

*Antístes.*

**A**UNQUE ya todos sepais  
Lo que repetiros trata  
Mi voz, oidme ; que tal vez  
En pena, en desdicha tanta,

Aun mas que noticias propias,  
Mueven ajenas palabras ;  
Porque en efecto ninguno  
Es juez en su misma causa.  
Siempre á la cólera expuestos,  
Siempre expuestos á la saña  
De los hados rigurosos,  
Despues de fortunas varias,  
Arrastrados del destino,  
Dimos en aquesta playa  
Del Flegra, exentos vafallos  
Del imperio de Trinacria.  
Aqui, contra los venenos  
De esa fiera, esa tirana,  
Antídoto nos dió Juno  
En las flores de oro y nácar,  
Que Iris trajo, desplegando

### ACT THE THIRD.

THE SEA-COAST, AND NEAR IT CIRCE'S  
GARDENS.

*Enter* ANTISTES, ARCHELAUS, POLY-  
DORUS, FLORUS, TIMANTES and LE-  
BREL.

*Antístes.*

**T**HOUGH ye all perchance  
may know  
What my voice would fain  
impart ye,

Hear me still : for many a time,  
In such pain, in such-like sadness  
More than to one's own thoughts even,  
To a stranger's words we hearken ;  
Since no judge in his own cause  
Can in truth be thought impartial.  
Still unto the wrath exposed,  
Still exposed to the anger  
Of the ever-rigorous fates,  
After fortune's various chances,  
Dragg'd along by destiny,  
Came we to this Phlegra's strand here,  
Free-born and unfetter'd vassals  
Of the kingdom of Trinacria.  
Here against the venom'd draughts  
Of this tyrant-queen, this adder,  
Juno gave us antidotes



Arcos de carmin y gualda.  
 Libres pues de sus prisiones  
 Nos vimos, y cuando trata  
 Ulíses volver al mar,  
 Que ya tuvimos por patria,  
 El blando halago de Circe,  
 Que cuando vé que no bastan  
 Mortales venenos, usa  
 De mas venenosas trazas,  
 Persuadió á Ulíses, que aqui  
 Unos dias se quedara  
 A reparar de los vientos  
 La repetida inconstancia.  
 El, fiado en sus cautelas,  
 Persuadido á que quedaba  
 A dar libertad á cuantos  
 En estas rudas montañas  
 Bárbara prision padecen,  
 Se quedó, donde á la rara  
 Beldad de Circe rendido  
 Vive, sin mas esperanzas.  
 ¿ Quién creerá, que, no bastando  
 Tantos encantos, ni tantas  
 Ciencias, á vencer sus hados,  
 Una hermosura bastara ?  
 Mas todos lo creerán, todos,  
 Pues todos á ver alcanzan,  
 Que un amor y una hermosura  
 Son el veneno del alma.  
 Rendidos pues al amor,  
 Tanto los dos se declaran,  
 Desde la noche que fueron  
 Argumento las espadas,  
 Y pusieron paz las nubes  
 Densas, obscuras y pardas,  
 Que Arfidas, zeloso y triste,  
 Lleno de zelosa rabia,  
 Se fue á su corte, quizá  
 A disponer su venganza.

In the flowers of gold and nacre,  
 Which fair Iris brought amid  
 Arcs of crocus and of carmine.  
 Free then from her threaten'd chains  
 We beheld us, and thereafter,  
 When Ulysses would to sea—  
 Which our country we regarded—  
 Circe with her flatteries soft,  
 Seeing that her mortal draughts were  
 Insufficient, had recourse to  
 Means whose venom nought could  
 master ;  
 Him persuading, that some days  
 Here he would remain at anchor,  
 To repair the oft-repeated  
 Fickleness of the winds' disasters ;  
 He, confiding in his caution,  
 Thinking that he could enfranchise  
 All who in the barbarous prisons  
 Of these rude hills are held captive,  
 Here remain'd, where he, o'ercome  
 By the charms, the unexampled  
 Loveliness of Circe, lives  
 Without hope or aim or plan here.  
 Who'll believe, that when had fail'd  
 Every science, all enchantments  
 To subdue his fate, the beauty  
 Of one face was more than ample ?  
 But all *will* believe it, all,  
 Since all hearts this truth have master'd  
 That wild love and woman's beauty  
 Are to the soul as poisonous asps are.  
 Thus surrender'd up to love,  
 Have the two their wild attachment  
 So avow'd, since that night when  
 Swords cut through the word-entangled  
 Argument, and black clouds brought  
 Peace 'amid their mists of darkness,  
 That Prince Arfidas, sad, jealous,

Ulises pues, sin rezelo,  
Solo de sus gustos trata,  
Siempre en los brazos de Circe,  
Y asistido de sus damas,  
En academias de amores,  
Saraos, festines y danzas.  
Yo pues, viendonos perdidos,  
Hoy he pensado una traza,  
Con que á su olvido le acuerde  
De su honor, y de su fama:  
Y es, que pues el otro dia,  
Cuando oyó tocar al arma,  
Se olvidó de amor, y fue  
Tras la trompeta y la caja,  
A todas horas estemos  
Desde el bajel, que en el agua  
Surto está, tocando á guerra,  
Como que á Circe hacen falva;  
Cuya voz noble recuerdo  
Será de su olvido, clara  
Sirena, que tras su acento  
Los sentidos arrebatá.

*Polidoro.*

Dices bien, y yo el primero  
Seré, que esta tarde haga  
La experiencia.

*Timántes.*

Pues ahora  
Es tiempo; que Ulises anda  
Estos jardines, que hermosos  
Narcisos son de esmeralda,  
Y enamorados de sí,  
Se estan mirando en las aguas.

*Arquelao.*

Yo feré el que desde el mar

Driven by jealous rage to madness,  
To his Court retired, where he  
Doubtless some dread vengeance  
planneth;  
Whilst Ulysses, uncontrol'd,  
All his time in pleasure passeth,  
Ever in the arms of Circe,  
And assisted by her damsels,  
In academies of love  
Studieth balls and feasts and dances;  
I then, seeing we are lost,  
Have to-day devised a plan here,  
By whose means to fame and honour  
We may wake him from his trances.  
This 'tis, since, the other day,  
When he heard arms clang and jangle,  
He forgot his love, and went  
After the drum's and trumpet's rattle,  
We at every hour, from out  
Yonder bark, that lieth anchor'd  
On the shore, will found a war-charge,  
As if to Circe 'twere a salvo;  
Whose voice will a noble memory  
Of the forgotten glorious past be,  
A clear Syren, at whose strain  
All his senses will be ravish'd.

*Polydorus.*

You speak well, and I'll be first  
To attempt the experiment after  
Evening closes.

*Timantes.*

Then the present  
Is the time; for through the gardens  
Walks Ulysses, through the emerald-  
Hued Narcissi self-enamour'd,  
Gazing on their own soft green  
In the water's clear expanse.

*Archelaus.*

I will be the one to found

Haré que toquen al arma ;  
 Antútes aquí se quede,  
 Para prevenir, que es falva,  
 Que á Circe hace nueſtra gente.

*Lebrel.*

Si entre tantos votos halla  
 Lugar un juro, yo juro  
 A la deidad ſoberana  
 De Júpiter, que haceis mal  
 En prevenir eſta traza.

*Floro.*

Por qué?

*Lebrel.*

Porque Circe ſabe  
 Mejor lo que aquí ſe habla,  
 Que noſotros, y podrá  
 Tomar de todos venganza.  
 Eſcarmantad en Clarin,  
 Que habló mal della, y airada  
 Se vengó, pues no ſabemos  
 Qué hay dél, ni por donde anda.

*Floro.*

Todo eſo es temor.

*Lebrel.*

Es cierto.

*Arquelao.*

Dejadle, no le creais nada,  
 Y vamos á nueſtro intento.

*Todos.*

Vamos.

[*Vanſe todos, y quédaſe* LEBREL.]

*Lebrel.*

Vueſarcedes vayan,  
 Que yo me quedo á tratar  
 Coſas de mas importancia.  
 De todos los animales,  
 Que por eſtos campos andan,  
 Quiſiera coger alguno,  
 Que á Grecia deſpues llevara,

From the ſea the martial clang then ;  
 Thou, Antiftes, here remain,  
 To explain, it is a falvo  
 Given to Circe by our people.

*Lebrel.*

If there's room, amid ſo many  
 Vows, for a good oath, I ſwear  
 By great Jove, the ſovereign father  
 Of the Gods, that you do wrong  
 In attempting what you plan here.

*Florus.*

Why?

*Lebrel.*

Because of Circe knowing  
 Better about what we chat here  
 Than we do ourſelves ; and ſhe  
 Will take vengeance for it, mark me !  
 On us all. Be warn'd by Clarin  
 Who ſpoke ill of her ; in anger  
 She revenged herſelf, and no one  
 Knows his fate or what has happen'd.

*Florus.*

All this is but fear.

*Lebrel.*

That's certain.

*Archelaus.*

Leave him there, don't mind his tattle,  
 And let's go and try our project.

*All.*

Let us go. [*Exeunt all but* LEBREL.]

*Lebrel.*

My worſhipful maſters,  
 You may go, but I'll remain  
 For a more important matter.  
 Of the many animals  
 That acroſs theſe wild plains wander,  
 I am anxious to catch one,  
 Which I may to Greece hereafter

Cuando quisieren los dioses  
 Escaparnos de Trinacria ;  
 Porque fuera para allá  
 Importantísima alhaja  
 Uno dellos, pues á verle  
 Solamente se juntara  
 Toda Grecia, y yo tuviera  
 Con él segura ganancia.  
 Cierta mona aqueftos dias  
 Siempre cocándome anda  
 Con gestos y con viafages,  
 Y á esta quisiera pescarla,  
 Para cuyo efecto traigo  
 Este cordel con que atarla  
 Luego que la vea, porque  
 Es juguetera, y es mansa.

*Sale CLARIN de mona.*

*Clarín.*

Hácia aqui, si no me engaño,  
 Mis compañeros estaban,  
 Aunque, después que soy mona,  
 Por donde quiera que vaya,  
 Hallaré mis compañeros.  
 Por señas les diré, que hagan,  
 Que me dé libertad Circe,  
 Pues ya lo enmonado basta.

*Lebrel.*

Vela aqui; yo quiero echarle  
 Este lazo á la garganta.  
 Ahora es tiempo. ¿ Qué me estorba,  
 Qué me turba, ó qué me espanta,  
 Si una mona diz que es fácil  
 De coger !\* Díganlo tantas  
 Como cogidas me escuchan.

\* *Coger una mona*, literally, to catch a monkey, means to be intoxicated. I have paraphrased it by a somewhat similar expression in the translation.

Bring back with me, when the Fates  
 Let us fly free from Trinacria.  
 One of them would be at home  
 Quite a treasure, a full harvest  
 Of fine profit, for all Greece  
 Would flock round to see his gambols,  
 And I'll make of him clear gain  
 By exhibiting his antics ;  
 For some days a certain monkey  
 Have I seen that grins and chatters  
 With odd gestures and grimaces ;  
 'Tis for him I wish to angle ;  
 For which purpose I have brought  
 This good cord wherewith to catch him  
 When again I see him, since  
 He's so playful and so active.

*Enter CLARIN as a monkey.*

*Clarín.*

'Twas but now, unless I err,  
 My companions here were gather'd—  
 Though since I a monkey grew,  
 Wherefoe'er I roam or ramble  
 I can meet with my companions.  
 By these gestures I would ask them  
 Circe to implore to free me,  
 Since with monkeyhood I'm fated.

*Lebrel.*

There he is! around his throat  
 I this noose would like to fasten.  
 Now's the time. But whence this fear ?  
 What disturbs me ? What unmans me ?  
 Since so easy, as 'tis said,  
 Is it to suck a monkey ?\* Masters,  
 Ye who hear me, own how easy :—

\* “ *To suck the monkey*, to drink at an ale-house at the expense of another.”—HALLI-WELL'S *Dictionary*.

No efcapareis de mis garras.

[*Ecbale un cordel al cuello.*

*Clarín.*

¡Ay, que me ahogas, Lebrel!

No en el pescuezo me hagas

La prefa.

*Lebrel.*

Por mas que coques,

No te irás.

*Clarín.*

¡No es cosa extraña,

Que hable para mí, y discurra

Con sentidos, vida y alma,

Y con los otros no pueda

Articular las palabras?

Lebrel, mira que soy yo.

*Lebrel.*

¡Como brinca, y como salta!

No puedo llevar á Grecia

Cosa de mas importancia.

Señora mona, deside hoy

Hemos de fer camaradas,

No hay fino tener paciencia,

Y venir conmigo.

*Clarín.*

Basta,

Que no me entiende.

*Lebrel.*

¡Qué gestos

Hace, y con qué linda gracia!

*Salen ASTREA y LIBIA.*

*Libia.*

En todo el dia no hay verte,

Lebrel; dime, dónde andas?

*Lebrel.*

He andado á caza de monas,

Y á fe que no es mala caza,

Y esta he cogido.

But you won't escape my hands here.

[*Flings the cord round CLARIN'S neck.*

*Clarín.*

Ah! you're choking me, Lebrel!

I'm your prisoner, but don't catch me

By the throat thus.

*Lebrel.*

Mouth away,

Come you will though.

*Clarín.*

What a marvel!

That I speak to myself, make use of

All my senses, soul and heart have,

Yet I can't articulate words,

To make others understand me.

Ah! Lebrel, think who I am.

*Lebrel.*

How he bounces! how he dances!

Nothing could I bring to Greece

More important or attractive.

From this day, Sir Monkey, we

Will be comrades in my travels.

Nothing for't but patience, so

Come along.

*Clarín.*

'Tis plain and patent

He don't understand me.

*Lebrel.*

How

Gracefully he grins and chatters!

*Enter ASTREA and LIBIA.*

*Libia.*

Why, Lebrel, I haven't seen you

All the day: what were you after?

*Lebrel.*

I've been after apes and monkeys,

And with good success: this charmer

I have captured.

*Libia.*

¡Ay, qué linda

Monica!

*Lebrel.*

Cocala, Marta.

*Libia.*

¿Qué piensas hacer con ella?

*Lebrel.*

Pienso, Libia mia, llevarla  
A Grecia, enseñarla allá  
A tocar una guitarra,  
A andar por una maroma,  
Y hacer vueltas en las tablas.

*Clarín.*

Yo por maroma ¿yo vueltas?  
Esto solo me faltaba.

*Astrea.*

Dime, Lebrel, ¿y Clarín  
Dónde está?

*Clarín.*

Aquí.

*Astrea.*

Allá te aparta!

*Lebrel.*

Desde el día que quedó  
Cargado de joyas tantas . . . .

*Clarín.*

¡Tal tengas tú la salud!

*Lebrel.*

No le ví, ni sé que se haya  
Hecho.

*Clarín.*

Yo sí.

*Astrea.*

Su codicia

Le ha escondido.

*Clarín.*

Hay mayor rabia!

*Libia.*

What a pretty

Little monkey!

*Lebrel.*

Jock, grin at her.

*Libia.*

What, though, do you purpose with him?

*Lebrel.*

Him, my Libia, I shall carry  
Back to Greece, and have him taught  
To touch lightly the guitar there,  
On the tight-rope there to tumble,  
And to dance in booths and taverns.

*Clarín.*

I a dancer! I a tumbler!  
Only this alone was wanted.

*Astrea.*

Tell me, though, Lebrel, of Clarín,  
Where's he gone?

*Clarín.*

He's here.

*Astrea.*

Keep back there!

*Lebrel.*

Since the day I left him laden  
With his jewels, gems, and jaspers . . .

*Clarín.*

May you have the like good fortune!

*Lebrel.*

I haven't seen him, nor his absence  
Can I account for.

*Clarín.*

I can.

*Astrea.*

Doubtless

Avarice hides him.

*Clarín.*

Oh! 'tis madness!

*Libia.*

Circe hácia esta parte viene.

*Lebrel.*

Pues por si acaso se enfada  
De que cogiese esta monada,  
Me voy. Ven conmigo, Marta.

*Clarín.*

Si me ahoga, qué he de hacer ?

*Lebrel.*

¡O cómo he de regalarla! [*Vanse.*]

*Salen ULÍSES, CIRCE y todas las Damas.*

*Circe.*

En esta florida márgen,  
Desde cuya verde estancia  
Se juzgan de tierra y mar  
Las dos vistosas campañas,  
Tan contrariamente hermosas,  
Y hermosamente contrarias,  
Que neutral la vista duda,  
Cual es la yerba, ó el agua,  
Porque aqui en golfos de flores,  
Y alli en felvas de esmeraldas,  
Unas mismas ondas hacen  
Las espumas y las matas,  
A los suspiros del noto,  
Y á los alientos del aura,  
Puedes descansar, Ulises,  
Las fatigas de la caza  
En mis brazos.

*Ulises.*

Dices bien ;

Pues solo en ellos descansar  
El alma, porque ellos solos  
El centro han sido del alma.

*Libia.*

Circe comes in this direction.

*Lebrel.*

Left perchance she should be angry  
With me for my monkey prize here,  
Off I go. Come with me, Massa.

*Clarín.*

What's to be done though, if he choke  
me ?

*Lebrel.*

Faith, to hold him I'll be hard set.

[*Exeunt all.*]

*Enter ULYSSES, CIRCE and her Ladies.*

*Circe.*

On this flowery margin here,  
From whose green slopes softly flanted,  
The two lovely level plains  
Of the land and sea expand them,  
So contrasted in their beauty,  
In their beauty so contrasted,  
That the neutral vision doubts  
Which is grass and which is water,  
Since in bright bays here of flowers,  
In green groves of emerald glass there,  
The same waves together make  
Now the foam-wreaths, now the  
branches,  
When the sunny south wind figheth,  
When the softer zephyr panteth,  
From the labours of the chase  
Thou, Ulysses, in mine arms here  
Canst refresh thee.

*Ulysses.*

Thou speak'st well ;

Since in them alone comes any  
Rest unto my soul, for they  
Are its centre, its sole magnet.

*Circe.*  
 Con todas estas finezas,  
 Temo, Ulises, que me engañas.  
*Ulyses.*  
 Por qué?  
*Circe.*  
 Por pensar, que dura  
 Aquella ficcion pasada.  
*Ulyses.*  
 Nunca lo fue para mí.  
*Circe.*  
 Quién lo asegura?  
*Ulyses.*  
 Mis ansias.  
*Circe.*  
 Quién lo dice?  
*Ulyses.*  
 Mis deseos.  
*Circe.*  
 Es engaño.  
*Ulyses.*  
 Es verdad clara.  
*Circe.*  
 ¡ Quién, Ulises, la supiera!  
*Ulyses.*  
 Escucha, Circe, y sabrás la:  
 Vengativa deidad, deidad ingrata,  
 Que á la de Juno y Júpiter se atreve,  
 Huésped de esa república de nieve,  
 Vecino de ese piélago de plata,  
 Tantos años la patria me dilata,  
 Y tantos contra mí peligros mueve,  
 Que, porque fuefe mi vivir mas breve,  
 A tus umbrales derrotarme trata.  
 A ellos llegué, seguro y defendido  
 De escándalo, de horror, de afombro  
 tanto,  
 Como has en tierra y mar introducido.  
 Tus encantos vencí, mas no tu llanto;

*Circe.*  
 Ah! I fear thou still deceiv'ft me,  
 Howfoe'er thy tongue doth flatter.  
*Ulyffes.*  
 Why?  
*Circe.*  
 Because I think that still  
 That false feint of loving lasteth.  
*Ulyffes.*  
 False it never was with me.  
*Circe.*  
 Who doth make that sure?  
*Ulyffes.*  
 My anguish.  
*Circe.*  
 Who doth say it?  
*Ulyffes.*  
 My heart's hope.  
*Circe.*  
 'Tis deceit.  
*Ulyffes.*  
 'Tis truth's own language.  
*Circe.*  
 Who, Ulyffes, that can know?  
*Ulyffes.*  
 Hear me, Circe, and I'll answer:—  
 A vengeful goddess, a dread deity,  
 One who with Jove and Juno dares  
 compete,—  
 An ill-fared guest where snow-white  
 breakers meet,  
 A lonely loiterer on the silver sea,—  
 Long from my country had belated me,  
 And with new tempests every day  
 would beat  
 My struggling ship, to make my fate  
 complete  
 Led me at length unto thy shores and  
 thee.



Pudo el amor lo que ellos no han  
podido :  
Luego el amor es el mayor encanto.

*Circe.*

Con toda aqueſa fineza,  
La que me debes no pagas,  
Porque fue mayor la mía.

*Ulyſes.*

De qué fuerte ?

*Circe.*

Oye, y fabrálſa :

Vengativa y cruel, porque te aſombres,  
A peſar de deidades liſonjeras,  
Reina deſta república de fieras,  
Señora deſte piélagos de hombres,  
Viví ; y porque mas bárbara me nombres,  
Ninguno abortó el mar á eſtas riberas,  
Que á mi ſangrienta mágica no vieras  
Trocar las formas, y mudar los  
nombres.

Llegaste tú, y queriendo tu homicida  
Ser, burlaste mis ciencias, con eſpanto,  
Queréndote vencer, quedé vencida.  
Si mi encanto, al mirar aſombro tanto,  
Al encanto de amor rindió mi vida,  
Luego el amor es el mayor encanto.

[*Duérmese* ULÍSES.]

Hither I came, my fearless path pur-  
ſuing,  
All fears of thee, all horrors raised  
above,  
Thy vain enchantments in a trice ſub-  
duing,  
But not thy tears, which ſtill could  
viſtor prove,  
Since love could do what they had  
fail'd in doing  
Then is the greateſt of enchantments,  
love.

*Circe.*

Even with all thy flatteries  
Thou thy debt to me canſt cancel,  
Since ſtill greater far were mine.

*Ulyſes.*

In what way ?

*Circe.*

Attend, I'll answer :—

Vengeful and cruel (fear-inspiring then)  
Spite of all goddeſſes of gentler mien,  
Of this wild kingdom of wild beaſts  
the queen,  
The miſtreſs of this wilderneſs of men,  
Long lived I here in my enchanted den,  
No one approach'd theſe ſhores of  
ſmiling green  
But by my bloody magic ſoon was ſeen  
Transform'd and priſon'd in a beſtial  
pen :  
At length you came, by power ſtill  
mightier ſhielded,  
You laugh'd my ſpells to ſcorn, and  
when I ſtrove  
To conquer you, the ſubtler power you  
wielded  
Enmeſh'd me in the net-work that I  
wove,

*Sale LIBIA.*

*Libia.*

La música, que has mandado  
Prevenir, está, señora,  
Esperando.

*Circe.*

Por ahora

No canteis ; que desvelado  
Se da Ulises por vencido  
A la deidad de Morfeo,  
A cuyo letal trofeo  
Las potencias ha rendido,  
Haciendo de todas dueño  
Esta macilenta sombra,  
Que á un tiempo halaga y afombra,  
Pues es descanso, y es sueño.  
Infundid, aves y flores,  
Para aliviar sus congojas,  
Silencio en templadas hojas,  
Suspended vuestros amores.  
No hagan ruido los cristales  
De los arroyos, callando  
Corran las fuentes, mostrando  
Obedientes y leales  
El amor, que en mí se encierra ;  
Y en retórico silencio  
Digan, cuanto reverencio  
Su descanso.

*Voces (dentro).*

Guerra, guerra !

[*Tocan dentro cajas hácia un lado.*]

Since then my life to love's enchantments  
yielded,

Then is the greatest of enchantments,  
love. [*ULYSSES sleeps.*]

*Enter LIBIA.*

*Libia.*

Lady, as you have desired,  
The musicians now are staying  
In the ante-room.

*Circe.*

Their playing

Must be now postponed, since tired,  
Hath Ulyses yielded up  
All his senses to the keeping  
Of the god of sleep, and sleeping  
Tastes the god's lethean cup—  
That pale power, death's shadowy  
brother,

Who a curse or blessing seems,  
As he gives sweet rest or dreams  
Which the conscience fain would  
smother ;—

Give, ye birds and flowers and groves,  
Give, for that light breath he heaves,  
Silence 'mid your trembling leaves,  
Brief suspension to your loves ;  
Streamlets, down in soft attrition  
Let your crystals glide, ye flowing  
Fountains, now be silent, showing  
Your obedience and submission  
To the love my breast that charms,  
And in silent rhetoric say  
How you reverence to-day  
His repose.

*Voices within.*

To arms ! to arms !—

[*Drums and trumpets are heard  
from the same side.*]

*Circe.*

Qué es esto? ¿cuándo pretendo  
Silencio, hay quien le interrumpa?

[*Despierta ULISES.**Ulyses.*

Guerra publica esta trompa,  
Guerra publica este estruendo.  
¿Pues cómo, ay dioses! así  
Es hoy perezoso el sueño,  
De nobles sentidos dueño?  
No soy, fin duda, el que fui,  
Pues á delicias suaves  
Entregado, ay de mí? estoy,  
Y tras los ecos no voy  
Mas belicosos y graves.—  
Perdona, Circe, que así,  
Habiendo guerra y furor,  
No me ha de tener tu amor.

*Circe.*

Detente, escucha! ay de mí!  
¿Quién ese clarín tocó?

*Sale ANTÍSTES.**Antistes.*

Quien, pensando que sería  
Lifonja, la salva hacia,  
Cuando desde el mar te vió.

*Ulyses.*

Aqui no hay ya que esperar;  
La guerra me ha despertado,  
Porque en el alma ha tocado  
La firena militar.

*Circe.*

Para templar el furor,  
Cantad de amor, cantad pues.

[*La Música al otro lado.**Música.*

¿Dónde vas, Ulyses, si es  
El mayor encanto amor?

*Circe.*

What is this, that thus destroys  
Silence, that so late I claim'd?

[*ULYSSES awakes.**Ulyses.*

War, that trumpet hath proclaim'd,  
War, that clang of martial noise.  
But, ye Gods! from what base cause  
Is, to-day, dull sleep abhorr'd,  
Of my nobler senses lord?  
Ah! I am not what I was;  
Since by its soft sway subdued,  
Woe is me! when bugles vie,  
Ah! my heart doth not reply,  
Bold, responsive, as it should.  
Pardon me, O Circe, see!  
War and woe are in my ear,  
And love must not keep me here.

*Circe.*

Listen, stay! ah! woe is me,  
Who produced this wild uproar?

*Enter ANTISTES.**Antistes.*

We with trumpets long so mute,  
From our ship did thee salute,  
When we saw thee on the shore.

*Ulyses.*

Here delay disgraceful seems,  
Battle leads my steps afar;  
Since the fire song of war  
Wakes my soul from all its dreams.

*Circe.*

Sing of love, sing rapturously,  
Sing, and thus his rage remove.

[*Music and song from the other side.**Song.*

Stay, Ulyses, stay, if love  
Greatest of enchantments be.

*Ulysses.*

¿Qué blandas voces suaves,  
 Repetidas en los vientos,  
 Son con sonoros acentos  
 Dulce envidia de las aves?  
 ¡Qué bien el amor me suena!  
 ¿Cómo tu amor me ha podido,  
 Circe hermosa, haber vencido  
 Aquella pasada pena?  
 Ya me vuelvo á tu favor.

*Griegos (dentro).*

Guerra, guerra!

*Ulysses.*

Mas ¿qué espero?

Las armas me llaman, quiero  
 Seguir las.

*Música (dentro).*

Amor, amor!

*Ulysses.*

¿Qué blanda, qué dulcemente  
 Suena esta voz repetida!

*Antífes (aparte).*

Aunque me cueste la vida,  
 Tengo de hablar claramente.—  
 Ulyses, invicto Griego,  
 ¿Cómo, cuando así te llama  
 La trompeta de la fama,  
 En delicioso sosiego  
 Sordo yaces? ¿Cuánto yerra,  
 No sabes, el que rendido  
 A fu amor, labra su olvido?  
 Oye esta voz!

*Griegos (dentro).*

Guerra, guerra!

*Ulysses.*

Tienes, Antífes, razón;  
 Torpes mis sentidos tuve,  
 Ciego estuve, sordo estuve;  
 Mas ya que estas voces fon

*Ulysses.*

Ah! what sweet seductive words!  
 Ah! what sounds are those I hear?  
 Sounds whose soften'd echoes clear  
 Wake the envy of the birds.  
 Ah! how sweet to me love's strain,  
 Sweet and with a strange power too,  
 Lovely Circe, to subdue  
 All that past perturbèd pain:—  
 'Neath thy sway once more I move.

*The Greeks (within).*

To arms! to arms!

*Ulysses.*

But why delay?

Battle calls, I must away  
 To the combat.

*Song (within).*

Love, sweet love!

*Ulysses.*

Ah! how sweetly on the wind  
 Sounds again that warbled sigh!

*Antífes (aside).*

Though I lose my life thereby  
 Plainly I must speak my mind:—  
 O Ulyses, victor Greek!  
 When the trumpet of thy fame  
 Calls thee to a loftier aim,  
 Canst thou, lull'd in luxury, seek  
 Not to hear it? Of love's charms  
 Know'st thou not the dire effect?  
 How they work sad self-neglect?  
 Lift *this* voice.

*The Greeks (within).*

To arms! to arms!

*Ulysses.*

Yes, Antífes, thou art right,  
 Torpor held my spell-bound mind.  
 I was deaf, and I was blind,  
 But my senses and my fight

Recuerdos de mi osadía,  
Las prisiones rompere.

*Circe.*

¿Tan ingrata prision fue,  
Ulises, la prision mia?  
¿Cómo, cuando entre mis brazos  
Envidia á las flores das,  
Tras otro afecto te vas?  
¿Tan fáciles son mis lazos  
De romper? ¿Tanto rigor  
Premio es de tantos favores?  
Escucha en hojas y en flores  
Esta voz.

*Música (dentro).*

Amor, amor!

*Antistes.*

No calle el marcial furor.

*Circe.*

Amor digan mar y tierra.

*Música (dentro).*

Amor, amor!

*Griegos (dentro).*

Guerra, guerra!

Guerra, guerra!

*Música (dentro).*

Amor, amor!

*Ulises.*

Aquí guerra, amor aquí  
Oigo, y cuando así me veo,  
Conmigo mismo peleo;  
Defiéndame yo de mí.

*Antistes.*

Esto es honor.

*Ulises.*

Dices bien,

Todo el honor lo atropella.

*Circe.*

Esto es gloria.

By these voices are restored;  
I shall break my chains and flee.

*Circe.*

To be captive unto me,  
Was it thralldom so abhorr'd?  
How, when in my arms thou'ft given  
Envy to the loveliest flowers,  
Canst thou sigh for stormier hours?  
Can my sweet bonds then be riven  
Thus so lightly? Dost thou prove  
Grateful thus for bygone blisses?  
Hear this voice, that as it kisses  
Flowers and leaves, sings—

*Song (within).*

Love, sweet love!

*Antistes.*

Cease not, sounds that warriors move!

*Circe.*

Land and sea sing love's soft charms.

*Song (within).*

Love, sweet love!

*The Greeks (within).*

To arms! to arms!

To arms! to arms!

*Song (within).*

Love, sweet love!

*Ulysses.*

Love and war salute my ear,  
Either would my heart delight with;  
'Tis myself that I must fight with,  
'Tis myself that I must fear.

*Antistes.*

Honour's here.

*Ulysses.*

Thou speakest true,

All things lie at honour's feet.

*Circe.*

Here is rapture.

*Ulyses.*

¡ Ay Circe bella,

Qué bien dices tú también !

*Circe.*

El gusto es dulce pasión.

*Ulyses.*

Razon tienes.

*Antifses.*

La victoria

Es mas aplauso, mas gloria.

*Ulyses.*

Tú también tienes razon.

*Antifses.*Guerra y amor en rigor  
Te llaman, miedos destierra.*Música (dentro).*

Amor, amor !

*Griegos (dentro).*

Guerra, guerra !

*Circe.*

Quién ha vencido ?

*Ulyses.*

El amor ;

Que ; cómo pudiera ser,  
Que otro afecto me venciera,  
Donde tu hermosura viera ?  
Esclavo tuyo he de ser.  
No hay mas fama para mí  
Que adorarte, no hay mas gloria  
Que vivir en tu memoria.  
Dichoso mil veces fui  
El día, que tu favor  
Mereció mi voluntad.

*Circe.*

Venid todas, y cantad :

“ El mayor encanto amor.”—

Entra tú ; y vosotros, Griegos,

Mas pelares no me deis,

Y agradeced que no os veis,

*Ulyses.*

Circe sweet,

Ah ! how well thou speakest, too.

*Circe.*

Sweet is passion's rapturous bliss.

*Ulyses.*

Thou art right.

*Antifses.*

But far more glorious

Is the warrior's wreath victorious.

*Ulyses.*

Thou art also right in this.

*Antifses.*War and love both call thee ; prove  
Now thy wisdom,—hence, alarms !*Song (within).*

Love, sweet love !

*The Greeks (within).*

To arms ! to arms !

*Circe.*

Which has conquer'd ?

*Ulyses.*

It is love ;

Since, what other power could have  
Any chance of victory,  
Thou in beauty standing by ?  
From this hour I am thy slave ;  
To adore thee be my fame,  
All my glory, my reward,  
But to live in thy regard.  
O thrice-happy day ! that came  
All my doubtings to remove,  
Since it came thy love to bring.

*Circe.*

Come, my maidens, come and sing,

“ The greatest of enchantments,  
love ;”—

Enter thou ; and, O ye Greeks,

Interrupt our bliss no more,

Entre volcanes y fuegos,  
De mi cólera abrafados.

*Antistes.*

¡ Ay de nosotros! que así  
Ya moriremos aquí  
Cautivos y desterrados;  
Sepulcro será esta tierra  
De tanto griego valor.

[*Vase.*

*Música.*

¡ El mayor encanto amor!  
[*Vanse todos cantando.*

*En otra parte tocan armas, y dice*  
ARSIDAS.

*Arsidas (dentro).*

Arma, arma! guerra, guerra!

*Vuelve CIRCE y todas las Damas.*

*Circe.*

¡ Qué es esto, habiendo mandado  
Yo, que temerosos callen  
Los repetidos acentos  
De baquetas y metales,  
Otra vez osáis, villanos,  
Otra vez osáis, cobardes,  
Que oprimido el bronce gima,  
Que herido se queje el parche?

*Sale FLERIDA.*

*Flérida.*

No este repetido acento,  
Que con idiomas marciales,  
Estremeciendo los montes,  
Titubear los ejes hace,  
Cautela ha sido de Griegos;  
Mas desdichas, mas pesares,  
Mas penas, mas confusiones,

And be thankful that the roar  
Of no red volcano breaks  
Round you raging, through mine ire.

*Antistes.*

Ah! unhappy we! since here,  
Exiled from our country dear,  
Captives we must all expire.  
Land foredoom'd of fatal charms,  
Grecian valour's grave to prove!

[*Exit.*

*Song.*

The greatest of enchantments, love!  
[*Exeunt all, singing.*

*In a third direction a martial charge*  
*is sounded from within.*

*Arsidas (within).*

War! war! to arms! to arms!

*CIRCE, with her train, returns.*

*Circe.*

How is this? when I commanded  
That the trembling echoes, humbled,  
Should no more repeat the rude notes  
Of the drum-ficks and the trumpets;  
Dare ye, once again, vile caitiffs,  
Cowards, dare ye thus insult me,  
Making the forced bronze-tubes groan,  
And the wounded parchment mutter?

*Enter FLERIDA.*

*Flérida.*

No, this rude sound now repeated,  
Which, in martial idiom utter'd,  
Makes the mighty mountains quiver,  
And their deepest caverns rumble,  
Was not by the Greeks occasion'd;  
Greater griefs, afflictions newer,  
Added sorrows, worse confusions,

Mas tormentos y mas males  
 Son los que quieren los cielos,  
 Que estos aparatos causen.  
 Arfidas, que tantos dias  
 Fue de tu hermosura amante,  
 A tus desdenes quejoso,  
 Ofendido á tus desaires,  
 Desde que ya enamorada  
 De Ulises te declaraste,  
 Cuando de aquella cuestion  
 Pusieron los rayos paces,  
 A su corte se fue, donde,  
 Queriendo el amor que pasen  
 De extremo á extremo sus penas,  
 Que esto en los hombres es fácil,  
 Amenazando estos montes  
 Viene, infestando esos mares ;  
 Y con razon, pues las ondas,  
 Gimiendo del peso grave,  
 Con ambicion de peñascos  
 Blafonan, cuando arrogantes  
 Ven por la campaña azul  
 De sus salobres cristales  
 Vagar un Volcan deshecho,  
 Mover un Flegra portátil,  
 Correr un Etna movable,  
 E ir una Trinacria errante.  
 Lisidas, de mí ofendido,  
 Creyendo que yo mudable  
 Amaba á Ulises, (la causa  
 Con que yo lo fingí sabes)  
 Le acompaña, porque así  
 Pretende de aquí sacarme ;  
 Que agravios de amor y zelos  
 No guardan respeto á nadie.  
 Yo lo sé, porque sentada  
 Sobre esa punta, que hace  
 Corona al mar y á la tierra,  
 Arbitro de ondas y valles,

Countless ills and woes unnumber'd,  
 Are, so heaven has with'd, the causes  
 Of the sounds at which we shudder.  
 Arfidas, who was, thou knowest,  
 Long the lover of thy beauty,  
 By thy cold disdainings wounded,  
 Anger'd by thy proud repulses,  
 From the day that thou declared thee  
 Openly Ulysses' lover,  
 When the question's doubtful issue  
 Closed in lightning and in thunder,  
 To his court went, where compelling  
 His late love to change with sudden  
 Impulse from one point to another  
 (Men find easy such abruptness),  
 Now returns, these mountains threaten-  
 ing,  
 Comes oppressing these white surfs here;  
 And with reason, since the billows  
 Groaning 'neath so great a burthen,  
 Thinking that with rocks they wrestle,  
 Proudly rush exulting up them,  
 They behold upon the crystal  
 Salt hills of their azure surface  
 Float along a loos'd volcano,  
 Flit a Phlegra down the currents,  
 Hasten by a mobile Ætna,  
 A Trinacria through the surges.  
 Lyfidas, with me offended,  
 Thinking that my heart had suffer'd  
 Love-change for Ulysses (why  
 So I feign'd, thou knowest, that urged me)  
 Comes along with him, thus hoping  
 That from this he may abduct me ;  
 Since nor love nor jealousy  
 Show respect to aught that's human:—  
 This I know, because when seated  
 On that point which crowns the furthest  
 Headland height o'er earth and water,



Ví, (como entre obscuros lejos  
 De unos pintados celages,  
 Suelen pintarnos las fombra,  
 Ya jardines, ya ciudades)  
 Una confusa noticia,\*  
 Que era, al perpícaz exámen  
 De la vista, neutral duda,  
 Mezcla de nubes y naves.  
 Cuando† al acercarse al puerto  
 La gruesa armada que traen,  
 A los fulcos de las proas  
 Rizarse ví, y encreparse  
 Blanca espuma, que al azul  
 Camelote de aguas hace  
 Bella guarnicion de plata,  
 Que fin que al dibujo guarde  
 El órden, es mas hermoso,  
 Por ser dibujo fin arte.  
 Llegaron á nuestro puerto,  
 Donde fin faenas baten  
 Las blancas alas de lino,  
 Negándose al mar, ó al aire  
 Esos peces, si son peces,  
 O esas aves, si son aves.  
 Sin salva á tierra saltaron,  
 Y fueron en un instante  
 Griegos caballos, preñados  
 De aparatos militares,  
 Pues abortaron sus vientres,  
 Siendo del agua Volcanes,  
 Iras y rayos, que luego  
 Fueron poblando la márgen.  
 Bien á los dos conocí,  
 Que armados á tierra salen,  
 Y en mal pronunciadas voces,  
 Que embarazó lo distante,

Waves and valleys lying under,  
 Saw I, (as the far perspectives  
 Of some painter's glorious sunsets  
 Give us shadowy outlines, gleaming  
 Gardens here, and there dark turrets)—  
 A remarkable confusion,  
 Which upon my sight resulted  
 In a splendid maze of mingled  
 Clouds and ships of loveliest colour.  
 When approach'd the great armada  
 To the port, I saw the surf there,  
 In the furrows of the prows,  
 Twist itself, and crisp, and curdle  
 Foam white fair, which on the azure  
 Camlet of the sea made lovely  
 Broidery of netted silver,  
 Which without design resulted  
 In that perfect grace, which nature  
 Ever without art produces.  
 Then our harbour having enter'd,  
 They, uncorded, let forth flutter  
 Their white wind-raised wings of linen,  
 Leaving sea and sky in utter  
 Doubt if the great keels were fishes,  
 Or the sails the wings of birds were.  
 Giving no salute they leap'd forth  
 On the land; the ships grown subtle  
 Great Greek horses, all with war-stores  
 Pregnant to the very gunnel:  
 For from out their wombs in birth-  
 throes,  
 (Sea-borne forges they of Vulcan,  
 Angry bolts were born, which peopled  
 All the shore round with their thunders.  
 Well I knew, of those who leap'd forth  
 Arm'd on land there, two among them,  
 And in words caught indistinctly,  
 Which the distance half obstructed,  
 Heard I Arfidás, who said:—

\* Hartzembusch's edition reads *apariencia*.—

Tr.

† Hartzembusch reads *luego*.—Tr.

Oí á Arfidas, que dijo :  
 Hoy desta mágica acaben  
 Los encantos, y este monte,  
 Que es tiranizado Atlante  
 De Trinacria, á mi valor  
 Se postre.—Yo viendo el grande  
 Peligro, que te amenaza,  
 Volando vine á avísarte.  
 Preven la defensa pues,  
 Si es que hay defensa que baste  
 A la fangrienta venganza  
 De dos zelosos amantes.

*Circe.*

¡ Calla, calla, no profigas !  
 Ni lleguen ecos marciales  
 A los oídos de Ulises.  
 Aquí tengo de dejarle  
 Sepultado en blando sueño,  
 Porque el belicoso alarde  
 No pueda de mi amor nunca  
 Dividirle, ni olvidarle ;  
 Que yo con vosotras solas  
 Saldré á vencer arrogante.  
 Tú mi caudillo serás,  
 Y no temas, que te falten  
 Gentes ; que aunque son tan pocos  
 Los soldados de mi parte,  
 Yo armadas huestes pondré  
 En las campañas del aire,  
 Que con tropas de caballos,  
 Con escuadrones de infantes,  
 Fantásticamente lidien,  
 Y fingidamente marchen.  
 Y porque entre tantas sombras  
 Vivas escuadras no falten,  
 Todas vosotras, armadas  
 Con escudos de diamante,  
 Galas desnudadas de Vénus,  
 Túnicas vestidas de Marte.

On this day at length is number'd  
 This magician's last enchantments ;  
 And this mountain, this usurper,  
 Which like Atlas lords Trinacria,  
 Shall beneath my valour crumble.  
 I perceiving the great danger  
 That thus threatens to engulf thee,  
 Flew to tell thee.—So get ready  
 All the aid that thou canst muster,  
 If aught aid can stop the bloody  
 Vengeance of two jealous lovers.

*Circe.*

Cease, oh ! cease, proceed no more !  
 Nor let martial echoes thunder  
 In the closed ears of Ulysses ;  
 Buried in a soothing slumber  
 Him I mean to leave here lying,  
 That again war's glorious hubbub  
 His remembrance, his affection,  
 Never from my love may sunder.  
 I alone with you will go  
 This proud boaster's pride to humble.  
 Thou my general wilt be ;  
 Fear not that no troops will muster  
 At thy call ; for though few soldiers  
 Have I on my side to summon,  
 I can on the fields of air  
 Show arm'd hosts in countless numbers,  
 Who in companies of horse,  
 Who in squadrons of light foot-men,  
 Will fantastically fight,  
 Will in phantom files manœuvre ;  
 And that thou may'st with these shadows  
 Lack not living hosts among them,  
 All of you, my maidens, arm'd  
 With your dazzling diamond bucklers,  
 Doff the silken robes of Venus,  
 And put on Mars' martial tunics.

*Cassandra.*

Esta vida, y este pecho  
Te ofrezco yo de mi parte.

*Clori.*

Yo, que conozcan los hombres  
Cuanto las mugeres valen.

*Sirene.*

Hoy el sol será testigo  
De mi valor arrogante.

*Tibbe.*

De nuestro poder haré  
Que el mundo se defengañe.

*Astrea.*

A Pálas verás armada  
Cada vez que me mirares.

*Libia.*

A mí á Vénus, pues verás  
A mis pies rendido á Marte.

*Circe.*

Pues con esa confianza,  
Toca al arma.

*Cassandra.*

Suene el parche.

*Clori.*

Hiera la trompeta el eco.

*Sirene.*

El bronce oprimido brame.

*Tibbe.*

El fuego reviente.

*Astrea.*

Sea

Toda Trinacria volcanes.

*Libia.*

El duro horror de las armas  
Cielo, mar y tierra espante.

*Flérida.*

Y viva Circe, prodigio  
De estos montes y estos mares.

*Cassandra.*

I this life, this bosom offer  
Thee on my part in thy trouble.

*Chloris.*

I that men may know how much  
Woman's courage may be trusted.

*Sirene.*

On my valour will the sun  
Gaze to-day with looks of wonder.

*Tibbe.*

Of our power the world no more  
Shall make light, as is its custom.

*Astrea.*

I a Pallas shall be thought,  
Every time in arms I struggle.

*Libia.*

I a Venus, since thou'lt see  
Mars beneath my feet made subject.

*Circe.*

Thus then confident and bold  
Sound the charge.

*Cassandra.*

Ring out the trumpets.

*Chloris.*

Let the drums awake the echoes.

*Sirene.*

And the bugles blare and bluffer.

*Tibbe.*

Let the fire burst forth.

*Astrea.*

And be

All Trinacria but one furnace.

*Libia.*

At the horrid din of arms  
Let heaven, earth, and ocean shudder.

*Flérida.*

And live Circe, of these seas,  
Of these mountains, the fair wonder.

*Circe.*

Porque á los brazos de Ulíses,  
Que en mudo letargo yace,  
Vuelva rica de despojos,  
Enamorada y constante. [*Vanse.*]

## MONTE.

*Salen ARSÍDAS, LÍSIDAS y Soldados.*

*Arsidas.*

Desde esta excelsa cumbre,  
Que del sol se atrevió á tocar la lumbre,  
Y altiva y eminente,  
Coronada de rayos la alta frente,  
Es inmensa columna  
De ese cóncavo alcázar de la luna,  
Entre celages de rubí y topacio  
De Circe se descubre el real palacio.  
; Ea pues, mis foldados,  
Que valientes, intrépidos y osados,  
En favor de los cielos  
Manteneis la milicia de mis zelos !  
Hoy este asombro muera,  
Perezca hoy la memoria desta fiera,  
Que á Trinacria estos campos tiraniza,  
Siendo el Flegra su hoguera y su ceniza.  
Libremos pues á tantos  
Como tienen sus mágicos encantos  
Presos aqui, y cautivos ;  
Queden pues ó bien muertos, ó bien  
vivos.  
Rescatemos valientes  
Nuestra patria de tantos accidentes,  
Y dejemos seguro este camino  
Al naufrago piloto, al peregrino,  
Que halló, cadáver de estas grutas hondas,  
Mas tormenta en las peñas, que en las  
ondas,

*Circe.*

That she to Ulysses' arms—  
Who lies there in silent numbness,  
Still enamour'd and still constant—  
May, enrich'd with spoils, return here.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## A MOUNTAIN.

*Enter ARSIDAS, LYSIDAS, and Soldiers.*

*Arsidas.*

From this stupendous height,  
Which dares to touch the sun's resplendent light,  
And in its dazzling blaze  
Crowns its proud forehead with the golden rays ;—  
From this proud pillar-top  
Which the fair moon's blue palace-dome doth prop,  
'Twixt topaz clouds and ruby vistas we  
The palace halls of Circe now may see.  
Then on, brave foldiers ! bold,  
Valiant, intrepid, resolute, enroll'd  
By favour of the skies,  
The avenging army of my jealousies !  
To-day must die this terror of the earth,  
This witch's memory fade as if she  
ne'er had birth ;  
She who Trinacria tramples in the mire,  
Its Phlegra she, its fount of ashes, smoke  
and fire.  
This day we must set free  
The many whom by cruel forcery  
She holds imprison'd here in piteous  
fate,  
Whom living we must loose, or dead  
avenge their fate.  
Let us, brave comrades mine,

Cuando pisó por estos horizontes  
Montes de agua y piélagos de montes.  
Y tú, Lísidas fuerte,  
A cuya voz se retiró la muerte,  
Hoy á Flérida libra soberana  
De la injusta prision de una tirana,  
O véngate hoy en ella,  
Si tus zelos te olvidan de querella.

*Lísidas.*

Arfidas, valeroso  
Príncipe de Trinacria, no zeloso  
Mi venganza prevengo ;  
Que no tengo los zelos que no tengo,  
Porque ya sé, que ha sido  
Un cauteloso amor, amor fingido,  
El que Flérida á Ulíses le mostraba,  
Porque ese Esfinge así se lo mandaba.  
No zeloso en efecto, enamorado  
Sí, que vengo, atrevido y despedido  
A rescater á Flérida, que bella  
Es de los cielos flor, del campo estrella.  
Y así á tu lado juro  
Por ese hermoso rosicler, que puro  
Mirado, nos deslumbra,  
Y no mirado, á todos nos alumbrá,  
De no dejarte, hasta mirar postrada  
Al fuego de tu ojo esta encantada

Save now our country from such plagues  
malign,  
And leave this sea-way clear  
To ship-wreck'd pilot and lone mariner,  
Who found, a cold corse in these hollow  
caves,  
More torment 'mid the rocks, than out  
upon the waves,  
Though on this wild horizon his frail  
home  
Had been high mountain waves and  
watery hills of foam.  
And thou, brave Lyfidas, for whom  
Death in indulgent mood re-oped the  
tomb,  
Thou wilt to-day fair Flerida set free  
From a dread tyrant's dread captivity,  
Or else thy vengeance let her prove,  
If in thy jealous rage thou canst forget  
thy love.

*Lyfidas.*

Arfidas, valiant knight,  
Trinacria's prince, no jealous torch doth  
light  
My vengeful path to Circe's bower again,  
For I no more, no more, can feel that  
bitter pain,  
Knowing, as now I know,  
'Twas false, feign'd love, 'twas love's  
deceptive show  
That to Ulysses Flerida display'd—  
The feint was order'd, and she but  
obey'd.  
'Tis not with jealousy I come, but love,  
Ardent, devoted, desperate, to remove  
From this foul spot fair Flerida, that fair  
Flower of the fairest field, and star of  
clearest air ;  
And so, beside thee now,

Selva de amor, donde, por mas espanto,  
Es el amor hoy su mayor encanto,  
Aunque en sus campos, que el Abril  
dibuja,  
O brame el austro, ó la arboleda cruja.

*Arfidas.*

Guerra de amor y zelos  
Pavor pondrá á los cielos.

*Voces dentro.*

¡ Cierra, Trinacria, cierra !      [*Cajas.*

*Lisidas.*

Ya de allá nos responden.

*Voces dentro.*

Guerra, guerra !

*Soldad.*

¡ Ay, Arfidas, advierte,  
Que á morir nos trajiste !

*Arfidas.*

De qué fuerte ?

*Soldad.*

Dijiste, que no habia  
Armas, ni gente en esta selva umbria,  
Y apenas tus soldados  
Han salido del mar, cuando emboscados  
En esta selva vieron  
Infantes y caballos, que salieron

By that fair planet's rosy light I vow—  
That planet which when seen strikes  
blind the fight,  
And which unseen still fills the world  
with light—  
To leave thee not until thy wrathful  
mood  
Strikes down each tree of this enchanted  
wood,  
This bower of love,—where we to-day  
revere  
Love, as the greatest of enchantments  
here,—  
Like as when on the April-painted meads  
The south-wind roars, the strong boughs  
bend like reeds.

*Arfidas.*

This war of love allied with jealousy  
Shall wake the fear, the wonder of the  
sky.

*Voices within.*

On! for Trinacria's right!

*Lisidas.*

Yonder they answer.

*Voices within.*

To the fight, the fight!

*A Soldier.*

Oh! hear me, Arfidas, oh! hear and  
stay,

You lead us but to death here.

*Arfidas.*

In what way?—

*Soldier.*

You told us that we should  
Nor men nor arms here meet within  
this shadowy wood,  
And scarce your soldiers made  
A landing from their ships, when from  
an ambuscade

A defender la entrada  
Del monte.

*Arfidas.*

No temais, no temais nada ;  
Que esos monstruos incultos  
Son fantásticas formas, que no bultos.  
No hay que temer estragos,  
Que fus heridas solo son amagos ;  
Que tarde ejecutadas,  
Se quedan en el aire señaladas.

*Lisidas.*

Y tan cobardes fueron, [hirieron.  
Que, amenazando siempre, nunca  
*Soldad.*  
¿Cómo, si ya, causando al sol desmayos,  
Truenos abortan, y despiden rayos ?

*Arfidas.*

Yo he de ser el primero,  
Que ese pavor os quite ; activo y fiero  
Penetraré la fierra.

*Lisidas.*

Todos te seguiremos.

*Todos.*

Guerra, guerra !

*Arfidas.*

¡ Ha cauteloso Griego,  
Sal á apagar retórico este fuego !

*Salen CIRCE y las mugeres con  
espadas.*

*Circe.*

No saldrá, fino yo ; que la memoria

Within the wood they saw  
Horsemen and footmen to its outskirts  
draw,

The entrance to defend  
That to the mountain leads.

*Arfidas.*

Fear naught, fear naught, my friend,  
For all these monstrous swarms  
Are bodiless shapes, are false fantastic  
forms ;  
No need to fear such foes  
Whose very swords can deal but phan-  
tom blows,  
Which slowly dealt,  
But by the yielding air are only felt.

*Lyfidas.*

And coward-like,  
Who threaten ever, but who never strike.

*Soldier.*

How, if already the scared sunlight dies  
And thunders rattle and the lightning  
flies ?

*Arfidas.*

I will be first this panic to subdue,  
And with undaunted daring to burst  
through

This magic mountain's marge.

*Lyfidas.*

We all shall follow where you lead.

*All.*

Charge ! charge !—

*Arfidas.*

Ha ! wily Greek, [rhetoric !  
Forth, and appease this fire with all thy

*CIRCE and her women enter with  
drawn swords.*

*Circe.*

He comes not forth, but I ; it were amiss

No le ha de embarazar tan breve gloria.

*Astrea.*

Ninguno quede vivo.

*Flérida.*

Ni un amante, que vuelve vengativo  
Sin zelos.

*Lífidas.*

Tú me ofendes, y yo te ofendo,  
Que mas mi fama que tu amor pretendo.

*Circe.*

Segur de vuestros cuellos  
Hoy ferán nuestras armas. ¡ A ellos !

*Todos.*

¡ A ellos !

*Arfidas.*

En batalla tan dura  
No atienda hoy el respeto á la hermosura.  
Presto, Circe, ferás tu mi trofeo.

*Libia.*

¡ O qué bonitamente lo peleo !  
[*Dase la batalla y retíranse los  
hombres.*]

PALACIO DE CIRCE.

*Sale* LEBREL, y CLARIN *de mona.*

*Lebrel.*

Pues nos dejó Circe, y pues  
A puerta cerrada estamos,  
Y tan folos nos hallamos,  
Tiempo, Doña Marta, es  
De tomar una licion.  
Ya la vuelta os enseñé

To have his thoughts disturb'd for glory  
such as this.

*Astrea.*

Spare not their lives!

*Flérida.*

Not even a lover's, who for vengeance  
frives,  
Though jealousy-cured.

*Lyfidas.*

Thou *me* dost, and I thee offend,  
For more than to thy love I to my fame  
pretend.

*Circe.*

Before the day is gone  
Your necks shall stain our swords. On  
them!

*All.*

On! on!

*Arfidas.*

In such a battle and with such a foe  
Beauty to-day its homage must forego:  
Soon, Circe, soon thy trophy crowns  
my might.

*Libia.*

Just look, how very prettily I fight.  
[*The battle is joined and the men  
give way.*]

CIRCE'S PALACE.

*Enter* LEBREL, and CLARIN *as a monkey.*

*Lebrel.*

Now that Circe's gone, and we  
Here are left, both you and I,  
With closed doors, and no one by,  
'Tis an opportunity  
For a lesson; so, my pet,  
As I lately taught you, tumble,



Del rodezno ; cómo fue ?

[*Voltea.*

¡ Así bien, tenéis razon !

*Clarín.*

¡ Que aquesto pafé por mí !

¡ Y que en fin haya de fer,

O voltear, ó no comer !

Defdichado hablador fui.

*Lebrel.*

Ahora, Marta, ponte en pie.

*Clarín.*

Ello en fin no hay replicar,

O no comer, ó voltear.

[*Voltea.*

*Lebrel.*

¡ Lindamente, por mí fe !

Ahora, porque si yo

No tengo quien de vestir

Me dé, uced me ha de fervir ;

Tóme aquefte espejo, y no

Le quiebre, porque es azar,

Y véngafe tras mí en pie.

*Clarín.*

Qué cara tengo veré

De mona. Hay mayor pesar ?

¡ Válgame Júpiter fanto,

Qué hocico !

[*En mirándose al espejo se le cae el vestido de mona.*

*Lebrel.*

Quién aqui habló ?

*Clarín.*

¿ Quién ha de fer, fino yo ?

*Lebrel.*

De verte, Clarín, me espanto.

*Clarín.*

Yo Clarín ? muy bueno es efo !

Mona foy.

*Lebrel.*

¿ Dónde escondido ? . . .

Try the wheel-trick—do not grumble—

[*Clarín tumbles.*

Pretty well, you'll do it yet.

*Clarín.*

What a fate is mine ! thy laws

Nature thus to fo maltreat—

I muft tumble or not eat !

Wretched babbler that I was.

*Lebrel.*

Jocko, now on hands and feet.

*Clarín.*

All remonfrance being paff,

I muft tumble or muft fait. [*Tumbles.*

*Lebrel.*

By my faith, you're quite complete !

Now, as here I hav'n't got

An attendant when I drefs,

You your worfhip can't do lefs

Than be valet on the fpot.

Take the glafs, don't break it though,—

On your hind legs ! that's the place.

*Clarín.*

Now at length my monkey face

I can have a peep at. Oh !

Holy Jove, above who eyes me,

What a fnout !

[*At feeing himfelf in the mirror, he lofes the appearance of a monkey.*

*Lebrel.*

Who fpeaks fo nigh ?

*Clarín.*

Why, who *could* it be, but I ?

*Lebrel.*

Clarín here ? you quite furprife me.

*Clarín.*

Clarín I ? that's good of you !

I'm a monkey.

*Lebrel.*

Where were you hidden ? . . .

Mas la mona se me ha ido.

*Clarín.*

Ya otra admiracion confieso.

*Lebrel.*

¿Sabes por donde se fue  
La mona, que aqui tenia?

*Clarín.*

Yo soy.

*Lebrel.*

Linda bobería!

Por la mona pregunté.

*Clarín.*

Pues yo soy.

*Salen ANTISTES y los Griegos con  
unas armas.*

*Antistes.*

Quién está aqui?

*Clarín.*

Los dos.

*Lebrel.*

¡Que, porque viniese

Clarín, la mona se fue!

Tiempo y trabajo perdí.

*Antistes.*

Dime, Lebrel, ¿dónde está . . . .

*Lebrel.*

La mona? No sé, ay de mí!

*Antistes.*

Ulises? te digo.

*Clarín.*

Alli.

*Descúbrese un trono, donde está ULISES  
durmiendo.*

*Antistes.*

Entrar podéis todos ya;

Que pues aqui retirado

A Ulises Circe dejó,

But the monkey off has flidden.

*Clarín.*

This my wonder wakes anew.

*Lebrel.*

Did you see what way retired  
The pet monkey that I had?

*Clarín.*

I am he.

*Lebrel.*

That's not so bad,—

'Twas for the monkey I inquired.

*Clarín.*

I am he, I say.

*Enter ANTISTES, and the GREEKS  
bearing pieces of armour.*

*Antistes.*

Who's here?

*Clarín.*

*We* two.

*Lebrel.*

Plague on't! for this flunky

Turning up, I've lost my monkey—

Time and trouble too, I fear.

*Antistes.*

Do you know, Lebrel, where is . . . .?

*Lebrel.*

My poor monkey? no, ah! me.

*Antistes.*

Tut! I meant Ulysses.

*Clarín.*

See.

*A throne is discovered, and on it  
ULYSSES sleeping.*

*Antistes.*

Softly tread this room of his:—

Since remote from any hum

Circe left Ulysses here,

Cuando al mar á ver salió  
 Las naves que habian llegado,  
 Este es el tiempo mejor,  
 Para vencer sus extremos ;  
 Y pueſto que no podemos  
 Avifarle con rumor  
 De armas, hoy de Aquíles fea  
 El arnes ſu trompa. Aquí  
 Le dejemos, porque aſí,  
 Cuando deſpierte, le vea.

*Timantes.*

Acuérdle mudo él  
 Las battallas, que venció,  
 Cuando en campaña ſe vió  
 Coronado de laurel,  
 Para que deſpertador  
 De tantos olvidos fea.

*Arquelao.*

Quien no creyó la voz, crea  
 Las insignias del valor.

[*Pónenle á los pies las armas.*

*Polidoro.*

Trofeos, que soberanos  
 Troya entre cenizas llora,  
 Y aun eſtais fudando ahora  
 La ſangre de los Troyanos,  
 Volved por vos, y entre viles  
 Amores no os permitais  
 Empañar, pues aun guardais  
 El muerto calor de Aquíles.

[*Vanſe, y deſpierta ULÍSES.*

*Ulises.*

Pefado letargo ha ſido  
 Eſte á que rendido eſtufe,  
 Ni bien vida, ni bien ſueño,  
 Sino letal peſadumbre  
 De los ſentidos, que torpes,  
 Ni deſcanfan, ni diſcurren,

When ſhe went to ſee anear  
 The great navy that had come,  
 'Tis the time to triumph o'er  
 Charms that ſo his ſoul have bow'd,  
 And ſince we are not allow'd  
 To adviſe him by the roar  
 Of the drums, his trumpet be  
 Now, Achilles' harnes bright,—  
 Place it there within his ſight,  
 That when waking he may ſee.

*Timantes.*

Mute may it recall the round  
 Of the battles that he won,  
 Of the fields he ſtood upon,  
 With the victor laurel crown'd,  
 May it from deluſive charms,  
 Wake him ſoon to manlier deed.

*Archelaus.*

He who heeds no voice, may heed  
 The reproachful ruſt of arms.

[*They place the armour at his feet.*

*Polydorus.*

Trophies of a realm ſubdued,  
 Trophies Troy in aſhes weeps,  
 Since along your bright mail creeps  
 Still the ſweat of Trojan blood ;  
 No baſe ſtain of low deſire  
 Let diſgraceful love ſting o'er you,  
 Wake, by thoughts of him who bore  
 you,

Dead Achilles' martial fire.

[*Exeunt all.*

*Ulyſſes (awaking.)*

Lead-like lethargy, it ſurely  
 Muſt have been that I lay under,—  
 Neither wholly life, nor ſleeping,  
 But a dark lethean dulneſs  
 Of the ſenſes, which, grown torpid,  
 Neither moved, nor wholly ſlumber'd.

Crepúsculos fon del alma,  
 Pues obran entre dos luces.  
 Quién está aqui? Solo estoy.  
 ¿Pues cómo fin Circe pude  
 Vivir un instante? Bien,  
 Que estaban fin luz, presumen  
 Mis sentidos, pues fin fol  
 Aun todo el cielo no luce.  
 Circe! Circe! mi señora!  
 ¿Qué mal tanta ausencia suple  
 Tu memoria!—Mas qué veo?  
 El grabado arnes ilustre  
 De Aquiles á mis pies yace,  
 Torpe, olvidado é inútil.  
 Bien está á mis pies, porque  
 Rendido á mi amor se juzgue,  
 Y segunda vez en mí  
 Amor de Marte se burle.  
 Tarde, olvidado trofeo  
 Del valor, á darme acudes  
 Socorro contra mí mismo;  
 Que aunque contra mí me ayudes,  
 Hoy colgado en este templo  
 Quedarás, donde sepulren  
 Sus olvidos tus memorias.

*El Espiritu de AQUÍLES, desde el centro  
 de la tierra.*

*Aquiles.*

¿No le ofendas, no le injurias!

*Ulyses.*

¿Qué voz es esta, que en mí  
 Tan nuevo pavor infunde?

[*Tocan dentro cojas destempladas y  
 una sordina.*]

¿A quién destempladas trompas,  
 Exequias figuen lúgubres?  
 ¿Quién causa este efecto?

Twilights of the soul were they,  
 That 'twixt day and darkness struggled.  
 Who is here? I am alone.  
 Ah! how can I live one flutter  
 Of the heart without my Circe?  
 Well my thoughts divined the murky  
 Dark near, since without the sun  
 Heaven itself displays no lustre.  
 Circe! Circe! my señora,  
 For thy absence, all I suffer  
 Memory poorly pays for. But,  
 What is this? the graved refuged  
 Armour of Achilles lieth  
 At my feet forgot, unused.  
 Rightly at my feet, because  
 To my love it deems it subject,  
 And a second time in me  
 Victor Love o'er Mars exulteth.  
 All too late, forgotten trophy  
 Of true valour, dost thou come here  
 Succour 'gainst myself to give me;  
 Since though 'gainst myself thy succour  
 Giv'st thou, in this fane suspended  
 Must thou here remain, where buried  
 Shall thy memory be forgotten.

*The shade of ACHILLES from below.*

*Achilles.*

Mock them not; do not insult them.

*Ulyses.*

Ah! what voice is this that makes me  
 In my inmost heart to shudder?

[*A mournful march of muffled drums  
 and trumpets is heard from below.*]

Ah! for whose sad obsequies  
 Play these mournful drums and trumpets?  
 Who occasions this?

*Aquiles (debajo de tierra).*

Quien

A sus venganzas acude.

*Ulyses.*

Si ojos tengo con que mire,  
Si oidos tengo con que escuche,  
En el centro de la tierra  
Sonó la voz, y no sufre  
Ella aun de su grave faz  
La arrugada pefadumbre ;  
Pues abre para quejarfe  
Una boca, y de ella escupe  
Pardas nubes de humo y fuego,  
; Cuando, contra la costumbre,  
En el centro de la tierra  
Forjan sus rayos las nubes ?

*[Abrefe una boca, y sale fuego.]*

A mas el afombro pafa ;  
Trifte un monumento fube  
De su abifmo, haciendo un caos  
De vapores y vilumbres.

*Va subiendo un sepulcro, y en él**AQUILES, cubierto de un velo.*

O tú, que en leves cenizas,  
Que aun el viento no facude,  
En efe sepulcro yaces,  
Quién eres ?

*Aquiles.*

Porque no dudes

Quien foy, este negro velo  
Corre, y mi afpecto defcubre.

*[Descúbrele ULISES.]*

Conócfeme ?

*Ulyses.*

Si me deja

Especies con que te juzgue  
Lo pálido de tu faz,

*Achilles (from below).*

One who

To take stern revenge doth come here.

*Ulyffes.*

If I can believe my eyes,  
If my hearing can be trusted,  
From the centre of the earth  
Came that voice, the earth that suffers  
Not upon its heavy face  
Even the movement of a muscle ;  
Since a mouth is open'd wide  
For complaint, from which is sputter'd  
Denfest clouds of fmoke and fire.  
When, againft all ufual custom,  
In the centre of the earth,  
Have the clouds forged flashing thunders ?

*[An abyfs opens from which fire burfts forth.]*

Higher ftill my terror rifes ;  
From the abyfs, a sad fepulchral  
Tomb arifes, making chaos [wreaths.  
With its fteams and glimmering dun-

*A tomb arifes from the abyfs, and in it is ACHILLES covered with a veil.*

O dread fhape, that in light afhes,  
Which not even the wind disturbeth,  
Lieft in this fepulchre,  
Say, who art thou ?

*Achilles.*

That all further

Doubt fhould end, this black veil lift,  
And my countenance discover.

*[ULYSSES raises the veil.]*

Dofl thou know me ?

*Ulyffes.*

If I may

Trust the tefts wherewith to judge the  
Ashy paleness of thy face,

Que no hay vista que no turbe,  
Lo yerto de tu esqueleto.  
Que aun desfigurado luce,  
Aquiles, Aquiles eres.

*Aquiles.*

Su espíritu soy ilustre,  
Que de los elisios campos,  
Donde eterna mansión tuve,  
Volví á pasar de Aqueronte  
Las verdinegras y azules  
Ondas, derretidas gomas  
Del salitre y del azufre.  
A cobrar vengo mis armas,  
Porque el amor no las juzgue  
Ya de su templo despojo,  
Torpe, olvidado é inútil ;  
Porque no quieren los dioses,  
Que otro dueño las injurie,  
Sino que en mi sepultura  
A par de los siglos duren.  
Y tú, afeminado Griego,  
Que, entre las delicias dulces  
Del amor, de negras sombras  
Tantos esplendores cubres,  
No entre amorosos encantos  
Las tengas y las deslustras,  
Sino rompiendo de amor  
Las mágicas inquietudes,  
Sal de Trinacria, y hollando  
Al mar los vidrios azules,  
A discrecion de los vientos  
Sus pavimentos discurre ;  
Que en la curia de los dioses  
Quieren, que otra vez los fulques,  
Hasta que de mi sepulcro  
Las muertas aras saludes,  
Y en él esas armas cuelgues.  
No lo ignores, no lo dudes,

Which no sight can see untroubled,  
And thy stiffen'd skeleton,  
Which, though maim'd, retains such  
lustre,  
Thou Achilles art, Achilles.

*Achilles.*

I his spirit am, so bruided,  
Who from the Elyfian fields, my  
Everlasting home and country,  
Have pass'd through the green and azure  
Waves of Acheron, thick gummy  
Molten mires of fire and brimstone,  
Pools of nitre and of sulphur,  
To reclaim once more my arms,  
So that Love may never judge them  
Of his temple the proud spoil,  
Idle, all forgot, and useles ;  
For the gods no longer wish  
That another lord should rust them,  
But that buried in my tomb  
They should last while years are num-  
ber'd.

And, O thou effeminate Greek,  
Who, amid the soft indulgence  
Of weak love, so many splendours  
In thick ebon shades dost cover,—  
Not in amorous enchantments  
Shouldst thou let them lose their lustre,  
But the magic-woven web  
Of love's passionate joys and troubles  
Breaking, fly Trinacria, and  
Treading the sea's glass-blue surface,  
At the winds' discretion scud  
O'er its level lawns unruffled.  
For it is the gods' decree  
That once more your curved prow cuts  
them,  
Till the funeral altars standing  
By my far tomb thou salutest,

O harás, que un rayo, con voces  
Que horrible un trueno pronuncie,  
Segunda vez te lo mande,  
Cuando en abortada lumbre  
Desátadas sus cenizas,  
Aun, antes que ardan, ahumen.

[*Húndese.*]

*Ulysses.*

Espera, helado cadáver,  
Que afombro y horror infundes,  
Que yo postrada te doy  
Palabra . . . . Todo se hunde.  
Pesada imaginacion  
Fue la que en mis sueños tuve ;  
Pero, aunque soñada, es bien  
Que la crea, y no la dude.

*Salen los Griegos.*

*Antistes.*

Señor, qué es esto ?

*Timantes.*

Que tienes ?

*Polidoro.*

¿ Qué accidente hay, que te turbe ?

*Arquelao.*

¿ De qué das voces al aire ?

*Floro.*

¿ Qué temor hay, que te ocupe ?

*Lebrel.*

¿ Que no parezca la mona,  
Aunque todo el monte anduve !

*Antistes.*

De qué te afombras ?

*Clarín.*

¿ De qué

Te rezelas ?

And in it these arms suspend.  
Be not doubtful or reluctant,  
If thou wouldst not that a flash,  
Lightning-red, with voice of thunder,  
This command should give once more,  
When in the swift-born refulgence  
Shall its scatter'd ashes steam,  
Ere to burning dust they crumble.

[*He sinks down.*]

*Ulysses.*

Stay, oh ! stay, cold frozen corse,  
Thou that with such fear dost stun me,  
For my promise I now give thee  
Prostrate here . . . . But all hath sunken.  
Some oppressive fearful fancy  
Was it that disturb'd my slumbers ;  
But although mere dreams, 'twere well  
Not to doubt them, but to trust them.

*Enter the Greeks.*

*Antistes.*

What is this, my lord ?

*Timantes.*

What wouldst thou ?

*Polydorus.*

What hath happen'd, that disturbs thee ?

*Archelaus.*

Why fill all the air with outcries ?

*Florus.*

Whence this fear that so usurps thee ?

*Lebrel.*

Though I've gone through all the moun-  
tain,

Ah ! I cannot meet my monkey !

*Antistes.*

What doth fright thee so ?

*Clarín.*

At what

Doth thou shake ?

*Lebrel.*

De quién huyes ?

*Ulyfes.*

De mí mismo.

*Antiftes.*

Pues ¿ qué tienes ?

*Ulyfes.*

Nada tengo, mucho tuve.

¡ Ay amigos! tiempo es ya,  
 Que á los engaños me usurpe  
 Del mayor encanto, y hoy  
 El valor del amor triunfó.  
 ¿ Dónde está, dónde se ha ido  
 Circe ?

*Antiftes.*

A esa ribera acude,  
 Despues que aqui nos dejó,  
 A ver, qué bajeles surgen  
 A este golfo.

*Ulyfes.*

Pues en tanto

Que descuidada perfume,  
 Que los encantos de amor  
 Firmes en mi pecho duren,  
 Por esta parte, que el mar  
 Siempre repetido furte  
 Altas montañas, de quien  
 Turbante han sido las nubes,  
 Salgamos, y por no hacer  
 Ruido, y que ella nos escuche,  
 No el bajel, sino el esquife  
 Tomemos, y en él . . . .

*Antiftes.*

No dudes.

*Ulyfes.*

Huyamos de aqui; que hoy  
 Es huir accion illustre,  
 Pues los encantos de amor

*Lebrel.*

From whom wouldst run here ?

*Ulyffes.*

From myself.

*Antiftes.*

Oh! say, what hast thou . . .

*Ulyffes.*

I had much, I now have nothing.  
 Ah! my friends, it now is time  
 To subdue the greatest, subtlest  
 Of enchantments, and this day  
 To crown valour love's triumph.—  
 Where is she, say, where has gone  
 Circe ?

*Antiftes.*

To the shore she hurried,  
 When she left us here, to see  
 Whose the ships that in the gulf there  
 Had dropp'd anchor.

*Ulyffes.*

Then while thus

She so carelessly perfumeth  
 That the witchery of love  
 Still within my heart endureth,  
 By this path, to where the sea  
 Heaves incessantly and surges  
 Up the lofty mountains, whose  
 Heads the dark clouds crown with tur-  
 bans,

Let us go, and for less noise,  
 Let she hear and mar our purpose,  
 Not the vessel, but the boat  
 Let us take, and in it . . . .

*Antiftes.*

Trust thee.

*Ulyffes.*

Fly from here; for flight to-day  
 Is an act as brave as prudent,  
 Since the forceries of love,



Los vence aquel que los huye.

*Antistes.*

Las lágrimas te respondan.

*Ulyses.*

Hermosa Juno, no culpes  
El mayor encanto amor ;  
Pues, aunque tus flores tuve,  
Pude vencer mil encantos,  
Y aqueſte ſolo no pude.

*Lebrel.*

Al fin me voy ſin mi mona.

*Clarín.*

¿ Que haſta ahora, que fui, dades ?

[*Vanſe.*

ORILLAS DEL MAR, FRENTE AL PALACÍO  
DE CIRCE.

*Salen, marchando, CIRCE y ſus Damas,  
que traen preſos á ARSIDAS y LÍSIDAS.*

*Circe.*

Hagan ſalva á mis palacios  
Los animados clarines,  
Las cajas y las trompetas,  
Porque ſus voces publiquen,  
Que de Arſidas victoríoſa  
Hoy, y de Líſidas, Circe  
Coronada de trofeos,  
Vuelve á los brazos de Ulyſes.

*Arſidas.*

Bien, Circe, podré negarte,  
Que valiente me vencifte,  
Mágica no, que mis gentes  
A tus apariencias rindes,  
Pues huyeron de las hueſtes,  
Que aparentemente finges.

*Líſidas.*

A facar de tu poder

He alone who flies, ſubdueth.

*Antistes.*

Let theſe tears of ours be answer.

*Ulyſſes.*

Lovely Juno, oh! excuſe the  
Greateſt of enchantments, Love,  
Since although thy flowers I flouriſh'd,  
Which a thouſand ſpells could conquer,  
This one only was above me.

*Lebrel.*

So in fine I loſe my monkey.

*Clarín.*

Doubt you ſtill 'twas I, you dullard ?

[*Exeunt.*

THE SEA-SHORE IN FRONT OF CIRCE'S  
PALACE.

*Enter CIRCE and her ladies, marching  
with ARSIDAS and LYSIDAS as pri-  
soners.*

*Circe.*

Hail my palace-walls, ye clarions,  
With your proud notes wake its ſilence !  
Drums and trumpets, with your powers  
All the liſtning world enlighten,  
That o'er Arſidas victoríoſ,  
And o'er Lyſidas, comes Circe  
Back again, encrown'd with trophies,  
To the fond arms of Ulyſſes !

*Arſidas.*

That 'twas valour that ſubdued me,  
Circe, I could well deny thee,  
That 'twas magic, no ; my people,  
By thy apparitions frighten'd,  
Fled before the hoſts of phantoms  
That thy ſubtle ſkill depicted.

*Lyſidas.*

To withdraw fair Florida

A Flérida hermosa vine ;  
 ¿Cómo pude defenderme,  
 Si ella misma es quien me rinde ?

*Circe.*

Pues si preso estás por ella,  
 También por ella estás libre.—  
 Ulises, invicto Griego,  
 Sal de esos ricos jardines,  
 Porque de zelos y amor  
 Las caducas pompas pises.  
 Advierte, que victoriosa,  
 Llena de aplausos insignes,  
 Vuelvo á tus brazos, porque  
 Triunfe en ellos.—Mas ay triste !

[*Suena un claron.*]

¿Qué bastarda trompa es esta,  
 Apsid de metal, que gime  
 Al aire ?

*Flérida.*

En el mar, señora,  
 Sonó la voz.

*Libia.*

Y el esquife  
 De ese griego bajel, hecho  
 Al mar, sus campanas mide.

*Astrea.*

Ulises desde él te habla;  
 Escucha lo que te dice.

*Ulises (dentro).*

Asperos montes del Flegra,  
 Cuya eminencia compite  
 Con el cielo, pues sus puntas  
 Con las estrellas se miden,  
 Yo fui de vuestros venenos  
 Triunfador, Tesco felice  
 Fui de vuestros laberintos,  
 Y Edipo de vuestra esfinge.  
 Del mayor encanto amor  
 La razon me sacó libre,

From thy power came I hither ;  
 How could I defend myself  
 When 'twas she contended with me ?

*Circe.*

If for her thou'rt here in chains,  
 Then for her be free this instant.  
 From these rich-rosed gardens fair,  
 Come, unvanquish'd Greek ! Ulysses !  
 And tread down the fallen pomps  
 Love and jealousy once lit here.  
 See with what a victor air,  
 Led by plausible trumps and timbrels,  
 I reseek thy arms, for only  
 There I triumph ; but why thrills me

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

So this boding bugle, this  
 Snake of metal, whose throat hisses  
 On the air ?

*Flérida.*

From sea, Señora,  
 Comes the sound.

*Libia.*

And see the skiff there  
 Of the Grecian vessel, making  
 From the shore across the still sea.

*Astrea.*

And Ulysses from it speaks ;  
 Harken to his words, oh ! listen.

*Ulysses (within).*

Rugged mountains of wild Phlegra,  
 Whose excessive heights are pitted  
 'Gainst the sky, because their proud peaks  
 With the stars of Heaven are mingled,  
 I was o'er your many poisons  
 The triumpher, of your circled  
 Labyrinth the happy Theseus,  
 Cædipus of all your sphinxes ;  
 From thy greatest of enchantments  
 Love, hath reason me deliver'd,

Trafladando esos palacios  
A los campos de Anfitrite.

*Voces (dentro).*

Buen viage !

*Flérida.*

Buen viage,

Todos los vientos repiten.

*Circe.*

Escucha, tirano griego,  
Espera, engañoso Ulises,  
Pues te habla, no cruel,  
Sino enamorada Circe.  
Cuando victoriosa yo  
Triunfos arrastro, que pises,  
¿ Quieres, que vencida lloro ?  
¿ Quieres, que me queje humilde ?  
Escucha !—Mas ¡ ay triste !  
No llore quien te pierde, ni suspire,  
Si te dan, para hacer mejor camino,  
Agua mis ojos, viento mis suspiros.

*Flérida.*

Señora, en vano te quejas ;  
Que sordo el ingrato Ulises,  
Desbocado bruto, corre  
A vela y remo el esquife.

*Libia.*

Ya, perdiéndose de vista,  
Un átomo es invisible.

*Astrea.*

Y ya entre el agua y las nubes  
Un pájaro apenas finge.

*Circe.*

Ya estás, Arfidas, vengado.  
Pero mal dije, mal dije ;

All your palaces exchanging  
For the fields of Amphitrite.

*Voices within.*

Pleasant voyage !

*Flerida.*

Pleasant voyage

All the winds appear to wish them.

*Circe.*

Listen, listen, tyrant Greek !  
Stay, deceitful, false Ulysses,  
Since 'tis not the cruel queen  
Calls thee, but the love-lorn Circe.  
When, that thou might'st tread them  
down,  
Triumphs for thy feet I bring thee,  
Wouldst thou, conquering, I should  
weep,  
Wouldst thou weakly I should whimper ?  
Hear me !—But, O bitter woe !  
She must not weep or sigh from whom  
thou fliest,  
If she must give thee for thy speedier  
flight,  
Water her eyes, and wind the fobs she  
sigheth.

*Flerida.*

Vainly, lady, thou lamentest,  
Since the deaf ingrate Ulysses  
Flies with rudder and with sail  
On his ship as on a swift steed.

*Libia.*

Almost lost to sight, 'tis now  
To the smallest atom dwindled.

*Astrea.*

And betwixt the wave and cloud  
Like a tiny sea-bird wingeth.

*Circe.*

Arfidas, thou art avenged ;  
But my words are false and idle,—

Que nunca se venga un noble  
 En mirar un infelice.  
 Si lo eres, ese acero  
 En mi roja sangre tñe;  
 Que no es venganza, piedad  
 Sí, darle la muerte á un triste.  
 Y sea antes que trapuesto  
 Ese neblí, que describe  
 Las ondas, ese delfin,  
 Que el campo del aire mide,  
 Ese caballo, que corre,  
 Ese escollo, que se rige,  
 Ese peñasco, que nada,  
 Se esconda, y no se divise;  
 Porque, perdido de vista,  
 Tardará tu acero insigne,  
 Y no será menester  
 Mas muerte, que no seguirle.  
 ¡ Escucha! Mas ¡ ay triste!  
 No llore quien te pierde, ni suspire,  
 Pues te dan, para hacer mejor camino,  
 Agua mis ojos, viento mis suspiros.—  
 ¿ Mas qué me quejo á los cielos?  
 ¿ No soy la mágica Circe?  
 ¿ No puedo tomar venganza  
 En quien me ofende y me rinde?  
 Alterados estos mares  
 A ser pedazos aspiren  
 De los cielos; que si lleva,  
 Porque de encantos se libre,  
 El ramillete de Juno,  
 Que trajo del cielo Iris,  
 No de tormentas del mar  
 Le librarán sus matices.  
 Llamas las ondas arrojen,  
 Fuego las aguas espiren.

[Sale fuego del agua.

Arda el azul pavimento,  
 Y sus campanas turquíes

True hearts ne'er can vengeance find  
 In the sight of one afflicted.  
 If thou art so, take this sword,  
 And with my red heart's blood tinge it,  
 Since to kill a wretch like me  
 Is not vengeance, but true pity:  
 And do this, or ere, fast fading,  
 Yon fleet falcon, that swift swimmeth  
 Ocean's waves, yon white-wing'd dol-  
 phin,  
 'Mid the fields of air uplifted,  
 Yonder sea-steed gently flowing,  
 Yonder rudder'd rock that drifteth,  
 Yonder loofen'd cliff that floateth,  
 Undescried is wholly hidden;  
 For when it is lost to sight,  
 Then too late will fall thy swift steel,  
 Since no other death I'll need;  
 Then the thought I can't go with him.  
 Hear me! But, O bitter woe!  
 She must not weep or sigh from whom  
 thou fleest,  
 If she must give thee for thy speedier flight,  
 Water her eyes, and wind the sobs she  
 sigheth.  
 But why wail thus to the skies,  
 Am I not the forcerefs Circe?  
 Cannot I take vengeance on  
 Him who wrongs me? who afflicts me?  
 Let the roused-up seas aspire,  
 As it were, to be the splinters  
 Of the broken heavens: and though  
 He that charm against bewitchments  
 Bears—the beauteous flowers of Juno,  
 Which from heaven were brought by  
 Iris,—  
 From the tempests of the sea  
 Him shall not their tints deliver;  
 Flame, be darted from the billows,

Mieses de rayos parezcan,  
Que cañas de fuego vibren,  
A ver, si hay deidad, que tanta  
Tormenta le facilite.

*Serénase el mar, y sale por él, en un carro  
triumfal tirado de dos delfines, GA-  
LATEA, y al rededor muchos Tritones  
y Sirenas con instrumentos.*

*Galatea.*

Sí habrá, y quien, sereno el mar,  
Manso, quieto y apacible,  
Le dé paso en sus esferas.

*Circe.*

¿Quién eres tú, que saliste  
De esas húmidas alcobas  
En triunfal carro sublime,  
A serenar de mi enojo  
Las iras desapacibles?

*Galatea.*

Yo, que en este hermoso carro,  
A quien tiran dos delfines,  
De Sirenas y Tritones  
Tan acompañada vine,  
Galatea soy, de Dóris  
Hija, y de Nereo, invencible  
Dios marino, y la que amante  
De Acis, jóven infelice,  
Murió á los bárbaros zelos  
De Polifemo, terrible  
Monstruo, que el tálamo dulce  
De nuestras bodas felices  
Cubrió de un peñasco, que hoy  
Túmulo es, que nos aflige :

Fire, from out the waves be spirted ;  
[*Fire rises from the water.*]  
Let the azure pavement burn,  
And its plains of turquoisè glisten,  
Like a harvest field of lightning,  
Vibrating innumeros fire-stems,  
To find out if any goddes  
Can so great a storm extinguish.

*The sea grows serene, and upon it GA-  
LATEA is seen advancing in a trium-  
phal car drawn by two dolphins, and  
surrounded by many Tritons and  
Sirens bearing musical instruments.*

*Galatea.*

There is one, who smoothes the sea  
To a peaceful path of silver  
For his passage through its spheres.

*Circe.*

Who art thou that hath arisen  
From the deep sea's damp recesses,  
In triumphal chariot driven,  
To appease the unappeasèd  
Anger of the wrath I've kindled?

*Galatea.*

I, who in this beauteous car,  
Which two dolphins move so lightly,  
Come accompanied and circled  
By the Tritons and the Sirens,  
Galatea am, the daughter  
Of fair Doris, and the mighty  
Sea-god Nereus, and the loved once  
Of young Acis, hapless stripling,  
Victim of the jealous fury  
Of wild Polyphemus, grimmeft  
Of all monsters, who the sweet bed  
Of the happy vows we plighted  
Cover'd with a rock, which ever  
Like a dark tomb o'er us rises,

Cuya pirámide, cuanta  
 Sangre de los dos exprime,  
 Cristal es, que desatado  
 Nuestro fin llorando dice.  
 Deste rústico jayan  
 Vengada me dejó Ulíses,  
 A cuya causa mi voz  
 Al amparo fuyo asiste ;  
 Y pidiendo á las deidades  
 De Neptuno y de Anfitrite,  
 Que serenasen los mares,  
 Y que sus claros viriles  
 Espejos fuesen del sol,  
 Mientras los Griegos los pisen.  
 Como á Ninfa de sus ondas,  
 Que discurra me permiten  
 El mar, apagando cuanto  
 Fuego en él introdujiste ;  
 Y así ondas de plata y vidrio  
 Veloz mi carro describe,  
 Haciendo á su hermosa espuma,  
 Que á las rodadas sùtiles,  
 O como plata se entorchen,  
 O como vidrio se ricen.

*Circe.*

Sí deidad eres del mar,  
 Cuando en él mis fuerzas quites,  
 No en la tierra ; y si no puedo  
 Vengarme en quien huye libre,  
 En mí podré. Estos palacios,  
 Que mágico el arte finge,  
 Desvanecidos en polvo,  
 Sola una voz los derribe.  
 Su hermosa fábrica caiga  
 Deshecha, rota y humilde ;  
 Sean páramo de nieve  
 Sus montes y sus jardines.  
 Un Mongibelo fuceda  
 En su lugar, que vomite

Prefs'd beneath whose pyramid  
 All the blood that from us trickles,—  
 So to weep our tragic end—  
 Turns to crystal murmuring ripples.  
 'Gainst this rustick giant rude  
 Vengeance gave to me Ulysses,  
 On account of which my voice  
 In his cause has been uplifted,  
 Asking of the deities  
 Neptune and fair Amphitrite,  
 That they would make smooth the seas,  
 And that they, tranfluent mirrors,  
 Should outspread them for the sun,  
 While the Greek ship sail'd amidst them.  
 I, as being a sea-nymph born,  
 Am to run their realm permitted,  
 In the sea the fire appeasing,  
 Which your vengeful anger flings here ;  
 And my swift car thus o'er-rideth,  
 Sparkling waves of glass and silver,  
 Making with its beauteous foam  
 'Neath its wheels the waves to glisten,  
 Now in curling wreaths of glass,  
 Now in silvery twine entwisted.

*Circe.*

If thou'rt of the sea a goddess,  
 Thou may'st of my might deprive me  
 There, but not on land ; if vengeance  
 I can't have on him who flies me,  
 On myself I can. This palace,  
 Which by magic art I builded,  
 Let it vanish into dust,  
 Let a single word, to shivers  
 Shake this beauteous fabric down,  
 Ruin'd, broken, rent, made little.  
 O'er its mountains and its gardens  
 Let the dreary snow be drifted,  
 And where now it stands in beauty,  
 Be a wild volcano kindled,

Fuego, que á la luna abraçe,  
Entre humo, que al sol eclipse.

[*Húndese el palacio de Circe, y aparece un volcan, arrojando llamas.*

*Astrea.*

¡ Qué confusión tan notable !

*Libia.*

¡ O qué asombro tan terrible !

*Flérida.*

Huyamos, Libia !

[*Vase.*

*Libia.*

Huye, Astrea ! [*Vase.*

*Astrea.*

¿ Dónde estar podemos libres ?

[*Vase.*

*Circe.*

Cuantos espíritus tuve  
Presos, sujetos y humildes,  
Inficionando los aires,  
Huyan á su centro horrible.  
Y yo, pues de mis encantos  
A saber que es mayor vine  
El amor, pues el amor,  
A quien no rindieron, rinde,  
Muera tambien, y suceda  
A mi fin la noche triste. [*Húndese.*

*Galatea.*

Pues seguro el mar por donde  
Venturoso corre Ulises,  
Tormentas vé de la tierra,  
El mar con fiestas publique  
Su vencimiento, y haciendo  
Regocijos y festines,  
Sus Tritones y Sirenas  
Lazos formen apacibles ;  
Pues fue el agua tan dichosa,  
En esta noche felice,

Belching fire, the pale moon burning,  
And with smoke the sea eclipsing.

[*The palace of Circe sinks into the earth, and a volcano rises in its place, darting out flames.*

*Astrea.*

O confusion so unequal'd !

*Libia.*

O the horror so terrific !

*Flerida.*

Libia, fly !

[*Exit.*

*Libia.*

Oh ! fly, Astrea ! [*Exit.*

*Astrea.*

Where for safety ? say, oh ! whither ?

[*Exit.*

*Circe.*

All the spirits that I held  
Captive, subject to my sway, and willing,  
Flying on the poison'd air,  
Seek the horrid homes that hide them.  
And since I of my enchantments  
Have now come to know the chief is  
Love, since love it was that conquer'd  
Him, whom all the rest left victor,  
Let me also die, and let  
Mournful night's dark gloom engird me.

[*She sinks down.*

*Galatea.*

Since the sea, upon whose breast  
Flies the fortunate Ulysses,  
Views unmoved the storms of land,  
Let it now in joy and mirth here  
Publish to the world his triumph,  
And its Tritons and his Sirens,  
Making *fêtes* and glad rejoicings,  
Dance in many mazes mingled ;  
And since on this happy night  
Has the water been permitted

Que mereció ser teatro  
De soles, á quien humilde  
El Poeta, entre otras honras,  
Perdon de las faltas pide.

[*Hiciéron un bailete Tritones  
y Sirenas.*]

The proud theatre to be  
Of two suns, the Poet wishes  
Humbly, 'mid his other honours,  
For his faults to ask forgiveness.

[*The scene closes with a Ballet of  
Tritons and Sirens.*]







THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

AN AUTO.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.







## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE *Sorceries of Sin* is the only attempt that has ever been made in English to present even one of Calderon's *Autos* in its integrity. Indeed, with the exception of the scenes introduced into Dean Trench's analysis of *The Great Theatre of the World*, not a single line of these remarkable dramas has ever previously been presented in English verse. Writers in Reviews and Magazines have occasionally drawn attention to a few of the secular dramas of Calderon; but the *Autos*, the most wonderful of all his productions, and the only ones (with but two exceptions) which the great poet himself thought worthy of his revision,\* have been passed over, I may say, in almost utter silence.† One of them has been admirably ana-

\* Vera Tassis mentions that Calderon corrected the proofs of the two dramas which he allowed to be printed in the forty-sixth volume of the *Comedias de Varios Autores*. A small number out of one hundred and twenty. The *Autos* which he prepared for the press are contained in the volume of 1690 alluded to in the text.

† Even German enthusiasm, which has done so much for the *Comedias* of Calderon, has shrunk from the difficult task of dealing with the *Autos*. I know of but two writers who have given a translation of any of them. The first is J. F. von Eichendorff, who published eleven of them in his *Geistliche Schauspiele von Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca*, Stuttgart, 1846-53. The other is Ludwig Braunsfels, who published two little volumes of translations from Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina and Calderon, at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1856. The second volume contains the Auto *La Cena de Balthasar*, previously translated by Eichendorff in the original *asonantes*, which Braunsfels

lyfied in profe by Mr. Ticknor ;\* another in the Rambler : † two or three have been meagrely and frigidly condensed into a few lines by Southey ; ‡ and Sifmondi, who condescended only to read one of them out of feventy three, has favoured us with an outline of that one, which is characterized by his ufual want of fympathy or appreciation. This neglect, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, confidering how very flight, after all, if we take into account their number and variety, has been the notice which his fecular dramas have as yet received from British writers. Though it is not at all improbable, that, had the fame attention, fuch as it is, been devoted to the *Autos*, which has been given to the *Comedias*, a far greater amount of curiofity and intereft would be felt towards Calderon than any prefentation of his merely fecular dramas has yet fucceeded in awakening. This opinion, expreffed in different language in the introductory remarks which I prefixed to *The Sorceries of Sin* as originally published in the Atlantis, § has received the ftrongeft confirmation from an obfervation of Mr. Ticknor's, contained in a letter which he had the kindnefs to addrefs to me fhortly after the appearance of *The Sorceries of Sin* in the fcientific and literary journal to which I have alluded. Contrafting my former labours upon Calderon with my later, and encouraging me to proceed in the new path, Mr. Ticknor fays :—“ With the two volumes of your tranflations from Calderon's plays, which you published in 1853, I have been familiar from their firft appearance, and very thankful that you ventured on the bold undertaking. But this verfion of the *Encantos*

rejefts as being unfuited to the genius even of the German language. *Los Encantos de la Culpa* is tranflated by Eichendorff under the title *Der Sünde Zauberei*, in the fecond volume (p. 315) of his work. The German tranflations of the *Comedias* are numerous. I have in my own poffeffion excellent ones by Auguftus Schlegel, Schach the hiftorian, Gries, Malzburg, Martin, Barman, Schmid, Schumacher, and others.

\* *The Divine Orpheus*. History of Spanifh Literature, v. ii. p. 323.

† *Poifon and Antidote*, Rambler, Dec. 1855.

‡ Common Place Book, fecond feries, p. 253.

§ No. iv. July, 1859.

*de la Culpa*, with its *afonantes*, is much more interesting as a work of art, and more important. Allow me, then, to express the hope that you will go on and translate more of the *Autos*. Nothing can, I think, give a clearer idea of what is most characteristic in Spanish literature, or give foreigners a more just idea of its peculiar power." This important testimony to the attractiveness of the *Autos* in themselves, and to a certain success which has attended my attempt to transfer one of them, with its peculiar and varied versification, into English, I confess I print here with great, and, I think, not unjustifiable pride. Though the time and labour necessary to complete the long dramas contained in this volume have not left me leisure to include another *Auto* in this collection, I trust that what is here presented, by its strict and rigid adherence to those principles of translation which in the smaller piece have obtained the approval of so eminent an authority, will show how highly I value it, and how earnestly I have again struggled to deserve it.

The precise time at which the first volume of the *Autos* was published appears to be a matter of some uncertainty. But two collected editions have been made in Spain, one in 1717, in six volumes, 4to., the other in 1759-60, also in 4to. On the title-pages of both editions they are called *Obras Posthumas*, and are represented as being then first published. This is true no doubt of the greater number of them, the manuscripts of all having been preserved in the archives of the corporation of Madrid, whose property, for the purposes of the Corpus Christi festivities, they were. This property the municipality parted with on the 31st of May, 1717, to Don Pedro de Pando y Mier, for the sum of sixteen thousand reales, and it was by him that the first collection was made.\* Although the preface which Calderon prepared himself for the first volume of the

\* The *Autos* have never been republished out of Spain. The edition of Keil contains only the vague allusion of Vera Tassis as to their number. In Spain itself they have not yet been included in the valuable *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* (still in course of publication, though promised by Señor Hartzembusch in the preface to his edition of the *Comedias*, (p. xx.) and more recently by Don Justo de Sancha in the notice prefixed

*Autos* is given in the two editions above mentioned, the volume itself is not alluded to, and seems to be unknown in Spain, if I may judge from the silence observed towards it in one of the latest published volumes of the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*,\* where the usual statement is made of the *Autos* being first published in 1717. Having picked up a few years ago, on a Dublin book-stall, a volume of the *Autos* published in 1690,† I took the liberty, in my paper in the *Atlantis*, of calling the attention of Mr. Ticknor to the fact, he having stated, in his *History of Spanish Literature* (v. ii. p. 319, note 25), that “the *Autos*, being the property of the city of Madrid, and annually represented, were not permitted to be printed for a long time (Lara Prólogo). They were first published in 1717, in 6 volumes, 4to., and they fill the same number of volumes in the edition of 1759-60, 4to.” This correction, if I may call it so, I made with very great diffidence and deference, and I was relieved beyond measure at finding Mr. Ticknor not only received my observations with indulgence, but favoured me with the following most interesting and valuable information upon the subject:—

“What you say of the confusion that you find in my notice of the first publication of the *Autos* is partly true. When I wrote my *History of Spanish Literature*, I had not seen the twelve *Autos* published in 1690 from a MS. that seems to have been prepared by Calderon as early as

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to his *Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados*, Madrid, 1855, p. vi. If well edited, this volume would form one of the most interesting of the series. The date “31st of May, 1717,” in the text, I have taken from the work referred to in the next note. Mr. Ticknor, in his letter, gives the date, 31st of March, 1716. The name of the assignee of the copyright in that work is given *Prado* (instead of *Pando*) y Mier. The correct name is supplied in Mr. Ticknor’s letter, and is found at the bottom of the fly-leaf of each volume of the edition of 1759-60, containing the *Fee de erratas*.

\* *Dramaticos Posteriores a Lope de Vega*, t. i. Note to *Chronological Catalogue of Dramatic Authors from Calderon to Canizares*, p. xxxvii.

† *Autos Sacramentales Alegoricos y Historiales. Dedicados al Patriarca San Juan de Dios, compuestos por Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, &c.* En Madrid: por Juan Garcia Infanzon, año 1690.

1676; but a few years ago, at Florence, I picked up a copy, together with a copy of the Comedias published by Vera Tassis in nine volumes between 1683 and 1694. From these sources and from odd volumes of the *Comedias de Diferentes Autores*, going back to 1633, and the volumes published by Calderon's brother Joseph, I intend to give as good an account as I can of the first editions, whether spurious or genuine, of all Calderon's dramas, religious and secular, in the third American edition of my History, now in the press. Of course, I shall use in it what Hartzenbusch has so well done.

"But there still remains some obscurity about the matter. . . . When Calderon, in July, 1680, gave the Duke de Veraguas the list of his dramas, which was published in the *Obelisco* of Lara in 1683, the twelve Autos are marked as *impresos*. But I know of no edition of them earlier than that of 1690, where they all appear, but *in a different order* from the one to which they stand in the list, which is, after all, the true foundation for all discussions about Calderon's dramas. It is plain, that, when he collected them for publication, he had the purpose of making more than one volume. The prefatory matter shows this, as you have well observed. But I know of nothing of the sort, except the volume of 1690, until the 31st of March, 1716, when the City of Madrid—Como legataria del Doctor D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca—gave or sold the right of printing them *all* to Pedro de Pando y Mier, after which everything is plain. Now can you give me any indication of the publication of any of Calderon's Autos earlier than the last date, except that of the twelve in 1690? If you can you will add another obligation to the many I owe you already.

"My only conjecture in relation to the matter is, that the twelve *Autos* of 1690 were *printed* in 1676; but that the prefatory matter in the first four leaves was not printed until the volume was *published* in 1690, where the title-page shows that no subsequent volume was likely to be added; the city of Madrid having then the right of property in them, which it did not part with until nineteen years later. But I

do not much rely on this. Calderon was very loose in his statements about his dramas and his unwillingness to have them published."

The information asked for by Mr. Ticknor, in the above valuable bibliographical note, it is scarcely necessary to say I was unable to supply; and to the few observations I ventured to make upon the subject, Mr. Ticknor was good enough to refer in a subsequent letter which he favoured me with, a passage from which I here subjoin, as all that is likely to be ever known about the matter.

"The question of the first publication of the *Autos* is, as you say, a puzzling one, and I think will never be settled to absolute certainty. I rely little on Lara's *Obelisco Funebre*, because there are certainly several gross mistakes in it. Calderon's statements, too, I have found are not always to be trusted, and as for Tassas, *aprobaciones* &c., I have many times had as much trouble with them in other cases as in this. My general impression, therefore, is that the *Autos* of 1690 were the first published, and that nothing was done earlier except to prepare them for the press, and get the needful permissions to print them, beginning this work in 1676."

An allusion has been made in one of the notes to the *Catalogo Cronologico y Alfabético* by Don Ramon de Mesonero Romanos (prefixed to his *Dramaticos Posteriores a Lope de Vega*, t. 1. pp. xxxvii. to liii.) of dramas and dramatists in Spain from 1635 to 1740. The number of Calderon's *Comedias* set down in this list is 126, which includes those dramas in which Calderon was assisted by other poets, as well as those of which no copies are now known to exist; among others the *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the loss of which is so much to be regretted. The names of 84 *Autos* are given, being eleven more than the number contained in the six quarto volumes of 1717 or 1759-60, which I have mentioned as being but 73. There is certainly some confusion in this list, which contains the names of fourteen *Autos* not to be found in the six quartos just alluded to, omits two which those volumes contain, and alters the



names of two others, if, indeed, these last are not different *Autos* altogether.

Among the *new Autos* is one called *Devocion de la Cruz*, which must not be confounded with the terrible tragedy of that name which Bouterwek so strangely mistook for an *Auto*, as mentioned in the introduction to my translation of *The Devotion of the Cross* in this volume. Another is called *Cruz en la Sepultura*, the very name under which *The Devotion of the Cross* was first published in the edition of Huefca, 1633, as fully described in the same introduction. The expectation of new treasure, however, which this list awakens adds greatly to the anxiety which Spanish scholars feel for the long-promised republication of them in the *Library of Spanish Authors*.

It only remains for me to add that my reason for selecting *Los Encantos de la Culpa* in preference to others of at least equal, if not superior, brilliancy, was its connection with *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, and the interest I felt, and which I am sure others will feel, at tracing the ingenuity and marvellous freshness with which Calderon takes up the same theme, which one would think he had exhausted in the longer drama, and representing it anew in a more wonderful and original manner than at first. The remarks of Dean Trench on this subject, in his admirable essay on the genius of Calderon, are so apposite, that I make no scruple of transferring them here:—

“The manner in which Calderon uses the Greek Mythology is exceedingly interesting. He was gifted with an eye singularly open for the true religious element, which, however overlaid and debased, is yet to be detected in all inferior forms of religion. These religions were to him the vestibules through which the nations had been guided till they reached the temple of the absolute religion, where God is worshipped in Christ. The reaching out and feeling after an unknown truth, of which he detected something in the sun-worship of the Peruvians,\* he

\* See his *Daybreak in Copacabana*.

recognized far more distinctly in the more human, and therefore more divine, mythology and religion of ancient Greece. It may be that the genuine Castilian alienation from the Jew, which was not wanting in him, may in part have been at work when he extols, as he often loves to do, the superior readiness of the Gentile world, as contrasted with the Jewish church, to receive the proffered salvation, its greater receptivity of the truth. But whether this may have had any share in the matter or not, it is a theme to which he is constantly in these *Autos* recurring, and which he loves under the most various aspects to present. And generally he took a manifest delight in finding or making a deeper meaning for the legends and tales of the classical world, seeing in them the symbols and unconscious prophecies of Christian truth. He had no misgivings, therefore, but that these would yield themselves freely to be moulded by his hands. He felt that in employing them he would not be drawing down the sacred into the region of the profane; but elevating that which had been profaned into its own proper region and place. These legends of heathen antiquity supply the allegorical substratum for several of his *Autos*. Now it is *The True God Pan*, or Perseus rescuing Andromeda, or Theseus destroying the Labyrinth, or Ulysses defying the Enchantments of Circe, or the exquisite mythus of Cupid and Psyche. Each in turn supplies him with some new poetical aspect under which to contemplate the very highest truth of all."\*

\* *Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World*. From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius. By Richard Chenevix Trench. London, 1856, p. 96.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EL HOMBRE.

LA CULPA.

LA LASCIVIA.\*

LA LISONJA.

EL ENTENDIMIENTO.

LA PENITENCIA.

EL OLFATO.

EL OÍDO.

EL TACTO.

EL GUSTO.

LA VISTA.

*Músicos.*

*Acompañamiento.*

THE MAN.

SIN.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.\*

FLATTERY.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

PENANCE.

THE SMELL.

THE HEARING.

THE TOUCH.

THE TASTE.

THE SIGHT.

*Musicians.*

*Chorus, &c.*

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\* This character, though taking a part in the *Auto*, is not included in the list of *Personas* in the edition of 1759-60, from which I print.



AUTO SACRAMENTAL ALEGORICO,

INTITULADO

## LOS ENCANTOS DE LA CULPA.

*Suena un Clarin, y se descubre una Nave, y en ella el HOMBRE  
el ENTENDIMIENTO, y los CINCO SENTIDOS.*

*El Entendimiento.*

**E**N la anchurosa Plaza  
Del mar del Mundo, oy hombre te amenaza  
Gran tormenta.

*El Oído.*

Yo he sido  
De tus cinco sentidos el Oído,  
Y así el primero siento  
Bramar las ondas, y gemir el viento.

*La Vista.*

Yo, que he sido la Vista,  
Que al Sol los rayos perspicáz conquista,  
Desde lexos diviso  
Uno, y otro uracán, á cuyo viso  
En esta cristalina  
Campaña te previene fatál ruina.

*El Tañto.*

El Tañto soy, á horrores te provoco,  
Pues yá cercanos los peligros toco.



THE SACRAMENTAL ALLEGORICAL AUTO,

ENTITLED

THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

*A Trumpet sounds, and a Ship is discovered at sea. In it are the  
MAN, the UNDERSTANDING, and the FIVE SENSES.*

*The Understanding.*

**U**PON the boundless plain of the world's wide sea,  
O Man! this day doth darkly threaten thee  
A mighty tempest.

*The Hearing.*

I who am the Hearing  
'Mong thy five Senses call'd, perceive the nearing  
Of the impending storm; to me is known  
First when the waves grow hoarse and winds begin to groan.

*The Sight.*

I who am call'd the Sight—  
Swift victor of the great Sun's golden light,—  
With power to look between  
Each whirlwind wild that breaks the blue serene,  
Foreseeing, can behold the coming woe  
That on this crystal plain this day thou'rt doom'd to know.

*The Touch.*

The Touch am I, harrowing thy soul so much,  
That dangers closing round thee seem to touch.

*El Olfato.*

El Olfato te dice, que se crea  
El humedo vapor de la maréa.

*El Gusto.*

Yo en trance tan injulto,  
Con ser el Gusto, estoy aqui fin gusto.

*El Oído.*

Gran tormenta corremos.

*El Entendimiento.*

En el Mar de la vida nos perdémos.

*El Tacto.*

Larga aquella mayor.

*El Olfato.*

Iza el Trinquete.

*El Gusto.*

A la Triza.

*El Oído.*

A la Escolta.\*

*La Vista.*

Al Chafaldete.

*El Entendimiento.*

En alterados hielos

Corre tormenta el hombre.

*Todos.*

Piedad, Cielos!

*El Hombre.*

En el Texto Sagrado,

Quantas veces las aguas se han nombrado,

Tantos doctos Varones

Las fuelen traducir tribulaciones,

Con que la humana vida

Navega zozobrada, y sumergida.

El Hombre soy, á astucias inclinado,

Y por serlo, oy Ulíses me ha nombrado,

Que en Griego decir quiere

Cautelofo: y assi, quien oy quisiere

\* Should obviously be *Escota*.

*The Smell.*

Smell, too, proclaims how near doth ruin glide,  
Even by the humid vapours of the tide.

*The Taste.*

For such a tumult of the sea and sky  
No taste I feel, though Taste itself am I.

*The Hearing.*

We run before the wind.

*The Understanding.*

Storm-toft,

Upon the sea of life our bark is loft.

*The Touch.*

Loofen the mainsheet!

*The Smell.*

Hoist the foresail, ho!

*The Taste.*

To the cable!

*The Hearing.*

To the tack-ropes!

*The Sight.*

Let the clew-lines go!

*The Understanding.*

Over the waves by mighty tempests driven,  
Man struggles on.

*All.*

Have pity, gracious Heaven!

*The Man.*

In the sacred text do we  
Find frequent mention of the waves of the sea,  
Which learnèd doctors all translate  
The tribulations of this mortal state,  
Through which in stormy strife  
Struggles submerged and tost the bark of human life.  
I then am Man, to craft and cunning prone,  
And therefore by Ulysses' name am known,  
As if a Grecian synonym it were  
For cautious sense; therefore if any here  
Wish to track well the straits my fate goes through,  
Let him Ulysses' story keep in view:

Correr las líneas de la fuerte mia,  
 De Ulíses figa en mí la Alegoría :  
 Y los que en una parte  
 Me llamaron viador, viendo mi arte,  
 Y en otra navegante, que el camino  
 Del Mar discurro siempre peregrino,  
 Dando ocasion á que ningun viviente  
 Se admire de peligro tan urgente :  
 Y assi nadie se espante,  
 Que Ulíses peregrino, y navegante,  
 Con inquietud violenta,  
 Corra tanta tormenta,  
 Confusos, y perdidos  
 En mis tribulaciones mis sentidos.

*El Oido.*

Solo se escuchan en la selva fria  
 Ráfagas, que nos dán por travesía.

*La Vista.*

Solo se vén en estos orizontes  
 Montes, que se desfacen sobre montes.

*El Tacto.*

Solo se tocan ondas, con quien sube  
 El mar, que nace mar, á morir nube.

*El Olfato.*

Uno son yá los dos azules velos.

*El Gusto.*

Qué nos vamos á pique.

*Todos.*

Piedad, Cielos !

*El Entendimiento.*

Si los llamais, serenidades crea  
 Vuestro temor cobarde, y que no sea  
 Este Baxél, que en piélagos se mueve,  
 Sepulcro de cristal, tumba de nieve,  
 Que el Cielo, á humildes voces siempre abierto,  
 Al naufragio Piloto es feliz Puerto.

*El Gusto.*

Acordemonos dél, aora que estamos  
 En riesgo los que el Mundo navegamos.



Then those who call me at one part  
 Of my course a wayfarer, seeing my art,  
 A mariner at another, day by day  
 Pilgrim-like treading over the sea's salt way,  
 Will wonder not at th' extremity  
 Of danger, which none living 'scaped but he ;  
 And thus without a fear,  
 A pilgrim and a voyager,  
 You may behold Ulysses braving  
 The sea's unrest, the tempest's raving,—  
 See him in me confused and lost,  
 And by my Senses girded like a host.

*The Hearing.*

The wild gusts on this frozen forestry  
 Of masts side-striking list alone to thee.

*The Sight.*

Nought can be seen on the horizon wild,  
 But mountains upon yielding mountains piled.

*The Touch.*

Nought can be touch'd but waves, if waves they be  
 Which die in the air a cloud, though born a sea.

*The Smell.*

Commingled are their veil's deep azure dyes.

*The Taste.*

We strike! we sink!

*All.*

Have pity, O ye skies!

*The Understanding.*

If upon Heaven you call, your prayers, though weak,  
 Will of themselves create the calm we seek,  
 Bringing this bark, which through the waves doth go,  
 A crystal sepulchre, a tomb of snow,  
 Safe to that holy haven it lays bare  
 To shipwreck'd pilot's eyes—so strong is humble prayer.

*The Taste.*

Oh! may it grant it soon, for here are we  
 Toft in extremest risk upon the world's wide sea.

*El Entendimiento.*

Dadle voces en tales desconfueros,  
Pues él siempre responde.

*Todos.*

Piedad, Cielos!

*El Oído.*

Yá escucho, que se llena  
De paz la vaga habitacion serena.

*El Gusto.*

Y el Mar tranquilo, yá con ira fuma  
No riñe, fino juega con la espuma.

*El Entendimiento.*

Todo el ayre es cambiantes, y reflexos.

*La Vista.*

Todo es serenidad, y yá no lexos,  
Antes que todos miro  
Cumbres, que tocan al azul Zafiro,  
Del Mar burlando la sañuda guerra.

*El Entendimiento.*

Zelages se descubren: tierra, tierra.

*El Hombre.*

Prudente Entendimiento,  
Piloto, que al gobierno estás atento  
De aquesta humana Nave,  
Que nadar, y bolar á un tiempo sabe,  
Siendo en mansiones de atomos de espumas,  
Sin escamas Delfin, Cisne sin plumas,  
Pón la Proa en aquella  
Montaña, en quien la mas luciente Estrella  
Peligra, pues su cumbre  
Es en donde se roba al Sol la lumbre:  
Y assi sus puertas inconstantes cierra  
A este humano Baxél.

*Todos.*

A tierra, á tierra.

*Desembarcan, y desaparece la Nave.*

*El Hombre.*

Humanos sentidos mios,

*The Understanding.*

In such affliction let its vault be riven  
Still with your cries, 'twill answer.

*All.*

Save us, Heaven.

*The Hearing*

Already calm comes on, the wild winds cease,  
And o'er our heaving home glides the soft breath of peace.

*The Taste.*

The sea grows tranquil—smoothly silver'd o'er,  
It plays with the foam with which it fought before.

*The Understanding.*

Bright grows the air with many a changeful hue.

*The Sight.*

All grows serene, and lo! not far I view—  
I first of all—the bare  
Peaks of tall hills, which touch the azure air,  
Now mocking the far wave-war on the strand.

*The Understanding.*

Now the clouds part—it is the land! the land!

*The Man.*

O prudent pilot Understanding!  
Thou who hast been so long commanding  
This bark of human life, this boat,  
That at the self-same time can fly or float,  
Being upon the foam-flakes it rests on,  
A scaleless dolphin, and a plumeless swan,  
Beneath yon mountain turn its prow,  
Beneath yon peak which on its brow  
Wears a star of brightest ray—  
That point whose light is filch'd even from the God of Day—  
There where it seems to stretch a curvèd hand  
To clasp this human bark.

*All.*

To land! to land!

[*All disembark and the vessel disappears.*]

*The Man.*

Human Senses mine, my vassals,

Vassallos, que componeis  
 La Republica del Hombre,  
 Que mundo pequeño es.  
 Generoso Entendimiento,  
 Piloto de esse Baxél,  
 Que sobre el campo del mar  
 Monstruo se alimenta, pues  
 Quanto bate el viento es ave,  
 Quanto baña el agua es pez.  
 Compañeros de mi vida,  
 Dexad el mar, no porque  
 Nuestra peregrinacion  
 En la tierra, que aora veís,  
 Aya de cessar, supuesto  
 Que siempre tengo de ser  
 Yo Peregrino del Mar,  
 Y de la Tierra tambien :  
 Dexad fiada essa Nave  
 A la discrecion cruel  
 De un embate, y otro embate,  
 De un baybén, y otro baybén.  
 Seguramente amarrada  
 Con las Ancoras esté,  
 Que de quien Piloto ha fido  
 El Entendimiento, aunque  
 Aora le dexe, quizá  
 Le avré menester despues :  
 Y entremos á examinar  
 Estos montes, que han de ser  
 Puerto de nuestra fortuna.

Who together all compose\*  
 Man's Republic, he a little  
 World himself, as all do know.  
 Generous Understanding, thou  
 Pilot of this mystic boat,  
 Changeful monster, pasturing well  
 Over the sea-way, swift or slow,—  
 Being a bird when winds it play'd  
 with,  
 Being a fish when seas wash'd o'er.  
 Ye, companions of my life,  
 Leave the sea, but not therefore  
 Think that our long wandering ceases  
 In the land that you behold—  
 Since still moving onward ever  
 Must my fate be, I suppose—  
 Over the earth to move a pilgrim—  
 Over the sea likewise to go:—  
 Leave this bark awhile entrusted  
 To the cruel care and cold  
 Of waves dashing wildly together,  
 Of foam writhing in hostile foam,  
 But let anchors firm and strong  
 Safely still the vessel hold,  
 For the pilot Understanding,  
 Though he leaves her for the shore,  
 May perchance again require her:—  
 Let us enter now, and go  
 Curious through these hills which  
 Heaven  
 Gives our fortunes as their port.

\* The metre changes here to one which is seldom found in Calderon's secular dramas, but frequently in the Autos. It is a *single* asonante vowel rhyme in the last syllable of each alternate line, which, as in the more usual *double* asonantes, is kept up through the entire scene. It appears to be the oldest form of the asonante, being found in the earliest primitive ballads, such as that of *Vergilios*, of *Count Arnaldos*, of *The Infanta of France*, &c. (See Duran's *Romancero General*, Madrid, 1849, t. i. p. 151.) In the original of this scene, the vowel used is *e*, which is an effective one in Spanish; for this, which is comparatively weak in English, I have substituted the stronger *o*. The last scene of *The Devotion of the Crofs* is in this *single* asonante vowel rhyme.

*El Gusto.*

Qué tierra es esta?

*El Tañto.*

No sé;

Mas quiera el Cielo que sea  
Tiro, para que aya en él  
Olandas, sedas, y ropas,  
Donde regalado esté  
Mi tañto.

*El Olfato.*

¿ Mejor no fuera,

Que fuera á tanta altivéz  
La gran India de Sabá,  
Donde huviera para oler  
Yo, suavíffimas Aromas?

*El Oído.*

Ninguno ha pedido bien,  
Pedid la India Oriental,  
Porque habitan su vergél  
Dulces Aves, cuyos cantos  
Sonora musica dén,  
Que regalen mis oídos.

*La Vista.*

¿ Necios fois, pues no quereis  
Que sea Tiro, y que aya aqui  
Oro, y diamantes, en que  
Mi vista halle mas reflexos,  
Que el Sol en su roscicler?

*El Gusto.*

Mal aveis deseado todos  
En no desear, y creer,  
Que sea la Tierra de Egypto  
Esta tierra, para que  
En ella hallémos las ollas,  
Que en ella déxo Moyisés,  
Pues no ay en el Mundo gusto  
Sin comer, y sin beber.

*The Taste.*

What land's this?

*The Touch.*

I cannot say.

Heaven but grant 'tis Tyre: if so  
I shall find abundant here—  
Silks, fine linen, purple robes,  
Things my touch delights to feel.

*The Smell.*

Were it not better then to hope  
That 'twill prove some Arab plain—  
Some Sabæan scented shore,  
Where the sweetest odours may  
Glad the happier sense I own?—

*The Hearing.*

No one yet has wish'd aright:  
Wish the land through which we roam  
May be beauteous eastern Ind,  
In whose vocal bowers and groves  
Sweet birds' songs may fill my ears  
With melodious music tones.

*The Sight.*

Idle are your wishes all,  
Since you wish not for the zone  
Where the diamonds glisten bright  
And the land is rich with gold:  
Sweeter to the sight are gems  
Than the morn on roses throned.

*The Taste.*

Badly have you all desired  
In not wishing this alone,—  
That this land should prove to be  
Egypt's comfortable coasts,  
Where perchance we'll find the flesh-pots  
Left by Moses long ago,  
Since the world hath little better  
Than good drink and meat to show.

*El Entendimiento.*

¡ Qué como humanos sentidos  
 Todos deseado aveis  
 Hallar cada uno el objeto,  
 Que mas conviene á su sér !  
 ¿ No fuera mejor que fuera  
 La tosca Tebayda, en quien  
 La penitencia se hallára,  
 Riyendose del poder  
 De las Cortes populosas,  
 Puesto que tan cierto es,  
 Que sin pena de esta vida  
 No aya en la eterna placer ?

*El Hombre.*

¡ Y qué como Entendimiento  
 Has hablado tú ! ¿ Qué estés  
 Siempre aconsejando penas  
 A mis sentidos ? ¿ No véis,  
 Que son sentidos humanos,  
 Y que al fin es menester  
 Alivios, que los diviertan  
 De las fatigas en que  
 Han nacido ?

*El Entendimiento.*

¿ Cómo tú,  
 Siendo su Señor, y Rey,  
 Buelves por ellos ? ¿ Yá olvidas  
 Aquel pasado bayben  
 De la fortuna, en quien viste  
 La Troya del Mundo arder,  
 De adonde te saqué yo ?  
 ¿ Yá te olvidas, que despues  
 En una tormenta viste  
 Tus sentidos padecer  
 Con tantas tribulaciones ?  
 ¿ Yá no te acuerdas de que  
 El Cielo te libró de ellas ?

*The Understanding.*

Human Senses, oh ! how each,  
 Each and all are prompt and prone  
 To desire this land may offer  
 What its instinct longs for most !  
 Were it not better that it prove  
 The Thebais wild and lone,  
 Deserts where pale Penance may  
 Trample down the pride of courts—  
 Since there's nought more sure than  
 this—  
 We through temporal pain alone  
 Can expect th' eternal bliss ?

*The Man.*

Why for ever words of woe  
 Speak'st thou, Understanding, thus ?  
 Why for ever shadows throw  
 On the path my Senses take ?  
 Dost thou not their nature know,  
 That they're human, and require  
 Something soothing to console—  
 Something sweet to ease the pangs  
 That from birth-time they have  
 known ?

*The Understanding.*

Canst thou speak in their defence,  
 Thou who art their King and Lord ?  
 Can it be thou hast forgot  
 That late peril scarcely flown,  
 When from out the world's dread Troy  
 Wrapp'd in sinful flames, alone  
 Thou wert rescued, and by me ?—  
 Hast thou too forgot the roar  
 Of the wild waves, and the plight  
 Of thy senses suffering sore,  
 And that Heaven it was that drew  
 Them and thee from their control ?

*El Gusto.*

No tienes que responder,  
 Yo responderé por tí.  
 Prudentísimas veces,  
 Que aunque fomos de una edad,  
 Solo tú cano te vé,  
 Porque te ha hecho tu podrida  
 Condicion encanecer :  
 ¿ Aora sabes tú, que el hombre,  
 Quando en peligro se vé  
 De la enfermedad prolija,  
 Del enemigo cruel,  
 De la perdida de hacienda,  
 De la esperanza del bien,  
 Solo se acuerda del Cielo,  
 Y que se olvida despues,  
 Que lo uno esté mejorado,  
 U effotro alcanzado esté ?

*El Entendimiento.*

Essa ingratitud le pienso  
 Quitar yo, que aqueste fue  
 Del Entendimiento oficio.

*El Hombre.*

Mi Gusto os ha dicho bien :  
 Sentidos, seguid al Gusto,  
 Y no arguyais mas con él,  
 Sino esta tierra á que avemos  
 Llegado, á reconocer  
 Entrad. Pues eres la Vista,  
 Delante de todos vé,  
 Mira si acafo descubres  
 Poblacion. Tú, que eres fiel,  
 Oído, mira si oyes  
 Voces, que noticia dén  
 De gente, ó ganado. Tú,  
 Del suavíssimo placer

*The Taste.\**

Do not *thou* reply: to *me*  
 Leave the answer and the tone.—  
 O thou cautious eld and wise,  
 Thou whose hair is white and hoar,  
 Thou alone of all our band,  
 Though thine age is not more old—  
 'Tis thy colder constitution  
 Doubtless caps thy head with snow,—  
 Hast thou yet to know that Man,  
 When some peril he beholds,  
 When some tedious sickness threatens,  
 Or some more malicious foe,  
 Or the loss of worldly wealth,  
 Or perchance the hope of gold,  
 Only then remembers Heaven,  
 And remembers it no more,  
 When his health he hath recover'd,  
 Or hath reach'd the wish'd-for goal ?

*The Understanding.*

Be it mine, O Man, to free thee  
 From ingratitude so low,—  
 'Tis thy Understanding's duty.

*The Man.*

Taste, thy words are wise and bold :—  
 Follow Taste, my Senses all,  
 And with *him* dispute no more,—  
 But this land to reconnoitre,  
 On whose bosom we are thrown,  
 Enter now: since thou, O Sight,  
 Seest many a mile before,  
 Look if thou, by any chance,  
 Canst the dwellers here behold.  
 Hearing, thou my faithful friend,  
 Lift if thou canst catch the tones  
 Of human voices borne afar,  
 Or the pasturing herd's deep low.

\* To the Man.

Con que effas flores respiran  
 El rastro figue con él.  
 Mira fi puedes topar  
 Algun blando lecho en quien  
 Descanse. Y tú, Gusto, al fin,  
 Mira fi hallas que comer,  
 Y todos buscad delicias  
 Para mí.

*El Entendimiento.*

Aunque defee,  
 Que halles, penitencia, yendo  
 A effo, la Culpa hallaréis.

*La Vista.*

Yo veré fi ay publicacion. [*Vafe.*

*El Hombre.*

Y yo me quedo fin vér.

*El Oído.*

Yo escucharé fi oygo voces. [*Vafe.*

*El Hombre.*

Yo, ausente tú, nada oiré.

*El Tacto.*

Yo, fi ay lecho en quien descansas.

*El Hombre.* [*Vafe.*

Yá yo no le he menester.

*El Olfato.*

Yo, fi hallo blandos aromas. [*Vafe.*

*El Hombre.*

Yá no tienes para qué.

*El Gusto.*

Yo, fi hallo dulces manjares. [*Vafe.*

*El Hombre.*

Aora no quiero comer,  
 Porque mientras vais vosotros  
 El Mundo á reconocer,  
 Al pie de este Cyprés quedo  
 Echado á dormir.

[*Echase al pie de un Cyprés.*

Thou whose rapture rises sweet  
 From each scented flower that blows,  
 Follow too the track with them :—  
 Some soft bed for my repose  
*Thou* by gentle pressure find,—  
 And the task, O Taste, I'll throw  
 Upon thee of finding food.  
 All on separate missions go,  
 Seeking sweet delights for me.

*The Understanding.*

By another path I hoped  
 Thou wouldst Penance find : pursuing  
*That*, thou'lt find Sin's syren door.

*The Sight.*

I depart to look for people. [*Exit.*

*The Man.*

Blind I stay, since Sight hath flown.

*The Hearing.*

I to list if sounds can reach me. [*Exit.*

*The Man.*

Since thou'rt gone, I hear no more.

*The Touch.*

I a bed in which to rest thee. [*Exit.*

*The Man.*

None I need now for repose.

*The Smell.*

I to find delicious odours. [*Exit.*

*The Man.*

Now they're naught, how sweet they  
 blow.

*The Taste.*

I sweet favoury food to seek for. [*Exit.*

*The Man.*

Now the thoughts of food I loathe.  
 Wherefore, whilst you all depart  
 To explore this land unknown,  
 I, in sleep, my weary body  
 At this cypress' foot shall throw.

[*He lies down.*



*El Entendimiento.*

Qué bien,

Para dormir, los sentidos  
 Apartas de tí; pues es  
 Cierto, que queda sin ellos  
 El que duerme: y qué bien fue  
 Cyprés el Arbol, que aquí  
 Tomaste para tí, pues  
 Viene á ser Arbol de muerte,  
 De quien el sueño tambien  
 Es sombra: y aunque dorados  
 Los ricos Catres estén,  
 En que descanfen los hombres,  
 Desde el mendigo, hasta el Rey,  
 Aunque sean de otras maderas,  
 Son Arboles de Cyprés.  
 Quedó el hombre sin sentido,  
 Y durmió; ¿yá qué he de hacer?  
 Que aunque potencia del alma  
 Soy, y ella, que mortal no es,  
 Dormir no puede, este tiempo  
 Que yáze el hombre, tambien  
 Estoy yo sin discurrir,  
 Sin percibir, ni entender.  
 Vaga mi imaginacion  
 Confusas visiones vé;  
 Y todo es tiniebla, y sombras  
 Para mí el Mundo, porque  
 Sin los sentidos no puedo  
 Actos de razon hacer:  
 Seguirélos, pues sin mí  
 Se queda el hombre la vez  
 Que duerme, y que sepultado  
 Temporal cadaver es.

[*Vase.*]*El Hombre.*

Ay de mí! pesado sueño,  
 No tanto me aflijas, ten  
 La violencia de las sombras.  
 ¿Qué es lo que mis ojos vén

*The Understanding.*

Yes; 'tis right that thou shouldst sleep,  
 Since apart from thee, there prone,  
 Are thy Senses; for 'tis certain  
 That the man who sleeps doth hold  
 Them no longer in his keeping:  
 And the tree thou sleep'ft below,  
 Rightly hath thy choice selected,  
 Since the cypress long hath grown  
 Death's especial tree; and sleep  
 Is death's shadow as we know.  
 Thus though weary man may slumber  
 In rich couches gilded o'er,  
 Call the wood of which they're made  
 What you please, to king and clown  
 Cypress is it all the while.  
 Here then Man, by sleep o'erthrown,  
 Lies insensate: this being so,  
 What remains for me to do?  
 Since although I am the soul's  
 Manifested power, and *that*  
 Deathless spark no sleep can know,  
 Still while man thus lies, am I  
 Likewise left without discourse,  
 Powerless to perceive or think.  
 Now my fantasy beholds  
 Visions all confused and dim,  
 Darkness o'er the world is thrown,  
 Since without the Senses, I  
 Lose all reason and control:  
 I shall follow them, since Man,  
 While his eyes in sleep are closed,  
 Without *me* remains, and buried  
 Thus, is for the while a corpse. [*Exit.*]

*The Man (asleep).*

Woe is me! oppressive dream,  
 Pain me not so much! withhold  
 These thy shadows' violent rage.  
 What is this my eyes behold,

Sin vista? Mas digo mal,  
 Que mis sentidos cobré;  
 Si bien informes, y brutos,  
 En el punto que llegué  
 A vér estos fieros monstruos,  
 Que me quieren desahacer;  
 Me pafma advertir, que quando  
 Esperaba, que cruel  
 Cada uno cebasse en mí,  
 Todos se echan á mis pies;  
 Por señas dicen, que huya,  
 Que los quiero conocer  
 Parece; desesperados  
 Se entran al Monte otra vez.  
 Qué es esto, Cielos!

*Al irse sale el ENTENDIMIENTO como  
 affombrado.*

*El Entendimiento.*  
 Escucha,

Ulísés, yo lo diré,  
 Que aunque estás aora incapáz  
 De sentir, tocar, y vér,  
 Porque brutos tus sentidos,  
 Y entorpecidos se vén,  
 Por los vicios, á que tú  
 Los diste licencia; bien  
 Me entiendes: mas los del alma  
 Fuerza es que velando estén.  
 Apenas fuimos, Ulísés,  
 Vagando aquefite Orizonte  
 Tus compañeros, del Monte  
 Penetrando los Países,  
 Quando un Palacio eminente

Though my fight is gone?—Ah me!  
 Badly must my thoughts be told  
 Till my senses I recover.  
 But I seem to see a swarm  
 Of misshapen beasts approach me,  
 Bent on draining my heart's gore.  
 When their cruel fangs my fear  
 Seems to fasten round my throat,  
 At my feet I see them kneeling  
 With submissive reverence low:  
 They by signs appear to say,  
 Fly! oh! fly this fatal shore!  
 Then when they perceive that I  
 This their hidden meaning know,  
 In despair they all re-enter  
 The wild mountain waste once more.  
 What is this? O Heavens!

*As he starts up, the UNDERSTANDING  
 enters amazed.*

*The Understanding.*  
 Ulysses,

Hear me, and thou soon art told.  
 For although thou hast not now  
 Power to see, or feel, or hold,  
 Since thy Senses have become  
 Torpid, brutalised, o'erthrown  
 By the vices that thou gav'st them  
 Leave to seek, yet still I know  
 Thou canst understand my meaning  
 Through the soul's instinctive force.\*  
 Scarce had we, Ulysses, gone  
 This wild mountain's summit over,  
 Hope, some fair fields to discover,  
 Thy companions leading on,  
 When our fight beheld with wonder

\* The alternate vowel monorhymes terminate here, and the metre changes to the full consonant rhyme as in the text.

Nuestra vista descubrió,  
 Cuya eminencia tocó  
 A las nubes con la frente.  
 Llegamos á sus umbrales,  
 Y aviendo llegado á ellos,  
 En dos Esquadrones bellos  
 De hermosuras celestiales,  
 Vimos salirnos á hacer  
 Fiestas á nuestra fortuna,  
 Con varias músicas una  
 Hermosísima muger.  
 De passo la repetí  
 Nuestra peregrinacion,  
 Que el uso de la razon  
 Siempre me ha tocado á mí.  
 Ella, afablemente humana,  
 Dulcemente lisonjera,  
 A entender nos dió, que era  
 De estos Campos la Diana.  
 Mas yo, como Entendimiento  
 Soy, y á mi divino sér  
 Siempre le toca tener  
 Natural conocimiento,  
 Conocí al instante, que era  
 La Culpa fiera, y cruel,  
 Que á habitar en un Verjél  
 Fue desde la edad primera.  
 Aquí damas fuyas son  
 Los vicios con que ella lidia,  
 Lascivia, Gula, y Embidia,  
 Lisonja, y Murmuracion.  
 Mandonos agasfajar  
 De estas damas, y ellas luego  
 Al mandato, si no al ruego,  
 Quisieron executar :  
 Y con viciosos placeres  
 Al momento nos brindaron ;  
 Tus sentidos, que se hallaron  
 Servidos yá de mugeres

A proud palace rich and fair,  
 For whose lofty roofs the air  
 Bade the gold clouds part afunder.  
 We its beauteous thresholds nearing,  
 Reach'd them, and beheld, delighted,  
 Two fair squadrons difunited  
 Of celestial nymphs appearing,  
 And with smiling looks of human  
 Sympathy for our ditresses—  
 Music mingling its careffes—  
 After them one beauteous woman.  
 Of our perils on the sea,  
 Of our journeyings ending never,  
 Brief I spoke, since Reason ever  
 Throws that duty upon me.  
 Then her voice so softly bland,  
 Yielding swift to pity's law,  
 Let us know, in her we saw  
 The Diana of this land.  
 I, the Understanding, who  
 To that part which is divine  
 Add a wit so keen and fine,  
 By my natural instinct knew  
 She was Sin, that fierce and fell  
 Monster full of ravening rage,  
 She who when of earliest age  
 In a garden loved to dwell,  
 And her dames, to whose address  
 All her wiles entrusteth she,  
 Are Envy, Calumny, Gluttony,  
 Flattery, and Voluptuousness.  
 These, her ladies, then she bade  
 To regale us,—a behest  
 Scarcely needed ; the request  
 Seem'd to make them but too glad,  
 Since upon the instant they  
 Flung their vicious wiles around them,  
 And thy Senses, who thus found them  
 Served in this seductive way

Tan hermosas, y tan bellas,  
 Sin vér que el Entendimiento  
 Allí se hallaba, al momento  
 Se conformaron con ellas.  
 La Embidia, que es toda enojos  
 Del bien que en los otros vé,  
 Viendo á la Vista, porque  
 La Embidia, al fin, toda es ojos.  
 La Lascivia, que se ofrece  
 En los alhagos cruel,  
 Brindó al Tacto, porque él  
 Las blanduras apetece.  
 La Murmuracion, que es quien  
 Lo malo vé, y no lo bueno,  
 Brindó al Olfato, que lleno  
 De este defecto le vén.  
 Solo por esso le igualo  
 Con causa al murmurador,  
 Que no alaba lo mejor,  
 Y hace lo malo mas malo.  
 La Gula al Gusto brindó,  
 Probarlo no es menester ;  
 Porque bien se dexa vér,  
 Que el Gusto á la Gula amó.  
 La Lisonja, mortal fiera  
 De las Cortes, al Oído  
 Brindó, que él objeto ha sido  
 De toda voz lisongjera.  
 La Sobervia, con intento  
 De que el veneno que esconde  
 Passasse á mí, porque es donde  
 Peligra el Entendimiento,  
 Me brindó ; mas sin el fruto,  
 Que de mí estaba esperando,  
 Por saber yo, que en pecando  
 Se convierte el hombre en bruto.  
 David lo diga, que atento  
 Este sentir en él hallo,  
 Que el que peca es un cavallo,

By such lovely ladies fair,  
 (Neither wishing nor demanding  
 Aid from me, the Understanding),  
 Yielded all, without a care.  
 Envy, who with agonies  
 Sees another's merit shine,  
 Pledged the Sight, because in fine  
 Envy is herself all eyes.  
 Wantonness, that ever were  
 Cruel most when most caressing,  
 Tempted Touch by her addressing,  
 Since he loves soft lures like her.  
 Calumny that doth reject  
 Good for bad, and false for true,  
 Smell selected, since he too  
 Labours 'neath the same defect :  
 If on this account alone,  
 He with Calumny should mate,  
 That he ne'er doth celebrate  
 The better and the worse makes known.  
 Gluttony the Taste allured,  
 Little proof this needs from me,  
 Since that Taste loves Gluttony  
 All the world is well assured.  
 Flattery was Hearing's choice,—  
 Flattery, that mortal pest,  
 Known to courts, where he's the quest  
 Of each false and flattering voice.  
 Pride, with full intent that I  
 Should her hidden poison drink,  
 (Understanding, Danger's brink  
 Neareth, when that nymph is nigh),  
 Came and pledged me, but the fruit  
 Hoped for so, she fail'd in winning,  
 Since I know that man, by sinning  
 Is transmuted to a brute.  
 David's song the sinner tells,  
 If in sin persisteth he,  
 Comes a beast of earth to be,

En quien no ay entendimiento.  
 Y fue assi, que como fueron  
 Bebiendo, todos mudados  
 En fieras, y transformados  
 En varias formas se vieron.  
 Mas atencion desde aqui,  
 Hombre, te pide mi acento ;  
 Escucha á tu entendimiento,  
 Que es el que te habla.

*El Hombre.*

Dí.

*El Entendimiento.*

La Vista, en Tigre cruel  
 Fue de la Embidia despojos,  
 Que este animal todo es ojos,  
 Bien lo publica su piel  
 Manchada de ellos ; y quando  
 No baste esto, bastará,  
 Que el Tigre muerte se dá,  
 Si oye música, rabiando.  
 Y el embidioso, en sus penas  
 Se dá muerte cada dia,  
 Si oye la dulce harmonia  
 Que hacen las dichas agenas.  
 El Tacto, que fue el objeto  
 Que á la Lascivia creyó,  
 En Osso se convirtió,  
 Que este animal, imperfecto.  
 Sin forma, y sin ojos nace :  
 Y el Apetito, á creer lleo,  
 Que nace sin forma, y ciego,  
 Pues tantos errores hace.  
 El Gusto (gloton hambriento)  
 En un bruto inmundo fue  
 Transformado ; esto porque  
 Solo á su comida atento  
 Vive, sin que de su pecho  
 El hombre servicio adquiriera,  
 Pues ha menester que muera

In whose soul no reason dwells.  
 Thus it was, as each, the bowl  
 Drank of poison'd bliss deranged,  
 Quick to grovelling beasts they changed,  
 Rest of sense, of shape, of soul.  
 Thy attention, O thou weak  
 Man ! my voice is still demanding ;  
 Listen to thy Understanding,  
 Who doth speak to thee.

*The Man.*

Still speak.

*The Understanding.*

Sight, a tiger fierce did grow.  
 He, the keen-eyed Envy's prize,  
 Since an animal all eyes,  
 As its spotted skin doth show,  
 Is the tiger, and we may  
 This additional reason add,  
 That the tiger dieth mad,  
 If he hears sweet music play.  
 Thus the envious man doth feel  
 Every day the pangs of death,  
 If he heareth rumour's breath  
 Sweetly speak another's weal.  
 Touch, that soon became the thrall  
 Of Desire's lascivious air,  
 Was transform'd into a bear—  
 An imperfect animal,  
 At its birth unform'd and blind—  
 As is Appetite, that makes,  
 Therefore, all its dread mistakes  
 Sightless, formless, undefined.  
 Taste, the hungry glutton, grew  
 Easily a filthy swine—  
 It a beast that doth incline  
 But to eat and eat anew,—  
 Long delaying to conduce  
 To man's benefit thereby,  
 Since 'tis needful he must die

Para serle de provecho.  
 El Olfato, que entregado  
 Se vió á la murmuracion,  
 Se convirtió en un Leon,  
 Que es quien rugidos ha dado.  
 Y finalmente, el Oído,  
 Que falsedades creyó  
 Lisongjeras, se miró  
 En Camaleon convertido :  
 Y el bruto, que virir quiere  
 Del viento solo fiado,  
 Es el mas vivo traslado  
 De la lisonga en que muere.

*El Hombre.*

Docto Entendimiento mio  
 En gran peligro me veo,  
 A mis sentidos desseo  
 Rescatar con mi alvedrio,  
 Para vivir, pues que yo  
 No puedo de aqui ausentarme,  
 Que no tengo de dexarme  
 Compañeros, que me dió  
 Mi misma naturaleza.  
 Y supuesto que perdidos  
 Todos mis cinco sentidos  
 Están en esta aspereza  
 De la culpa, entrar intento  
 A libertarlos, porque  
 Bien de la empresa saldré,  
 Si voy con mi Entendimiento.

*El Entendimiento.*

Pues que conmigo has de ir  
 A cobrarlos, ha de ser  
 Con tres cosas que has de hacer.  
 Primeramente, pedir  
 Al Cielo perdon de que  
 Tan mal los aconsejaste,  
 Que al riesgo los entregaste.  
 Otra, confesar que fue

Ere he turns to any use.  
 Calumny, that had thrown out  
 Lures to Smell, converted him  
 Into a lion, gaunt and grim,  
 Who, loud roaring, roams about.  
 Lastly, Hearing, that had grown  
 But to live on what it heard,  
 Trusting every idle word,  
 Changed to a chameleon ;  
 Since the being that but needs  
 For its life the air, be sure  
 Is a lively portraiture  
 Of the sense that Flattery feeds.

*The Man.*

O my guide in every ill !  
 'Mid the risks that round me hover,  
 I my Senses would recover  
 By the ransom of my will,  
 If 'twere but to live, since I  
 Have no power by flight to save me,  
 If all those whom Nature gave me,  
 As companions, forth not fly  
 With me from this fatal coast.  
 And supposing that within  
 This enchanted wild of sin  
 My five Senses may be lost,  
 Still I'll enter, notwithstanding,  
 Them to free, because I know  
 I to victory must go,  
 Going with my Understanding.

*The Understanding.*

Since then to this dangerous task,  
 Led by me, you mean to run,  
 There are three things to be done.  
 In the first place, you must ask  
 Heaven to pardon the express  
 Sanction and unwise advice  
 Given by you, that they to Vice  
 Should entrust them : next, confess

Tuya la culpa que ha auido,  
Aunque ellos fueron, Ulíses,  
Los que entregarle quisieron.  
Y otra, averse arrepentido.

*El Hombre.*

Digo, que pido perdon  
Del mal exemplo, (ay de mí !)  
Que á mis sentidos les dí :  
Digo, que hago confession  
De la culpa que he tenido  
De que se ayan entregado  
A las manos del pecado,  
Y que voy arrepentido.

*Tocan Chirimías, y descubrese un Arco  
Iris en un Carro, y en él la PENI-  
TENCIA, y canta la Música.*

*La Música.*

Yá que el Hombre confessa su culpa,  
Y arrepentido me pide perdon,  
(O Penitencia !) pues eres el Iris,  
Acude bolando á darle favor.

*Penitencia.*

Yá corro veloz  
En el arco de Paz, en quien haces  
Las amistades del hombre, y de Dios.

*El Hombre.*

¿ Qué música tan sonora  
Es la que oímos los dos ?

*El Entendimiento.*

Auxilio es que te dá Dios.

*El Hombre.*

¿ Y aquel bello Arco, que aora  
Sobre las nubes se assienta ?

*El Entendimiento.*

Arco es, que la Paz abona,

That the fault was thine that cast  
Them into the snares of sin,  
They not loath to enter in,—  
Let repentance be the last.

*The Man.*

I declare, for such transgression,  
For the bad example given  
To my Senses, I ask Heaven  
To forgive me : next, confession  
For the fault, by whose event  
Into Sin's foul hands they fell,  
I declare aloud as well :  
And that truly I repent.

*There is a peal of Clarions, and a  
Rainbow appears ; beneath it is a  
Chariot, and in it is PENANCE ; the  
Music sings.*

*The Music.*

Now that Man his sinful fault confesses,  
And repenting asks to be forgiven,  
Fly, O Penance ! fly, celestial Iris,  
Grace to grant him once again from  
Heaven !

*Penance.*

Yes, adown the sky,  
On the arch of Peace I fly—  
On the arch whose mystic span  
Amity proclaims 'twixt God and man.

*The Man.*

Ah ! that music so sonorous  
Which we hear, what may it be ?—

*The Understanding.*

God's assistance aiding thee.

*The Man.*

And that beauteous Bow, that o'er us  
Rests on clouds its radiant form ?

*The Understanding.*

Is the Bow that bringeth Peace—

Y que yá cesó pregona  
El rigor de la tormenta.  
Dios le puso por señal  
De Paz entre sí, y el hombre,  
Y así el verle no te afombre.

*El Hombre.*

¿Y la Ninfa Celestial,  
Quién es, que saberlo espero ?

*El Entendimiento.*

La Iris, Embaxatriz  
Mas solícita, y feliz  
Del Jupiter verdadero,  
La que á los hombres embia  
A consolar su dolencia.

*El Hombre.*

Pues quién es ?

*El Entendimiento.*

La Penitencia ;

Bien que en esta alegoría  
Probado está con decir,  
Que es la que con dulce nombre  
Se pone entre Dios, y el hombre.

*El Hombre.*

Su voz bolvamos á oír.

*La Música.*

Pues el hombre confiesa, &c.

*Penitencia.*

Yá corro veloz, &c.  
Christiano Ulises, tus voces  
En el Empyreo se oyeron,  
Que ellas hasta él subir saben  
Por las Escalas del viento.  
Y viendo, que tus sentidos  
Tan postrados, y deshechos  
De la culpa están, y que es

Is the Bow that maketh cease  
All the rigour of the storm.  
God has placed it as a sign—  
Peaceful sign—'twixt him and thee :  
Therefore, Man, rejoice and see.

*The Man.*

And the heavenly nymph divine,  
Who is she? oh! make her known!

*The Understanding.*

Iris, the Embassadrefs,  
Who with happy haste doth press  
Downward from the true Jove's throne,  
Bears her hither, to console  
Man in all his misery.

*The Man.*

And her name?—

*The Understanding.*

Is Penance: see

How this allegoric whole  
Proves what has been said before,—  
She it is who comes in Heaven's high  
plan,  
Mediating betwixt God and man.

*The Man.*

Let us hear her voice once more.

*The Music.*

Now that man, &c.

*Penance.*

Yes, adown the sky, &c.  
Christian-born Ulysses, higher  
Than the heavens were heard thy ac-  
cents,\*  
They well knowing how to climb there  
By the wind's invifible ladder,  
When, beholding that thy Senses  
Were by sin o'erthrown and scatter'd,

\* The aſonante vowels in the original are, e, o, as in Viento, Oyeron, &c.; for theſe I have ſubſtituted, in this ſcene, a, e, as in accents, ladder, enchanted, &c.



El rescatarlos tu intento,  
 El gran Jupiter me embia  
 Con auxilios, y consuelos  
 A tí, para que la Culpa  
 Con sus hechizos sobervios  
 No pueda dañarte, y puedas  
 Tú postrarlos, y vencerlos.  
 Aqueítas flores te traygo,

[*Dale un Ramillete de flores.*

Que es un Ramillete bello  
 De virtudes matizadas  
 Con la Sangre de un Cordero,  
 De quien Ara fue cuenta  
 La Inmenfa crueldad de un Leño.  
 En virtud de sus virtudes  
 Postrar podrás sus venenos,  
 Que no tendrán fuerza alguna  
 En tocandolas á ellos.  
 Toma, y á Dios: y no temas  
 Que me ausente, aunque me ausento,  
 Porque siempre que me llames,  
 Verás, que á tus voces vuelvo.

*Ella, y Música.*

Corriendo veloz  
 En el arco de Paz, en quien hace  
 Las amistades del hombre, y de Dios.

[*Tocan Chirimías, y desaparece el Arco.*

*El Hombre.*

Iris bello, hermosa Ninfa,  
 No desvanezcas tan presto  
 Tanta multitud de Estrellas,  
 Tanta copia de Luzeros.

*El Entendimiento*

Rayo de Luz, que has corrido  
 Por las Campanas del viento,  
 Señal de Paz, que á Moyfés

And that thy intention is  
 For their rescue to do battle,—  
 Me, to aid thee and to counsel,  
 Hath the mighty Jove despatched,  
 That from all Sin's proud bewitchments  
 Should to thee no evil happen;  
 And that thou may'st wholly conquer  
 And undo her worst enchantments,  
 Take these flowers that I bring thee.

[*Lets fall a bunch of flowers.*

Beauteous bunch of flowers, all dappled  
 O'er with virtues from the life-blood  
 Of a Lamb, whose crimson altar  
 Was a tree's unmeasured hardness,  
 By whose mystic aid thou mayest  
 All her poison'd snares down trample;  
 Touch them but with this—that moment

Shall they lose all power to harm thee—  
 Take it, and adieu! Thou need'st not  
 Fear my absence; for, though absent,  
 Ever when thou callest on me  
 Thou shalt see that I will answer.

*Penance and Music together.*

Yes, along the sky,  
 On the arch of Peace I fly—  
 On the arch whose mystic span  
 Amity proclaims 'twixt God and man.

[*While the Clarions play, the Rainbow and Penance disappear.*

*The Man.*

Beauteous Iris, lovely nymph,  
 Do not hide in such swift darkness  
 Such a host of starry splendours—  
 Such a crowd of meteor flashes.

*The Understanding.*

Ray of light, that through the wind-  
 swept  
 Plains of azure Heaven hath darted—

Dios señaló en el Desierto :

*El Hombre.*

Tente, aguarda.

*El Entendimiento.*

Escucha, espera.

*El Hombre.*

Fuese, dexandome impresso  
Un renglon de tres colores  
En el Papel de los Cielos.  
¡ Ay Entendimiento mio,  
Dichoso soy, pues que tengo  
Con que vencer los encantos  
De esta Circe !

*El Entendimiento.*

Alza del suelo

Estas flores.

*El Hombre.*

Ay de mí !

*El Entendimiento.*

Qué sientes ?

*El Hombre.*

Herirme siento

Con sus espinas. [*Alza las flores.*]

*El Entendimiento.*

Las flores

De la penitencia, es cierto  
Que asperas son al principio,  
Quanto son fragantes luego.

*El Hombre.*

Espinas de mi pecado,  
Con temor á alzaros llego.  
Vamos, que aunque mis sentidos  
Estén cautivos, y presos  
De su bellissimo encanto,  
Así libertad pretendo.

*El Entendimiento.*

No tienes que ir á buscarla,

Sign of peace, which in the desert  
God to Moses indicated—

*The Man.*

Stay! detain thee!

*The Understanding.*

Listen! wait!

*The Man.*

She is gone, but in her passage  
Leaving me a line of greeting  
Writ in triple-hued enamel,  
On the skies cerulean paper,—  
Understanding mine, how happy  
Am I in a power possessing  
Of subduing the enchantments  
Of this Circe !

*The Understanding.*

From the ground

Raise the flowers.

*The Man (in doing so).*

Oh !

*The Understanding.*

What smarts thee ?

*The Man.*

By the sharp thorns round these roses  
I am wounded.

*The Understanding.*

Yes; the sharpness

Of the penitential flowers  
Is the first thing felt, but after,  
Nought but their delicious fragrance.

*The Man.*

Ah! with fear I stoop to handle  
Ye, the sharp thorns of my sin.  
Let us on! for though this fastness  
Keeps my captive senses chain'd,  
Spell-bound by such sweet enchantment,  
Still I hope to liberate them.

*The Understanding.*

Then to meet with the enchantress,

Que ella á buscarte á este puesto  
Ha falido, con las voces  
De muficas, é Instrumentos.

*Salen la LASCIVIA, y la CULPA detrás  
de todos, y traen una Salvilla, un  
Vaso de plata, y otra una Toalla al  
Hombro.*

*La Música.*

En hora dichosa venga  
A estos Jardines amenos  
El Peregrino del Mar,  
Donde halle feguro Puerto.

*La Culpa.*

En hora dichosa venga,  
Digan los dulces acentos,  
Una, y mil veces, fin que  
Nada les usurpe el eco,  
Vandolero de los Ayres,  
Que se queda con los medios.  
En hora dichosa venga  
El hombre, que por sus hechos  
Es assunto de la fama  
Por su valor, y su ingenio,  
Donde tengan sus fortunas  
Dulce Patria, amado centro,  
Noble asylo, illustre amparo,  
Blando albergue, y feliz Puerto.  
Apenas supe, inconstante  
Huesped de dos Elementos,  
Que sobre tribulaciones  
Baten las olas, furgiendo  
Yá los embates del Mar,  
Yá las rafagas del Viento.  
Apenas supe, Señor,  
Oy de vuestros compañeros,  
(A quien yá en Palacios mios  
Bien agafajados tengo)

Thou no farther need'ft to go,  
Since to meet thee she advances.  
See, she comes with songs and music,  
And her firen train, to charm thee!

*Enter SIN, followed by VOLUPTUOUSNESS,  
FLATTERY, and others. VOLUPTU-  
OUSNESS bears a falver, on which is a  
silver goblet, and FLATTERY a napkin.*

*The Music.*

Happy, happy, be the hour  
That to these delicious gardens  
Comes the Pilgrim of the Sea,  
In a safe port happily landed.

*Sin.*

Happy be the hour he cometh!  
Sing again in softest accents—  
Once, a thousand times repeat it—  
So that Echo, the freehanded  
Robber of the air, may filch not  
From the sound his usual largess.  
Happy be the hour that cometh  
Here the man to whom is granted,  
For his wit and worth in warfare,  
Fame the proudest and the amplest:  
Here, wherein a home and country  
Now his happier fate imparteth,—  
A proud shelter—a high safeguard—  
A soft rest—a happy haven.  
Scarcely had I heard, O ever  
Changeful guest of air and water,  
Of two elements the victor,  
Since on troublous billows wafted,  
Now the rude sea's rage thou curbest—  
Now the wild wind's mightier mad-  
Scarcely had I heard, my lord, [ness:—  
From thy comrades, whom my palace  
Entertaineth now and welcomes  
In obedience to my mandate,—

Que erais el valiente Ulises,  
 Que quiere decir en Griego  
 Hombre ingenioso (que al fin  
 No ay fin, cautelas ingenio)  
 Que de la Troya del Mundo  
 Huyendo venís al fuego,  
 A quien vos mismo en vos mismo  
 Alimentais en incendios,  
 Quando á recibiros salgo  
 Con todo esse Coro bello  
 De mis damas, celebrando  
 Tan noble recibimiento.  
 Llegad todas á sus plantas,  
 Y con cortesefes festejos  
 Le saludad; y porque  
 El que en el Mar tanto tiempo  
 Fluctuó golfos de penas  
 En pielagos de tormentos,  
 Es la sed la que le asije;  
 Mas á quién no admira esto,  
 Que siendo el Mar todo agua,  
 Tenga á su huesped sediento?  
 Brindadle con esse Nectar,  
 Que está de dulzuras lleno,  
 En tanto que en mis Palacios  
 Mas regalos le prevengo.

*La Lascivia.*

Bebe, Señor, el sabroso  
 Licor que yo te presento.

*El Entendimiento.*

¡Ay de tí, si le beberies,  
 Que todo es lascivo fuego!  
 Qué haces?

*El Hombre.*

Para resistirme  
 Conmigo mesmo peleo.

*El Entendimiento.*

¡No le bebas, yá no sabes  
 Que es tofigo, y es veneno?

That thou wert the brave Ulysses,  
 Which doth mean in Grecian parlance,  
 An astute-soul'd man (astuteness  
 Being, as 'twere, a twin with talent),  
 Who from flaming Troy escaping,  
 Hither to a fire hast wander'd,  
 Which within thyself thou feedest,  
 From internal quenchless ashes,—  
 When I hurried to receive thee  
 With this beauteous choir of damsels,  
 Celebrating with due honour  
 Such a noble stranger's advent.  
 At his feet then lowly kneeling,  
 Welcome in the costliest manner  
 His arrival, and, because  
 He who in the sea has tarried  
 Such a length of time, exchanging  
 Gulfs of gloom for waves of saltness,  
 Was by thirst afflicted mostly—  
 Strange, the sea, which is all water,  
 That it should its guests leave thirsty,  
 And the liquid store so ample!—  
 Pledge him with this honey'd nectar  
 Sweeten'd by celestial favours,  
 While within my palace yonder  
 Are prepared more festive banquets.

*Voluptuousness.*

Drink, my lord, the sweetly-savour'd  
 Liquor, which I dare to hand thee.

*The Understanding.*

Woe to thee, if thou dost drink it!  
 Liquid lust-fire fills that chalice!  
 What then wilt thou do?

*The Man.*

I struggle  
 With myself in self-fought battle!—

*The Understanding.*

Drink it not: the draught concealeth  
 Poison deadlier than the adder.

*El Hombre.*

Sí, Entendimiento, y tu aviso  
Ha llegado á muy buen tiempo.  
Estoy cobarde, estoy mudo,  
Tanto al cortés cumplimiento,  
Que debo á vuestra beldad,  
Y á vuestra hermosura debo ;  
Que aunque retorico fui,  
Al miraros enmudezco :  
En fé de lo qual, el nectar  
Con que me brindais acepto ;  
Mas por no ser descortes  
Haré la salva primero  
Con estas flores, que no  
Se atreven á ser groseros  
Tanto mis labios, que lleguen  
Sin aqueſſe cumplimiento.

[*Toca el Vaso en el Ramillete, y  
sale Fuego.*

*La Lascivia.*

Ay de mí ! El Fuego que avia  
En este Vaso encubierto  
Rebentó.

*El Hombre.*

Es verdad, que mal  
Arde encendido tu fuego,  
Vil Lascivia.

*La Lascivia.*

Ay infelíz !

*La Culpa.*

Mortales furias !

*El Hombre.*

Qué es esto ?

*La Culpa.*

Saber oy, que desvanezcas  
Mis encantos.

*El Hombre.*

Sí, que aviendo

*The Man.*

Yes, my Understanding, yes : [*Aside.*  
Timely come thy words to warn me :—  
I am timid, I am mute, [*To Sin.*  
Thinking of the courteous favour  
Which I owe to thy perfections,  
Which I owe thy beauty, lady.  
For, though skill'd in speech were I,  
Dumb I'd grow in gazing at thee :—  
Therefore I thy proffer'd nectar  
Take, and thus by taking thank thee ;  
But, that I may not be wholly  
Wanting in more courteous manner,  
I shall first salute and touch it  
With these flowers, the grosser advent  
Of my lips presuming only  
Such sweet tribute to come after.

[*He dips the nosegay in the golet  
from which fire issues.*

*Voluptuousness.*

Woe is me ! the secret fire  
Which within this cup I scatter'd  
Has burst forth.

*The Man.*

'Tis true, for hard  
Is't to hide the fire thou wakest,  
Vile Voluptuousness.

*Voluptuousness.*

Ah ! me,

Woe the day !—

*Sin.*

My fury mads me !

*The Man.*

Why, O Sin ?

*Sin.*

For now I know  
You have conquer'd my enchantments.

*The Man.*

Yes, for having ventured hither

Llegado aquí acompañado  
De mi noble entendimiento,  
Aunque llegué sin sentidos,  
Porque tú me los has preso,  
Con este ramo fabré  
Desvanecer tus intentos,  
Porque es el ramo de Iris,  
Que está de virtudes lleno.

*La Culpa.*

Ay infelice de mí !  
¿ Aviendo volado el fuego  
De la mina, que ocultaba  
Entre lisonja mi pecho,  
Cómo soy yo, cómo soy  
La que me abrazo? Qué es esto?  
¿ Tú eres quien la mina enciende,  
Y soy yo quien la rebiento?

*El Hombre.*

Sí, que sabiendo que eres  
Horror de aqueftos Desiertos,  
Y Circe de estas Montañas,  
Que quiere decir en Griego  
Malignicosa Hechicera,  
A darte la muerte vengo,  
Y á rescatar mis sentidos  
De la prision de tus hierros.

[*Saca la Daga.*

*La Culpa.*

Ten la Daga; espera, aguarda,  
No manches tan noble acero  
En mí, que soy inmortal,  
Y ya sin morir me has muerto.  
Yo bolveré tus sentidos  
A fu sér, porque viniendo  
Armado de las virtudes,  
Que dió tu arrepentimiento,  
No tengo yo poder, no,  
Para guardarlos mas tiempo.

Companied and happily guarded  
By my noble Understanding,  
Though I come here in the absence  
Of my Senses, still kept captive  
By thy wiles, to me is granted  
Power to frustrate thy intentions  
By this little branch I carry—  
Wonder-working branch of Iris—  
Full of virtues and of marvels.

*Sin.*

Ah! unhappy me! the fire  
Having from the mine departed,  
Which beneath fair Flattery's seeming  
Hid my heart within its caverns!  
How am I? Oh! how am I  
Still its victim? How does't happen  
That the mine for thee enkindled,  
Bursts 'neath me and leaves me blasted?

*The Man.*

Thus; no sooner had I heard  
That thou wert the shame and scandal  
Of these deserts, the dread Circe  
Of these mountains, the enchantress  
That thy Grecian name expresses,  
Than I came here to despatch thee,  
And to liberate my Senses  
From the prison of thy shackles.

[*Draws his dagger.*

*Sin.*

Hold thy hand! Oh! do not thou  
Stain the bright steel of thy dagger  
With the blood of an immortal.  
Deathless though I be, thou stabbest  
Deep enough without such aidance.  
Back, the Senses thou demandest  
I shall give thee, since beholding  
That thy penitence hath arm'd thee  
So with virtues, I no longer [them.  
Have the strength or power to guard

Oído, que oíste lifonjas,  
Que tu dulce encanto fueron,  
Por quien te tuvo trocado  
En Camaleon tu afecto.

*Sale el OÍDO como affombrado.*

*El Oído.*

¿De qué letargo tan dulce  
A esta nueva voz despierto?

*La Culpa.*

Olfato murmurador  
De lo malo, y de lo bueno,  
Que fuiste Leon, que diste  
Dañado olor con tu aliento.

*Sale el OLFATO affombrado.*

*El Olfato.*

¿O nunca yo despertara  
De tan regalado sueño!

*La Culpa.*

Tacto, que lascivamente  
Empleado en tus deseos  
Oso fuiste, pues que nace  
Sin forma, sin vista, y cuerpo.

*Sale el TACTO affombrado.*

*El Tacto.*

¿Qué á mi pesar me levanto  
De tan regalado lecho!

*La Culpa.*

Vista, que manchado Tigre  
Has pacido este Desierto,  
Pues embidioso eres ojos  
Que fientes bienes agenos.

*Sale la VISTA como affombrado.*

*La Vista.*

¿Si noche han de ser los míos,  
De qué sirve lo que veo?

Hearing! thou to whom light words  
Were a source of sweet enchantment,  
On account of which defect  
A chameleon's shape I gave thee!

*Enter the HEARING, amazed.*

*The Hearing.*

Ah! from such sweet lethargy  
Must I at this new voice waken?

*Sin.*

Smell! that libellest in turn  
Equally all forms of matter,  
Thou a lion late, whose breath  
Fetid odours round thee scatter'd!

*Enter the SMELL, amazed.*

*The Smell.*

Ah! that I had never woken  
From a sleep by dreams so gladden'd!

*Sin.*

Touch! that, by thy low desires  
Wholly occupied and trammell'd,  
Wert a bear, since it is born  
Sightless, formless, and unshapen!

*Enter the TOUCH, amazed.*

*The Touch.*

Oh! the sorrow! to arise  
From a bed so softly padded!

*Sin.*

Sight! that in these deserts here  
Livest like a spotted panther,  
Fleck'd with envious eyes to see  
Aught of alien good that happens!

*Enter the SIGHT, amazed.*

*The Sight.*

Of what service are mine eyes,  
If I'm doom'd to dwell in darkness?

*La Culpa.*

Gusto, que animal inmundado  
Eres, porque siempre hambriento  
Solo en esta vida cuidas  
De sustentarte á tí mismo.

*Sale el GUSTO affombrado.*

*El Gusto.*

Que era un gran puerco soñaba,  
Nadie que ay que creer en sueños  
Diga, ó si diga, pues oy  
Lo soy dormido, y despierto.

*La Culpa.*

Yá están aquí tus sentidos,  
Yá á tu poder te los buelvo.  
Idos, que en mí no durais  
Sino solamente el tiempo  
Que tarda en venir el hombre  
Por vosotros; pues es cierto,  
Que está en su mano el cobraros,  
Como en su mano el perderos.

*El Entendimiento.*

No esperas mas, vén á este  
Baxél de tu Entendimiento.

*El Oído.*

¿ Dónde hemos de ir tan apriesá ?  
¿ Apenas llegado avemos  
A estos Palacios, y yá  
Nos quieres ausentar de ellos ?

*La Vista.*

¿ Adónde quieres llevarnos  
Por esse Mar padeciendo ?

*El Olfato.*

Dexa que de las passadas  
Fortunas nos reparemos.

*El Gusto.*

Dexame, Señor, que sea  
Puerco otro poco de tiempo,  
Pues no ay mas seguridad

*Sin.*

Taste! that art a beast unclean,  
Since with hunger never fated,  
The sole thought of thy existence  
Is how best to feed and fatten!

*Enter the TASTE, amazed.*

*The Taste.*

What a hog I dream'd I was!  
Dreams are fables though, what matter?  
Waking or asleep by me  
Is the self-fame part enacted.

*Sin.*

See, thy Senses all are here:  
Back into thy power I hand them.  
Go! your stay with me endured  
Only for the time your master,  
Man, delay'd to come and claim you,  
Since 'tis certain power is granted  
Not alone to man to lose you,  
But to regain you when you're absent.

*The Understanding.*

Stay no longer here, but come  
To my bark in which we landed.

*The Hearing.*

Whither should we go so quickly?  
Scarce have we the beauteous gardens  
Of this friendly palace enter'd,  
And already we're debar'd them.

*The Sight.*

Wouldst thou bring us back to sea,  
There to suffer new disasters?

*The Smell.*

Let us here recruit our strength  
After all the ills we've master'd.

*The Taste.*

Let me be a hog, I pray,  
Once again, good sir, I ask thee,  
Since of all the lives I know



En el Mundo, que ser puerco.

*El Entendimiento.*

En fin, fois brutos, sentidos,  
Tan brutos, que holgais de serlo.

*El Gusto.*

¿ No sabemos quan bueno es  
Estár comiendo, y gruñendo ?

*El Entendimiento.*

¿ Vamos, qué esperes, Ulíses ?

*El Hombre.*

Vamos, pero no tan presto,  
Porque de aver visto aqui  
Mis sentidos mal contentos  
De dexar estas delicias,  
No sé (ay de mí!) lo que siento.

*El Entendimiento.*

Yo te llevaré por fuerza.

*El Hombre.*

No harás tal, que tu consejo  
Arrastrarme no podrá,  
Moverme sí, yá lo has hecho :  
Vé á prevenir el Baxél,  
Pues Piloto eres.

*El Entendimiento.*

Yá buelvo. [*Vase.*]

*El Hombre.*

Por poder mas libremente  
Vér esta Deidad, le ausento  
De mí aqueste breve instante  
Sin temor de sus preceptos.—

*La Culpa (aparte).*

Aora podré hablarle, pues  
Apartó su entendimiento.  
Ya Ulíses, que victorioso  
Te miras de mí, bolviendo  
De estas incultas Montañas  
Coronado de trofeos,  
No tan presto al Mar te entregues

A hog's life is the most happy.

*The Understanding.*

Ah! so brutish are the Senses,  
To be brutes appears to glad them!

*The Taste.*

Have we not found out how pleasant  
'Tis to eat and grunt untrammell'd?

*The Understanding.*

Come, Ulysses, why delay?

*The Man.*

Let us go,—but still there's ample  
Time to spare, for since I see  
How my Senses are distractéd  
At abandoning these pleasures,  
Ah! I know not how I falter.

*The Understanding.*

I must drag you hence by force.

*The Man.*

Ah! by force you cannot drag me,  
But by counsel you may lead :  
Even already you attract me ;  
Go, prepare the bark, for you  
Are the pilot.

*The Understanding.*

Yes, with gladness

To return here.

*The Man (aside).*

[*Exit.*]

That this goddes

I may see with freer glances,  
Undeterr'd by his suggestions,  
I have thus contriv'd his absence.

*Sin (aside).*

I can tempt him now, since his  
Understanding hath departed.  
O Ulysses! crown'd with trophies,  
Vanquisher of my enchantments,  
Flying from this lonely island,  
From its mountains and morasses,  
Do not trust thyself so quickly

En eſſe inconſtante leño,  
 Que el Mar da la Vida furca,  
 Amenazado de rieſgos.  
 Mira alterados los Mares,  
 Que con veloz movimiento  
 En pyramides de eſpumas,  
 Son Alcazares de hielo.  
 Dexa que el Mar ſe ferene ;  
 Y pues te miras exempto  
 De la Magia de mi encanto,  
 En fé de eſſe ramo bello,  
 Que te dió la Iris, no quieras  
 Bolverte al afán tan preſto :  
 Deſcanſa en mi albergue oy,  
 Que mañana ſerá tiempo  
 Para dexar eſtos Montes  
 De tantas delicias llenos.  
 ; Qué prieſſa te corre aora  
 De auſentarte ; y mas ſabiendo,  
 Que yo, cada vez que quieras  
 Ir, detenerte no puedo ?  
 Entra en mis ricos Palacios,  
 Donde ſon divertimientos  
 Todas ſus ocupaciones  
 Para el aplicado Ingenio.  
 Verás mis grandes Eſtudios,  
 Mis admirables portentos  
 Examinaras, tocando  
 De mi Ciencia los eſectos.  
 ; Por qué piénſas que me llaman  
 La Circe de eſtos Deſiertos ?  
 Porque Ciencias prohibidas,  
 Que ſon Leyes que yo tengo,  
 Con mis eſtudios alcanzo,  
 Con mis vigiliſas aprendo.  
 Verás apagado el Sol,  
 Solo á un ſoplo de mi aliento ;  
 Pues en la luciente edad,  
 El dia yo le obſcurezco :

To the wild and dangerous vaſtneſs  
 Of the ſea of life, to plough it  
 In a frail bark ſo unſtable.  
 See ! its mighty breafth upheaving,  
 In its rapid movement ſparkles  
 Now as pyramids of cryſtal,  
 Now as ſnow-embattled caſtles.  
 Wait the wild turmoil's abating,  
 Wait until the ſea grows calmer ;  
 And ſince thou haſt been exempted  
 From the ſpell of my enchantment  
 By the gift that Iris gave thee,—  
 By that budding beauteous branchlet,—  
 Oh ! return not back ſo quickly  
 To its dangers and diſaſters :  
 Reſt thee in my houſe to-day ;  
 In the morning will be ample  
 Time for thee to fly theſe mountains  
 And theſe joy-enſolding gardens.  
 Why ſo ſwiftly fly for ſafety,  
 Knowing well thou art ſo guarded,  
 That whenever thou wouldſt leave me  
 I am powerleſs to withſtand thee ?—  
 Enter then my dazzling palace,  
 Where an intellectual banquet,  
 Graced by gladneſs and enjoyment,  
 Waits upon thy welcome advent.  
 Thou wilt ſee my deep reſearches,—  
 Thou my wonders wilt examine,—  
 All the ſecrets of my ſcience  
 Will be bared to give thee anſwer.  
 Wherefore, thinkſt thou, the Circe  
 Of theſe deſert waſtes they call me ?  
 'Tis becauſe forbidden knowledge  
 (*That* ſole law I leave untrampled)  
 I, by application, reach to,—  
 I, by mighty ſtudies, maſter.  
 By a breath from out my lips,  
 Thou wilt ſee the ſunlight blacken'd,

Bien digo, la fombra foy, [*Aparte.*  
David lo dixo en un Verfo.

Verás, á solo una linea,  
Que corran mis penfamientos,  
Defclavadas las Éftrellas  
Del octavo Firmamento :  
Y es verdad, pues tercer parte

[*Aparte.*

De ellas aparté del Cielo.

La Nigromancia verás

Executada, faliendo,

A mi conjuo obedientes,

De fus fepulcros los muertos.

Cadaver es el que peca, [*Aparte.*

Pues me obedece, no miento.

La grande Chiromancia

Verás, quando en vivo fuego,

En los papeles del humo

Caracteres de luz leo.

¿ Qué fuego no enciendo yo ?

[*Aparte.*

No es engaño, pues le enciendo.

Titubear verás caducos

Uno, y otro Polo, haciendo

Que desplomados fe caygan

Sobre todo el Univerfo.

No será la vez primera, [*Aparte.*

Que yo estremecí fu Imperio.

El idioma de las aves

Verás, que yo fola entiendo,

Siendo el canto vaticinio,

Y fiendo el graznido aguero,

De las flores te leerá

Éftos escritos quadernos,

Donde la naturaleza

Efcrivió raros myfterios.

A todas horas tendrás

Dulces muficas, oyendo

Suaves cantos de las aves,

Since in all its perfect prime,  
Can I the bright noon-day darken ;  
I may fay fo, fince a fhadow [*Afide.*  
David calls me in the Pfalter.—

Thou wilt fee that my mere thought,  
Even my wifh in filence wafted,  
From the Heaven beyond the feventh  
Will the mighty ftars unfaften.

True, a third of Heaven's bright hoft

[*Afide.*

Thus my primal fall brought after.—

Necromancy fhalt thou fee,

Tried and tefted to the fartheft ;—

So that, yielding to my fpells,

From their graves the dead will an-  
fwer :—

Yes ; for dead in fin is he [*Afide.*

Who doth yield to my advances.—

Pyromancy, too, will fhew thee

How upon the red flames' fparkles,

How upon the curling fmoke-wreaths,

Knowledge there infcribed I gather :

I deceive not here—the fire [*Afide.*

Lit by me doth ever crackle.—

Thou wilt fee the poles of Heaven

Tremble at my dread commandments,

As if down about to fall

On the world's disturbèd axes :—

Not the firft time will it be [*Afide.*

That its kingdom I have fhaken.—

All the language of the birds

Wilt thou learn, by *me* fole mafter'd—

Both their fweet prophetic warble

And their harfhier augural cackle.

On the flowers, too, wilt thou read,

As upon illumined parchment,

Written characters revealing

Nature's myfteries and marvels.

Every moment wilt thou have

De los hombres dulces versos,  
 Sabrosísimos manjares  
 Te servirán con aseo  
 Tal, que el Olfato, y el Gusto  
 Se estén lisongeando á un tiempo.  
 La vista divertirás  
 En estos jardines bellos,  
 Que son nuestros paraísos,  
 De varias delicias llenos.  
 Dormirás en regalada  
 Cama, donde el Tacto atento  
 A tu descanso, en mullidas  
 Flores, tendrá blando lecho.  
 A todas horas tendrás  
 Damas, que te estén sirviendo,  
 Que, como soy en comun  
 La Culpa, conmigo tengo  
 Y en particular á todas  
 Las que se precian de serlo.

[*Vá dexando caer el HOMBRE las  
 Flores del Ramillete poco á poco.*

Y sobre todo tendrás  
 Los regalos de mi pecho,  
 Las caricias de mis brazos,  
 Los alhagos de mi afecto,  
 Las finezas de mi amor,  
 La verdad de mi deseo,  
 La atencion de mi alvedrio,  
 De mi vida el rendimiento:  
 Y finalmente, delicias,  
 Gustos, regalos, contentos,  
 Placeres, dichas, favores,  
 Muficas, bayles, y juegos.

*El Hombre (aparte).*

No sé qué he de responder,  
 Porque divertido, oyendo

Sweetest strains to greet and glad thee,—  
 Now the nightingale's lone ditty,  
 Now the poet's lovelier anthem.  
 Food the daintiest shall be spread  
 For thee with such nice exactness,  
 So that smell and taste together  
 Shall at once thy senses flatter.  
 Thy enraptured sight shall revel  
 In these sweet delicious gardens,  
 Which to us are bowers of Eden,  
 Full of every form of gladness.  
 In a soft bed shalt thou sleep,  
 Where the Touch, that looketh after  
 Thy repose, on downiest flower-leaves  
 Shall outspread thy pleafant pallet.  
 Lovely ladies every hour  
 Shall their various service grant thee,  
 Whom, as Sin supreme, I keep  
 Here at once my slaves and partners,  
 Specially all those who are  
 To my service self-attracted.

[*During the latter part of this address, the MAN has let fall the flowers of his nosegay one by one.*

But, above all other joys,  
 Wilt thou have my heart's free largesse,  
 The delight of my embraces,  
 The sweet proof of my attachment,  
 All the fondness of my love,  
 All the truth desire implanteth,  
 The devotion of my will;  
 Of my life the sweet enthrallment:  
 In a word, delicious joys,  
 Raptures, ravishments, entrancements,  
 Pleasures, blisses, fondest favours—  
 Sports and plays, and songs and dances.

*The Man (aside).*

Ah! I know not what to say!  
 Ah! I know not what to answer!

La retórica suave  
 De su voz, fui deshaciendo  
 El Ramo de las Virtudes,  
 Que desperdiciadas veo,  
 Y ajadas entre mis manos ;  
 ¿ Pero qué mucho, si advierto,  
 Que para que ella me hablase  
 Aparté mi Entendimiento ?  
 Sin él hablaré. Gallarda  
 Circe, á tus voces atento,  
 De mí me olvido, y yá solo  
 De tu hermosura me acuerdo.  
 A tus Palacios me guía,  
 Porque ser tu huésped quiero  
 Desde oy, estimando humilde  
 Tan corteses cumplimientos.

*La Culpa.*

Vencí. La Música buelva  
 A repetir sus acentos ;  
 Y estos gallardos Palacios,  
 Que están en el duro centro  
 Del Monte, sus puertas abran,  
 Que vá gran huésped á ellos.  
 [*Descubrese un Palacio muy vistoso.*

*El Oído*

Al Entendimiento aguarda  
 Antes, Señor, que entres dentro,  
 Porque sepas dónde estás.

*El Hombre.*

Para qué ? pues es tan cierto  
 Que no entrára, si supiera  
 (Ay de mí !) mi Entendimiento.

*El Gusto.*

Dices bien, vamos sin él ;  
 ¿ Para qué acá le queremos,  
 Que es un Ministro cansado,

Since, oblivious of myself,  
 Listening to her sweet-toned accents,  
 I have been, ah me ! destroying  
 All the beauty of this branchlet.  
 Wither'd in my hand it lies,  
 At my feet its leaves lie scatter'd.  
 But what wonder, when I think,  
 In my Understanding's absence  
 Has she spoken to me thus ?  
 Thus without him, then, I answer :—  
 Circe fair, in mute attention  
 I unto thy sweet voice hearken,  
 Self-forgetting, lost in dreaming,  
 By thy wondrous beauty dazzled.  
 Lead me to thy long'd-for palace ;  
 As thy guest, thy slave command me ;  
 Let my humble acquiescence  
 For thy courtesy thus thank thee.

*Sin.*

I have conquer'd !—once again,  
 Music, sing your sweetest accents,  
 And my beauteous palace home,  
 Which amid these mountains standeth,  
 Open wide your dazzling doors  
 For the great guest who advanceth.

[*A magnificent palace appears.*

*The Hearing.*

Oh ! my lord, before thou goest  
 Where thou know'st not what may  
 happen,  
 Here await thy Understanding.

*The Man.*

Wherefore ? since if thus I acted,  
 Ah ! I know to well that *he*  
 Ne'er would sanction my advances.

*The Taste.*

Right ! without him let us go :—  
 What's the use of being saddled  
 With a pig and pleasure-hating

Todo limpio, y nada perco ?

*Música.*

En hora dichosa venga  
A estos jardines amenos  
El Peregrino del Mar,  
Donde halle seguro puerto.

*Vanse, dadas las manos, y sale el*  
ENTENDIMIENTO.

*El Entendimiento.*

Hombre, espera, escucha, guarda,  
No entres en esse sobervio  
Alcazar, porque no sabes  
Los peligros que están dentro.  
Mas ay de mí! con las voces,  
Que le han tenido suspenso,  
No me oye: ¡ Qué bien (ay triste!)  
Se echa de vér, pues pudieron  
Los alhagos de la Culpa,  
Los hechizos, y venenos  
Moverle, que me tenía  
Retirado! porque es cierto  
Que á tenerme á mí consigo,  
No se rindiera tan presto.

*Sale la PENITENCIA.*

*La Penitencia.*

¿ Entendimiento, qué voces  
Son estas que das al viento?

*El Entendimiento.*

Lastimas son de aver dado  
Mala cuenta de un fugeto  
Que Dios me entregó: Oy el Hombre  
Me ha dexado, de mí huyendo  
Se ha entrado en esse Palacio,  
Poblado de Encantamientos.  
Las Virtudes que adquirió,  
Con un arrepentimiento

Cool cantankerous old carper?—

*The Music.*

Happy, happy be the hour  
That to these delicious gardens  
Comes the Pilgrim of the sea  
In a safe port happily landed!

*Exeunt all hand in hand. The UNDER-*  
STANDING enters from the opposite  
*side.*

*The Understanding.*

Hear! weak Man, oh! listen! stay!  
Enter not that pride-built castle,  
Since thou knowest not the quicksands  
On whose dangerous top it standeth:  
But, ah me! their flattering songs  
Keep his senses so abstracted,  
That he hears me not! How soon  
Can it now be seen, O sadness!  
That the lustful lures of sin,  
That her philtres and enchantments  
Have the power to overwhelm him  
In his Understanding's absence,  
Since with me, he would not have  
His consent so freely granted.

*Enter PENANCE.*

*Penance.*

Why these outcries, Understanding,  
That thou to the winds impartest?

*The Understanding.*

Wailings are they for discharging  
Towards my human ward so badly  
Duties trusted me by God.  
Man has left me, hath departed,  
Fled me but just now, and enter'd  
This enchantment-peopled palace;  
All the virtues which by thee  
Were to him repentant granted,

Que tuvo, desperdiciadas  
 En el ayre las encuentro.  
*La Penitencia (mira á las Flores).*  
 Pues yo las recogeré,  
 Guardandolas para el tiempo  
 Que arrepentido me busque,  
 De su culpa, y de su yerro.

*El Entendimiento.*

Sin mí está, que no estuviera,  
 Conmigo (ay de mí!) tan ciego,  
 Que se olvidára de tí.

*La Penitencia.*

Darte yo una industria quiero,  
 Para sacarle de aqueſſe  
 Encanto; toca en ſu pecho  
 Al arma, pues eſcuchando  
 Eſte belicoſo eſtruendo,  
 (Haciendole de ſí miſmo  
 Siempre mortales acuerdos)  
 Verás, que con tal temor  
 Creera advertido, y atento  
 A ſu Entendimiento, donde  
 Está ſin Entendimiento.

*Salen la CULPA, y el HOMBRE, y los  
 SENTIDOS, y canta la Música.*

*La Música.*

Compitiendo con las ſelvas,  
 Donde las flores madrugan,  
 Los paxaros en el viento  
 Forman Abriles de plumas.

*La Culpa.*

Vén por aqueſtos jardines,  
 Adonde critica, y culta  
 La naturaleza, ha hecho,

As I enter'd here, I found  
 By the wanton breezes ſcatter'd.  
*Penance (ſeeing them on the ground).*

I ſhall re-collect them all,  
 And preſerve them 'till he aſk me  
 For them once again, when he  
 Feels repentant for his lapſes.

*The Underſtanding.*

Ah! without me is he now!  
 With me never had ſuch hardneſs  
 Steel'd his heart forgetting thee!

*Penance.*

I ſhall ſhow thee in what manner  
 Thou may'ſt yet perchance releaſe him  
 From the chains of this enchantment.  
 Touch the key-note of his ſoul,—  
 Sound to arms! the martial clatter  
 (For of death and deathfulleſt omens  
 Ever breathes the call to battle!)  
 Soon will wake him from the ſtupor  
 That his memory now doth darken:—  
 Then he will attend to thee,  
 Now without thee he advanceth.

*Enter SIN, the MAN, and the SENSES;  
 the Muſic ſings.*

*The Muſic.*

With the bloſſom'd boughs competing,  
 When the ſweet flowers riſe from  
 ſlumber,\*

Birds an April of the air  
 Faſhion with their painted plumage.

*Sin.*

Come unto theſe gardens fair,  
 Where rich Nature's careful culture  
 With her beds and myrtle buds

\* In this ſcene the aſonante vowels of the original are, *u, a*: in the tranſlation, *u, e*, or their equivalents in ſound, are uſed.

Entre jardines, y murtas,  
Alardes de sus primores,  
Pues fu varia compostura  
Academia es, donde el Mayo  
De un año para otro estudia.

*El Hombre.*

Tan hermosa es esta estancia,  
Que el mismo Sol que la alumbrá,  
Su esfera dexára, á precio  
De que fuera esfera fuya.  
Digalo el Cielo, que al vér  
Las flores que la dibujan,  
Arreboló las Estrellas,  
Porque compitan las unas  
Con las otras: Y así, están  
Desde la tiniebla obscura,  
Hasta la luciente Aurora,  
Estas Estrellas ceruleas,  
Donde en brazos de la noche  
Duermen las esferas mudas,

*El, y Música.*

Compitiendo con las selvas,  
Donde las flores madrugan.

*La Culpa.*

Todo el jardín es delicias;  
No ay planta, no ay hoja alguna,  
Que verde aroma, los mas  
Blandos perfumes no supla.  
Y porque Vista, y Olfato  
La pompa no se atribuyan  
Para sí solos, objetos  
Son del Oído las puras  
Fuentes, siendo en el ruido,  
Compás que á coros se escucha,  
Apacibles porque parlan,  
Y alegres porque murmuran.  
EmbidiOSO todo viento,  
Al ver por la tierra, en una

Maketh such a dazzling muster,  
That united they appear  
Like a fair collegiate structure,  
Whither comes the young-eyed May,  
Year by year, an eager student.

*The Man.*

Yes, so lovely is this place,  
That the sun that flames refulgent  
Would his own bright sphere abandon  
For the fairer flower-sphere under;  
And the Heavens, the flowers beholding  
Radiant in their rosy clusters,  
Would paint red their own pale stars,  
That with these they might be number'd.  
Thus it is from evening's grey  
To the morn's glad gleams of umber,  
These cerulean stars appear,  
Twinkling each with trembling lustre,  
When within the arms of Night  
Sleep the silent spheres of Summer,

*He and the Music together.*

With the blossom'd boughs competing,  
When the sweet flowers rise from slumber.

*Sin.*

All the garden is one joy:  
Not a plant that here hath budded,  
Not a leaf but breathes from out it  
Fragrance that no tongue can utter:  
And that Sight and Smell should boast  
not,  
That this Eden hath resulted  
Solely from their aidance, list!  
Limpid fountains, leap and bubble,  
Breaking with melodious beat  
Songs whose never-ceasing burden  
Seemeth sad when most they laugh,  
Mirthful most when most they murmur.  
And the envious Nymph of Air,



Primavera folamente,  
 Tantas Primaveras juntas,  
 De otras flores se ha poblado,  
 Que aladas sus golfos furcan,  
 Siendo ramilletes vivos :  
 Y assi, quanto entre esta suma  
 Deydad, las flores, y fuentes  
 De la tierra, con industria,  
 Paxaros forman de rosas,  
 Por igualar su hermosura :

*Ella, y Música.*

Los paxaros en el viento  
 Forman Abriles de plumas.

*La Música.*

De una belleza engañados,  
 Por Aurora la faludan,  
 Y viendo sus bellos ojos,  
 Quedan vanos de su culpa.

*El Hombre.*

Toda esta belleza, toda  
 Esta varia compositura  
 De vientos, y quadros, que  
 Emulos siempre se usurpan  
 La alabanza, dignamente  
 Sus trofeos assegura,  
 Quando al faludar tu vista  
 A todas horas te juzga  
 Aurora de estas Montañas,  
 Haciendo que se confundan  
 En los tormentos del dia  
 Salpicadas las purpureas  
 Hojas ; pues aunque haya Aves,  
 Y flores del dia en la cuna,  
 Bebiendo á la Aurora el llanto,  
 Que cendales de oro enjuga,  
 El verte segunda vez,

Seeing earth so richly studded  
 With the flowers of many springs,  
 Join'd in *this* that is the youngest,  
 Has unto her azure plains  
 Flowers of other kinds conducted,  
 Which, upborn on myriad wings,  
 Living nosegays float and flutter.  
 And as earth's young goddesses fair  
 With her flowers and founts constructeth  
 Spring's sweet Paradise below,  
 So the other in her upper  
 Beauteous realm of birds makes roses  
 Rivalling the rich ones under :

*She and the Music together.*

Birds an April of the air  
 Fashion with their painted plumage.

*The Music.*

By her loveliness deceived,  
 For Aurora they salute her,  
 And beholding her bright eyes,  
 Love the sweet mistake they suffer.

*The Man.*

All this fair variety,  
 All this loveliness that surgeth  
 Up from billowy buds of bloom,  
 By the wandering zephyrs ruffled,  
 All this realm of spring, whose crown  
 Earth and sky in turn usurpeth,  
 When it looks upon thy face,  
 Every moment doth it judge thee  
 The Aurora of these hills,  
 Blending hours that erst were sunder'd,  
 Streaking in the noontide's glow  
 All the leaves with roseate purple,  
 So that birds and flowers that drank  
 Morning's pearly tears unnumber'd  
 Round the cradle of the day,  
 Tears that from her eyes she brushes  
 With the golden-threaded clouds,

Con nueva falva segunda :

*El, y Música.*

De tu belleza engañados  
Por Aurora la saludan.

*La Culpa.*

Culpa fuera de las aves,  
Y las flores, porque nunca  
Para equivocár deydades  
Hallar pudieran disculpa.

*El Hombre.*

Si es culpa, ó acierto, no  
Es justo que yo lo arguya ;  
Pero bien sé, que mi amor  
Oy de su parte asegura ;  
Que aunque culpa decir sea,  
Que por Aurora te anuncian  
Flores, y aves ; ni las aves,  
Ni las flores se disculpan  
De esta culpa, porque antes  
Sé, que con causa mas justa,

*El, y Música.*

En viendo tus bellos ojos,  
Quedan vanos de su culpa.

*El Gusto.*

Yá que me ha tocado á mí,  
(Que en efecto soy la Gula)  
Preveniros las viandas,  
En cuya alegre dulzura,  
Quanto corre, nada, y buela  
Registro entre mil dulzuras  
Su sabor, desnudo yá  
De piel, de escama, y de pluma,  
Mirad adonde quereis  
Comer oy.

*La Lisonja.*

Sea con una

Seeing on the horizon under  
Thee arise a second time,  
Hail thee with new matin music ;

*He and the Music together.*

By thy loveliness deceived  
For Aurora they salute thee.

*Sin.*

This were wrong in bird and flower.  
Bird and flower are both excuseless  
For confounding goddesses,  
Whom their separate shapes have fun-  
der'd.

*The Man.*

If 'tis right or no, the point  
It were wrong I argued further.  
This though know I well, my love  
Is of *one* thing well assurèd,—  
That, although 'twere wrong to say  
That the flowers and birds misjudge thee  
For Aurora, bird and flower  
Would not wish to be excusèd  
For that fault, since they, I feel,  
Acting with impulsive justness—

*He and the Music together.*

In beholding thy bright eyes,  
Love the sweet mistake they suffer.

*The Taste.*

Now since it devolves on me  
(I who am thy Taste), the duty  
Of providing for thy need  
Viands cull'd from out the number  
Of the things that swim or fly,  
Or possess the earth's green surface,  
'Mid whose thousand varied forms,  
Strip of skin, of scale, and plumage,  
I their hidden favours seize,—  
Think where art thou to have supper ?

*Flattery.*

Here, with all due service fair,

Ceremonia lifongera.

*El Gusto.*

La Lifonja es muy aftuta,  
Pues que sabe fembrar mefas  
Tan candidas, y purpureas.

*Sale por debaxo del Tablado una Mesa  
con muchas viandas, y sientafe la  
CULPA, y ULISES, y los demás firven,  
y los SENTIDOS se sient an en el suelo.*

*La Culpa.*

Sientate, y todos  
Os sentad en la verdura  
De effas flores.

*La Lascivia.*

Pues yo quiero

Que no todas fe atribuyan  
Las finezas, fin que á mi  
El Huesped me deba una.  
Aquella letra cantad,  
Que yo hice.

*El Hombre.*

Pues fi es tuya

Será amorofa.

*La Lascivia.*

Sí es.

*El Hombre.*

No ay Dama aqui, que no acuda  
A un Sentido.

*El Gusto.*

Si feñor,

Pero victor.

*El Hombre.*

Quién?

*El Gusto.*

La Gula.

Let it on the spot be usher'd.

*The Taste.*

What a clever las is this!  
Since with skill as sharp as sudden  
Tables o'er the ground she scatters  
Gleaming all with plate and purple.

*A table sumptuously provided with viands  
rises from beneath. SIN and ULYSSES  
place themselves at the table, the SEN-  
SES on the ground: all are waited on  
by the others.*

*Sin.*

Sit, Ulyffes, at my side:—  
On the soft and verdurous turf here  
Let the rest recline.

*Voluptuousness.*

Since I

Would not that our guest should number  
Every courtesy as thine,  
One on my part thou wilt suffer:  
Sing that little canzonet  
Made by me.

*The Man.*

Its gentle burden

Must be love, if thine it be.

*Voluptuousness.*

So it is.

*The Man.*

Each Sense is suited

With a separate lady.

*The Taste.*

Yes;

But there's one deserves a bumper.

*The Man.*

Who is she?

*The Taste.*

Intemperance.

*La Música.*

Si quereis gozar florida  
Edad entre dulce suerte,  
Olvidate de la muerte,  
Y acuerdate de la vida.

*Tocan Caxas, y alborotanse todos, y dicen dentro el ENTENDIMIENTO, y la PENITENCIA.*

*La Culpa.*

No canteis mas ; ¿ qué atrevida  
Voz nuestros gustos divierte ?

*El Entendimiento.*

Ulises, Capitan fuerte,  
Si quieres dicha crecida.

*La Penitencia.*

Olvidate de la vida.

*El Entendimiento.*

Y acuerdate de la muerte.

*La Culpa.*

¿ Quién, con tanto atrevimiento,  
Trueca el gusto en confusion ?

*El Hombre.*

Circe, las que escuchas son  
Voces de mi Entendimiento,  
El me ha llamado, é intento  
Responderle.

*La Culpa.*

De él te olvida.

*El Hombre.*

Suelta.

*La Culpa.*

Es accion atrevida.

Cantad, porque no se affombre  
De oír aquella voz el Hombre.

*La Música.*

Acuerdate de la vida.

*The Music.*

Wouldst thou, Man, to rapture give  
Life's young hours that flower and fly,  
Oh ! forget that thou must die !  
And but think that thou dost live !

*A sound of drums and voices is heard from within : all start with surprise.*  
*The UNDERSTANDING and PENANCE answer from within.*

*Sin.*

Cease the song ! What voice doth strive  
Thus to mar our joy thereby ?

*The Understanding.*

Valiant soldier ! from on high  
Wouldst thou lasting bliss receive ?

*Penance.*

Oh ! forget that thou dost live !

*The Understanding.*

And remember thou must die !

*Sin.*

Who is this whose bold voice breaketh  
Rudely on my startled ear ?

*The Man.*

'Tis my inner voice you hear—  
'Tis my Understanding speaketh ;  
Him my answering conscience seeketh.

*Sin.*

Heed him not, no answer give.

*The Man.*

Let me go.

*Sin.*

Thou goest to grieve.  
Sing once more, lest Man should hear  
That mysterious voice severe.

*The Music.*

Oh ! remember thou dost live !

*El Hombre.*

Sí haré, que bien larga es :  
Y despues tendré lugar  
Para sentir, y llorar,  
Pues me bastará despues :  
A tus brazos buelvo, pues,  
Dulce dueño.

*La Culpa.*

Feliz fuerte !

*El Hombre.*

Tu hermufura me divierte ;  
Contigo ufano me nombre ;  
No quiero mas dicha.

*El Entendimiento.*

Hombre,

Acuerdate de la muerte.

[*Suena Caxa.*

*El Hombre.*

¡ Fuerza es que me acuerde (ay triste !)  
Quando mi afeçto se mueve  
De que es tan caduca, y breve,  
Que en un instante confifte !  
Entendimiento, que hicifte  
En mí tal efeçto, advierte,  
Que yá voy á obedecerte.

*La Culpa.*

Vuestra voz fu passo impida.

*La Música.*

Acuerdate de la vida.

*El Entendimiento.*

Acuerdate de la muerte.

[*Suena Caxa.*

*El Hombre.*

Aqui me eñtan alhagando  
Gusto, placer, y contento,  
Quando alli mi Entendimiento  
Al arma me eñta tocando.

*La Culpa.*

Qué dudas ?

*The Man.*

Be it so : the days extend ;  
Life is long and full of joy :—  
For contrition and annoy  
Time enough ere comes the end.  
To thine arms, then, dearest friend,  
To thine arms once more I fly.

*Sin.*

Happy fate !

*The Man.*

Felicity

Is it but thy face to see :  
Greater blifs there cannot be.

*The Understanding.*

Man ! remember thou must die !

[*Drums found.*

*The Man.*

Oh! the woe, to be compell'd  
This to think of even in blifs—  
Rapture, oh ! how fleet it is,  
Flying ere it scarce is held :—  
Understanding mine, impell'd  
By thy low voice whispering nigh,—  
See ! at thy behest I fly !

*Sin.*

Song, arreft the fugitive.

*The Music.*

Oh ! remember thou dost live !

*The Understanding.*

Oh ! remember thou must die !

[*Drums found.*

*The Man.*

Here enjoyment round me draws  
Nets of blifs, whose woof enthrals me :  
There my Understanding calls me  
To comply with valour's laws.

*Sin.*

Canst thou waver ?

*El Entendimiento.*

¿Qué estás pensando?

*La Culpa.*

No de esa voz confundida

Tu memoria esté afligida.

*El Entendimiento.*

En aqueste encanto advierte:

Acuerdate de la muerte.

*La Música.*

Acuerdate de la vida.

*El Hombre.*

En dos mitades estoy

Partido, (passion tyrana !)

Entre el horror de mañana,

A la ventura de oy;

A aquel figo, y á este voy;

Y uno, y otro en mal tan fuerte,

O me aflige, ó me divierte:

¿Qual ha de ser preferida

De mis glorias?

*La Música.*

Vida, vida.

*El Hombre.*

De mis penas?

*El Entendimiento.*

Muerte, muerte.

Y aunque me la dén á mí [Sale.

Los encantos de esta fiera,

He de entrar, porque no fuera

Entendimiento, si aqui

Temiera morir: ¿así,

Ulises, te has olvidado

De tí mismo? ¿Así entregado

A unos placeres fingidos,

Que sin mí, y con tus sentidos

Aqui vives engañado?

*La Culpa.*

¿Estará (dime) mejor,

*The Understanding.*

Canst thou pause?

*Sin.*

Oh! no more attention give

To that voice, but blifs receive!

*The Understanding.*

Think, 'mid all this witchery—

Think that thou art doom'd to die.

*The Music.*

Only think that thou dost live.

*The Man.*

Oh! to which, torn heart, give way—

Present blifs or future sorrow,

Or the anguish of to-morrow,

Or the rapture of to-day?—

This I follow, that obey.

With the gladness, yet would fly

All the grief that comes thereby:—

Oh! to which the preference give?—

Which for my joy?

*The Music.*

That thou dost live!—

*The Man.*

Which for my pain?

*The Understanding.*

That thou must die!—

Yes; and though that fate be mine,

[He enters.

By this monster's sorceries slain,

Here I enter: since 'tis plain,

I were not myself, or thine

God-given guide, should I resign

Death itself defending thee:

Hast thou lost all memory

Of thyself? that thus, Ulysses,

Thou wouldst live in phantom blisses

Here with thy senses, without me?

*Sin.*

Were it better, then, that he,

Creído de tu prudencia,  
Allá con la Penitencia,  
Adonde todo es horror,  
Todo tristeza, y pavor,  
Que aqui, donde le divierte  
Tanta gloria?

*El Entendimiento.*

Sí, si advierte,

Que aquesta gloria es fingida.

*La Culpa.*

Cantad, cantad.

*La Música.*

Vida, vida.

*El Entendimiento.*

Tocad, tocad: muerte, muerte.

*El Hombre.*

Dices bien, á tú te creen  
Los influxos de mi estrella.

*La Culpa.*

Pues dexafme?

*El Hombre.*

¡ Ay Culpa bella,

Que tú tambien dices bien?

*El Entendimiento.*

Valor mis voces te dén.

*La Culpa.*

Muevate el verme rendida.

*El Entendimiento.*

Nada el seguirme te impida:  
Tocad.

*La Culpa.*

Cantad.

*El Hombre.*

Pena fuerte!

*La Música.*

Vida, vida.

*El Entendimiento.*

Muerte, muerte.

Following thy advice, should go,  
Penance led, where all is woe,  
All is grief and misery,  
Than remain contentedly  
Here, where on his every sigh  
Pleasure waits?

*The Understanding.*

Undoubtedly,

If he knows the nought can give.

*Sin.*

Sing! sing!

*The Music.*

'Tis sweet to live!

*The Understanding.*

Peal! peal! Man needs must die!

*The Man.*

True! oh true! my star to thee  
Yields, oh voice! that speaks within.

*Sin.*

Canst thou leave me?

*The Man.*

Beauteous Sin,

Ah! thy voice, too, moveth me.

*The Understanding.*

May my voice thy foul's strength be!

*Sin.*

May my tears thy love revive!

*The Understanding.*

Follow me, be strong and strive;  
Drums, repeat.

*Sin.*

Sing sweet!

*The Man.*

I try

Suffering's depths!

*The Music.*

To live!

*The Understanding.*

To die!

(*Dentro La Penitencia*).  
 Muerte, muerte.  
*La Música.*  
 Vida, vida.  
*El Entendimiento.*  
 Este es bien perecedero.  
*La Culpa.*  
 Aquella es pena cruel.  
*El Entendimiento.*  
 Por esso espera lauré. *La Culpa.*  
 Goza tu vida primero.  
*El Entendimiento.*  
 Mira que es encanto fiero.  
*La Culpa.*  
 Mira que es tormento fuerte.  
*El Entendimiento.*  
 En que eres mortal advierte.  
*La Culpa.*  
 No te acuerdes de esso, no.  
*La Música.*  
 Vida.  
*La Penitencia.*  
 Muerte.  
*Los dos.*  
 Quién venció?  
*El Hombre.*  
 La memoria de la muerte.  
*La Culpa.*  
 ¿Qué importa que aya vencido,  
 Si escaparte no podrás  
 De mí? En mi poder estás,  
 Sin reservarte un sentido.  
 Las flores que avia texido  
 La Penitencia, que eran  
 Las virtudes que pudieran  
 Salvarte, yá las perdiste,  
 Tú mismo las deshiciste;  
 ¿Pues qué alivio de mí esperan

*Penance (witbin).*  
 To die! to die!  
*The Music.*  
 To live! to live!  
*The Understanding.*  
 Life is but a dying day.  
*Sin.*  
 Death, a pang that strikes thee down.  
*The Understanding.*  
 But it gives the laurel crown.  
*Sin.*  
 Life enjoy though, while you may.  
*The Understanding.*  
 Life's a dream that fades away.  
*Sin.*  
 Death's a pain that all would fly.  
*The Understanding.*  
 Think thy final hour draws nigh.  
*Sin.*  
 Think not so till life be done.  
*The Music.*  
 Life!  
*Penance (witbin).*  
 Death!  
*The two.*  
 Say which has won?  
*The Man.*  
 The remembrance I must die.  
*Sin.*  
 What imports it thus the gaining  
 Barren victory, if thou art  
 Powerless to escape my art?  
 Thou, with not a sense remaining:  
 Since the potent flowers disdaining,  
 Woven for thee by Heaven's host,  
 Which the hands of Penance gave thee,  
 Virtues were they which could save thee,  
 Thou hast scatter'd, thou hast lost;  
 Wherefore, therefore, canst thou boast



Oy tus ansias ?

*El Entendimiento.*

No te dé

Aqueſſo deſconfianza,

Tén en el Cielo eſperanza,

Que es columna de la Fé.

Eſſas virtudes, yo sé,

Que quando mas divertido

Las avias eſparcido,

Para guardarlas llegó

A recogerlas . . . .

*La Culpa.*

Quién ?

*Sale la PENITENCIA.*

*La Penitencia.*

Yo,

Que el Arco de paz he ſido,

Que ſi oy en Carro Triunfal

Me llegas á vér ſentada,

Subſtituyendo Doſél

De oro, de purpura, y nacar,

Es, porque á triunfar de tí

Vengo, que quando me llama

Del hombre el Entendimiento,

No puedo yo hacerle falta.

Las virtudes, que ſin él

Deſperdió ſu ignorancia,

Yo recogí ; pues es cierto,

Que ſi ſe adquieren en Gracia,

Siempre que buelva por ellas,

En depósito las halla.

Y para que el Hombre vea,

Que ſolas á vencer baſtan

Tus Encantos, oy verás

Todas aqueſtas viandas,

Thou art free from me to-day ?

*The Understanding.*

Do not, therefore, Man, miſtruſt thee,

Hope in Heaven, to *that* entruſt thee—

Hope, the Faith's beſt prop and ſtay,

All thoſe virtues flown away,

Scatter'd in thy wantonneſs—

One, I know, doth hither preſs

To reſtore them ; from the ſky

Comes ſhe hither now.

*Sin.*

Who ?

PENANCE enters.

*Penance.*

I,

Erſt who wore the rainbow's dreſs :

Who if in a car triumphal

Thou to-day behold'ſt me ſeated \*

'Neath a canopy, wherein

Purple, pearl, and gold are blended,

'Tis becauſe I come to triumph

Over thee, for whenſoever

Calleth me Man's Underſtanding,

Never is the call neglected.

All the virtues which he ſquander'd

In his ignorance, demented,

I have here re-gather'd, ſince

Certain 'tis that when preſented

By the hand of Grace they've been,

He who turneth back repentant

Ever findeth them again,

Safely guarded and preſervèd.

And that Man may know that they

Can alone thy forceries render

\* The metre in the original changes to aſonante alternate vowel rhymes in *a, a*. For theſe I have ſubſtituted correſponding ones in *e, e*.

Del viento desvanecidas,  
 En humo, en polvo, y en nada,  
 Mostrando con este exemplo  
 Lo que son glorias humanas,  
 Pues el Manjar solamente,  
 Que es eterno, es el del alma :  
 Este es el Pan Soberano,  
 Que veis yá sobre esta Tabla :  
 La Penitencia os le ofrece,  
 Que fin ella (cosa es clara)  
 Que verle no merecia  
 El hombre con glorias tantas.  
 Sentidos esto no es Pan,  
 Sino mas noble substancia :  
 Carne, y Sangre es, porque huyendo  
 Las especies, que ai estaban,  
 Los accidentes no mas  
 Quedaron en Hostia blanca.

*La Culpa.*

¿ Como quieres que te crean  
 Los Sentidos con quien hablas,  
 Si todos conocerán  
 Que los ofendes, y agravias ?  
 ¿ Llegas, Olfato, llega á oler  
 Este Pan : en él qué hallas,  
 Pan, ó Carne ?

*Van llegando los SENTIDOS.*

*El Olfato.*

De Pan es

El olor.

*La Culpa.*

¿ Llegas, qué aguardas,

Gusto ?

*El Gusto.*

Este gusto es de Pan.

Powerless, thou wilt now behold  
 All the viands here collected  
 Vanish into air, and leave  
 Nought behind to tell their presence :  
 Showing thus how human glory  
 Is as false as evanescent ;  
 Since the only food that lasteth  
 Is the food for souls intended—  
 Is the eternal Bread of Life  
 Which now fills this table's centre.  
 It is Penance that presents it,  
 Since without her (nought more certain)  
 Man deserveth not to witness  
 So much glory manifested.  
 Yet, ye Senses, 'tis not Bread,  
 But a substance most transcendent :  
 It is Flesh and Blood ; because,  
 When the substance is differ'd  
 From the species, the White Host then  
 But the accidents preserveth.

*Sin.*

How canst thou expect to gain  
 Credence from thy outraged Senses,  
 When they come to understand  
 How you wrong them and offend them ?  
 Smell, come here, and with thy sense  
 Test this bread, this substance,—tell me,  
 Is it bread or flesh ?

*The SENSES approach.*

*The Smell.*

Its smell

Is the smell of bread.

*Sin.*

Taste, enter ;

Try it thou.

*The Taste.*

Its taste is plainly

That of bread.

*La Culpa.*

¿ Llega, Tacto, qué te espantas,  
Dí lo que tocas ?

*El Tañto.*

Pan toco.

*La Culpa.*

¿ Vista, á vér qué es lo que alcanzas ?

*La Vista.*

Pan folamente.

*La Culpa.*

Tú, Oído,

Rompe éssa Forma, que llama  
Carne la Fé, y Penitencia,  
Y luego las defengaña  
Al ruido de la fraccion :  
¿ Qué respondes ?

*El Oído.*

Culpa ingrata,

Aunque la fraccion se escucha  
Ruido de Pan, cosa es clara,  
Que en fé de la Penitencia,  
A quien digo que la llaman  
Carne, por Carne la creo,  
Pues que ella lo diga basta.

*El Entendimiento.*

Éssa razon me cautiva.

*La Penitencia.*

¿ Ea, Hombre, pues qué aguardas ?  
Cautivo tu Entendimiento  
Ésta yá de la Fé Santa  
Por el Oído, á la Nave  
De la Iglesia Soberana  
Buelve, y dexa de la Culpa  
Las delicias momentaneas.  
Ulises cautivo ha sido  
De esta Circe injusta, y falsa :  
Huye, pues, de sus encantos,

*Sin.*

Touch, come, why tremble ?  
Say what's this thou touchest ?

*The Touch.*

Bread.

*Sin.*

Sight, declare what thou discernest  
In this object ?

*The Sight.*

Bread alone.

*Sin.*

Hearing, thou, too, break in pieces  
This material, which, as flesh,  
Faith proclaims, and Penance preacheth ;  
Let the fraction, by its noise,  
Of their error undeceive them :  
Say, is it so ?

*The Hearing.*

Ungrateful Sin,

Though the noise in truth resembles  
That of bread when broken, yet  
Faith and Penance teach us better  
It is flesh, and what *they* call it  
I believe : that Faith aserteth  
Aught, is proof enough thereof.

*The Understanding.*

This one reason brings contentment  
Unto me.

*Penance.*

O Man ! why linger ?  
Now that Hearing hath firm-fetter'd  
To the Faith thy Understanding,  
Quick, regain the saving vessel  
Of the sovereign Church, and leave  
Sin's so briefly sweet excesses.  
Thou, Ulysses, Circe's slave,  
Fly this false and fleeting revel,  
Since, how great her power may be,  
Greater is the power of Heaven,

Yá que estos secretos hallas  
En el Jupiter Divino,  
Quien sus encantos deshagan.

*El Hombre.*

Dices bien, Entendimiento,  
De aquí mis Sentidos saca.

*Todos.*

Vamos al Baxél, que aquí  
Todo es sombras, y fantasmas.

*La Culpa.*

¿Qué importa, (ay de mí!) qué  
importa,

Que así de mí poder falgas,  
Si mis Encantos fabrán  
Seguirte por donde vayas?  
Yo fabre alterar las ondas.

*La Penitencia.*

Y yo fabré serenarlas.

*Tocan Clarines, y descubrese la Nave, y todos se meten dentro.*

*La Culpa.*

¿Tribulaciones no son  
En la Escritura las aguas?  
Luego á padecer le llevas  
Trabajos, afanés, y ansias.

*La Penitencia.*

Sí; pero estos son regalos,  
Con que mas merito alcanza.

*Dentro todos.*

Buen viage, buen viage.

*La Culpa.*

Aqueñas voces me matan.

*El Hombre.*

Circe cruel, pues que supe  
Vencer prodigiosas Magias,  
Quedate, donde te sirva  
De monumento tu Alcazar.

And the true Jove's mightier magic  
Will thy virtuous purpose strengthen.

*The Man.*

Yes, thou'rt right, O Understanding!  
Lead in safety hence my Senses.

*All.*

Let us to our ship; for here  
All is shadowy and unfettled.

*Sin.*

What imports it—woe is me!—  
What imports it that my sceptre  
Thus you seem to 'scape from, since  
My enchantments will attend ye?  
I shall rouse the waves to madness.

*Penance.*

I shall follow and appease them.

*Trumpets peal. The ship is discovered, and all go on board.*

*Sin.*

Does not Holy Writ compare  
Waves with woes that life engenders?  
Thither then ye go to suffer  
Toils, discomforts, and distresses.

*Penance.*

Yes, but these prove pleasures when  
They to greater favour lead them.

*All (within).*

Happy voyage! happy voyage!

*Sin.*

Oh! with rage these cries o'erwhelm  
me!

*The Man.*

Cruel Circe, now that all—  
All thy wondrous wiles have ended,  
Drag thy palace o'er thy head,  
As thy monument and emblem.

*La Culpa.*

Ondas, que tanto Baxél  
 Sufris fobre las espaldas,  
 En vuestros senos de nieve  
 Le dad sepulcro de plata.

*La Penitencia.*

Ondas ferenas, al blando  
 Movimiento de las aguas,  
 Porque vuestros pavimentos  
 No sean montes, sino alcazar.

*La Culpa.*

Vientos que soplais del Norte  
 No le saqueis de Trinacria,  
 Y chocad, cascado el pino,  
 En aquellas peñas altas.

*La Penitencia.*

Notos, que venís del Austro,  
 Soplad con suaves auras,  
 Porque hasta el Puerto de Hostia  
 Oy á salvamento salga.

*El Entendimiento.*

Buen viage nos prometen  
 Las señas de la bonanza.

*La Culpa.*

Haced, vicios, que velamen  
 Todo pedazos se haga,  
 Y buelto el Barco, sea tumba  
 Con piramides, y jarcias.

*El Hombre.*

Haced, Virtudes, que rompa  
 La quilla suave, y blanda,  
 Encrespando las espumas  
 Vidrios de nieve, y de plata.

*Todos.*

Buen viage, buen viage,  
 Que vientos, y ondas amayanan.

*El Hombre.*

Circe, poco tus Encantos

*Sin.*

Waves, that on your foam-white  
 shoulders  
 Bear the weight of such a vessel,  
 Give it swift a silver tomb  
 In your bosom's snowy centres.

*Penance.*

Halcyon waves, with silent swell,  
 Roll your waters smooth and level;  
 Like the bright floor of a palace,  
 Let your azure hills extend them.

*Sin.*

Winds, that from the black north blow,  
 Waft it not to seas serener,  
 But upon Trinacrian rocks  
 Dash its broken hull to pieces.

*Penance.*

Airs, that float from southern skies,  
 Gently breathe with favouring breezes,  
 That it may the happy haven  
 Of the Host in safety enter.

*The Understanding.*

Friends, a prosperous voyage promise  
 All the signs of settled weather.

*Sin.*

Vices, tear the canvas down,  
 Rend the rified sails in pieces,  
 Let the obeliscal masts  
 Make the hull a tomb resemble.

*The Man.*

Virtues, for its curvèd keel  
 Make the sea-way smooth and settled,  
 Send its prow swift-gliding through  
 Silvery foam, a snow-scaled serpent.

*All.*

Happy voyage! happy voyage!  
 Sing the winds and waves together.

*The Man.*

Circe, now thy forceries vile

Han podido, pues me saca  
(Ay de mí!) la Iris Divina,  
Coronado de esperanzas.

*La Penitencia.*

Circe, yá su Entendimiento  
Va con él: poco las trazas  
De tu Magia te han valido.

*La Culpa.*

Llena estoy de pena, y rabia:  
¿Si yo foy vivora, cómo  
No me rompo las entrañas?  
¿Si foy aspid, cómo oy  
Mi veneno no me mata?  
Pedazos del corazon  
Me arrancaré con mis ansias  
Para tirarlos al Cielo:  
¿Mas á mí, qué me acobarda?  
Si en la Nave de la Iglesia  
Huyes de mí, sabré darla  
Tormentas que la zozobren;  
Mas ay de mí! que ya es vana  
Mi Ciencia, pues que la veo  
Navegar con tal bonanza:  
Falten todos mis Sentidos,  
Pues que yá poder me falta.

[*Suena Terremoto, y la ruido se  
bunde el Palacio.*

Confundanse los Palacios,  
Y bolviendose montañas  
Obscuras, no viva en ellas  
Sino yo, porque me saca  
A quien encantado tuve  
La Penitencia Sagrada,  
En virtud de aquel Divino  
Manjar, que dá por Vianda.

*Todos.*

A cuyo grande milagro

Harm me not, since from thy meshes  
Faith, the heavenly Iris, leads me  
With Hope's glory round my temples.

*Penance.*

Circe, now that as his guide  
See his Understanding wendeth,  
Little can thy forceries wound him.

*Sin.*

Rage and anguish overwhelm me!  
If I am a viper, say  
Why, O heart! dost thou not sever?  
If I am an asp, oh! why  
Does not my own poison end me?  
In my anguish I will tear  
Out my heart in purple pieces  
But to dash them in Heaven's face.  
Wherefore, though, should fear unnerve  
me?

If thou fliest from me thus  
In the Church's saving vessel,  
Know, my storms can overwhelm it.  
Idle boast! for all is ended,—  
All my science now is o'er,  
Since the ship sails on so steady:  
All my senses leave me too,  
Since my magic power hath left me!

[*The sound of an earthquake is heard,  
and the palace disappears.*

Palaces sink down in ruin,  
And the dark hills that upheld them,  
Reappear in all their wildness—  
I sole dweller in the desert:  
For from me hath holy Penance  
Him released, whom charm'd I held  
here,  
By the virtue this divinest  
Bread, this heavenly food, possesses.

*All.*

Let this mightiest miracle

El Mundo mil Fiestas haga,  
Principalmente Madrid,  
Noble corazon de España,  
Que en celebrar á Dios Fiesta  
Con la opinion se levanta.

*Con esta repeticion, y al son de las  
Chirimías, se dá FIN AL AUTO.*

Over all the world be fêted,  
Specially within Madrid,  
City where Spain's proud heart swelleth,  
Which, in honouring God's Body,  
Takes the foremost place for ever.

*With a repetition of ibis, and to the  
sound of clarions, THE AUTO CON-  
CLUDES.*









THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.







## INTRODUCTION.

**L**A *Devocion de la Cruz* was first printed at Huesca, in 1634, in the twenty-eighth volume of the collection devoted to the dramatic works of various authors.\* In the Introduction to *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, I have already described this exceedingly rare collection, and enumerated the very few volumes of it that are now known to exist. The volume which contains *La Devocion de la Cruz*, under the name of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, contains also another of Calderon's dramas, *Amor, Honor y Poder*, under the less concise title of *La Industria contra el Poder, y el Honor contra la Fuerza*, and both are strangely attributed to Lope de Vega. *La Cruz en la Sepultura* is described as differing occasionally from *La Devocion de la Cruz*, as ordinarily printed, and contains three characters and one entire scene which are not to be found in any of the editions of the drama published under that title. The names I have introduced, between brackets, into the list of *Persons represented*, and the scene, similarly marked, I have translated at the proper place. Considering the power exhibited in this "wonderful and terrible drama," as

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\* *Parte Veinte y Ocho de Comedias de Varios Autores*. En Huesca, por Pedro Blufon, imprefor de la Univerfidad, año de 1634. A cofa de Pedro Escuer, mercader de libros. Señor Hartzembulch mentions his having feen *La Cruz en la Sepultura* printed as a feparate play, but without date, place, or name of printer. See his *Prologo*, t. I. p. xv. and his list of *Ediciones Consultadas*, t. iv. pp. 654 and 659.

it has been well called by a distinguished living writer,\* and the celebrity which it has obtained in foreign countries, most readers will be surprised to learn that it was one of the earliest productions of Calderon; written probably during his residence at the University of Salamanca, which he left at nineteen, but certainly, as it is stated, before 1620, when he had only completed his twentieth year.† Like most young dramatic writers, he appears to have freely made use of the labours of his predecessors; and the following dramas are supposed to have had very considerable influence upon him, both in the conception and working out of *The Devotion of the Cross*. The first of these is *La Fundacion de la Orden de la nuestra Señora de la Merced*, by the Canon Tarrega, which is given in the exceedingly scarce volume of Valencian Dramatists, published at Valencia in 1616, a copy of which I possess.‡ Another is Tirso de Molina's *El Condenado por Desconfiado*, the *Enrico* of which singularly resembles, both in his crimes and his love of relating them,§ the *Eusebio* of *The Devotion of the Cross*, the *Ludovico Enio* of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, and other of Calderon's heroes of a similar stamp. Mira de Mescua's *El Esclavo del Demonio* is, however, the play to which Calderon

\* The Rev. Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster. See his *Life's a Dream*, &c. p. 69. London, 1856.

† “*La Devocion de la Cruz*. Escrita antes del año 1620, censurada ya para la impresion en 3 de Abril de 1633.” See CORRECCIONES at the end of *Comedias* de ALARCON; Madrid, 1852.

‡ *Norte de la Poesia Española*, &c. Año 1616; con privilegio. Impreso en Valencia; en la Impresion de Felipe Mey. This and a preceding volume, *Doce Comedias famosas de cuatro Poetas naturales de la insigne y coronado Ciudad de Valencia*, año 1609, are among the scarcest of Spanish books, no copy being known to exist in any of the public or private libraries of Madrid, or perhaps of all Spain, as Señor Ramon de Mesoneros Romanos says, except that in the library of the Queen at Madrid, from which he has made his extracts in the first volume of his *Dramaticos Contemporaneos a Lope de Vega*; Madrid, 1857. See his *Discurso Preliminar*, pp. xii. and xxi.

§ See *Comedias Efcogidas* de Fray Gabriel Tellez (el Maestro Tirso de Molina); Madrid, 1850, p. 189.

is more directly indebted, he having not only imitated the general action of that drama, but having transferred, according to Tieck, several passages of it, almost verbatim, to his own pages.\* *The Devotion of the Cross* has been admirably translated into German by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, as has also *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, of which, in the preceding pages, a translation has been given. In English and French literature few writers have ever referred to Calderon without praising the poetical power and beauty of this drama, and condemning it as “the very sublime of anti-nomianism.” Like many other celebrated literary works, however, it has been more frequently referred to than read, and many writers have, either through carelessness or wilful hostility, needlessly misrepresented and exaggerated its defects.† Among critics who seem to have been actuated by the latter spirit must be placed Sismondi, whose analysis of *The Devotion of the Cross* is more than usually inaccurate and unfair. One would think that there are crimes enough, either referred to or committed, in this drama, without the necessity of adding to them; and yet, by direct assertion and insinuation, he leaves on the mind of the reader a horrible impression of the almost unutterable criminality of the two principal characters, which, if true, would of course render it unfit to be read, enacted, and, I need scarcely say, translated. The subject is difficult to be alluded to; and yet, in justice to a great poet, whose defects, whatever they may have been, were certainly not those which might be

\* See Schack's *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, b. iii. p. 55.

† In describing the class of dramas to which *The Devotion of the Cross* belongs, it is singular that Bouterwek should have fallen into the mistake of calling it an *Auto*; thereby leaving us to infer that he did not understand the marked and impassible distance that separates a religious *Drama* (*Comedia*) of Calderon, or any other Spanish poet, from an *Auto*. *The Sorceries of Sin* in this volume will give the reader some idea of what an *Auto* is, and how impossible it is to confound it with a *Drama* in the ordinary sense, even when dealing with spiritual or religious subjects or things. Mr. Longfellow has fallen into the same mistake as Bouterwek, in his description of this drama. See the chapter on *The Devotional Poetry of Spain*, in his *Outre Mer*.

inferred from the selection of such topics as those alluded to, I cannot avoid it altogether. Sismondi, in speaking of this drama, calls the hero, Eusebio, "an incestuous brigand;" and, as if this were not enough, adds, further on, the phrase, "His sister, Julia, *who is also his mistress,*"\* &c. Now for the shocking assertion contained in these two quotations there is not the slightest shadow of foundation. No criminal intercourse whatever exists between the hero and heroine of this terrible tragedy (how prevented the reader will learn in the powerful scene, which, however faintly interpreted, must rivet his attention), and the unsuspected relationship which exists between them is never known to one of the parties until his last moments, and to the other until after the death of her brother. How differently does another distinguished French writer allude to this subject. With the beautiful passage to which I refer, I shall leave the drama in the hands of the reader. "On devine sans peine," says M. Philarète Chasles, "que Julia est la sœur d'Eusebe; et cette invention dramatique augmentant d'intensité irait couvoyer l'horrible et l'insoutenable, si Calderon n'était doué de ce vrai genie dont l'essence est pure. Nous allons le voir, dans une occasion si difficile, retrouver la moralité qui lui est propre, la sublime pudeur qui ne l'abandonne jamais. Ses ailes blanches et vierges trempent dans l'orage sans se flétrir, et effleurent la foudre sans se bruler."†

With regard to the locality in which the action of this singular drama is supposed to take place, it may be right to add a few words. Neither in this, nor in any of the other dramas of Calderon, as given to us in the ordinary editions,‡ is the *scene* ever mentioned, nor any of the usual aids

\* *Literature of the South of Europe*. I quote from Bohn's translation, v. II. p. 379, not having the original by me. Mr. Lewes, with equal inaccuracy, also adds the crime alluded to in the text to the category of Eusebio's offences. See his *Spanish Drama*; London, 1846, p. 110.

† *Études sur l'Espagne*, par M. Philarète Chasles; Paris, 1847, p. 55.

‡ A remark which may be applied not only to all the Spanish editions prior to that

to the reader's imagination supplied, such as we generally find in the dramatic literature of other countries. In the early English drama, a board with the name of a town written upon it was sufficient for the lively imagination of the audience to waft the spectators from London to York, or from Venice to Verona. But in the Spanish plays, as *printed*, this signpost information is wanting, and the reader is obliged to infer the scene of the event from the language of the characters engaged. This want, with many others, is supplied in the edition of Señor Hartzenbusch, as well as in such German and French translations as I have seen. In the present instance "Sena" is the centre round which all the action of the drama revolves. Señor Hartzenbusch prints the word "Sena" as in the text, leaving it doubtful whether he understands it to mean Siena in Italy, or one of the three small towns in Spain that are called Sena. M. Damas Hinard, in his prose version of this play,\* mentions two of these, one in Aragon, the other in Leon, and is uncertain which of them to decide on. A third, near Santander, might be added, which, if we are to look at all in Spain for the locality, might be more likely, as the sea is mentioned more than once, as being in the neighbourhood of "the mountain," which is the scene of so many wonders. This, however, would not be sufficient to decide the question, because in matters of geographical precision Calderon was as careless as Greene in his *Pandosto*, or Shakespeare in his *Winter's Tale*. But it seems to me that, notwithstanding the strong Spanish colouring of the entire landscape, the rude crosses, the *bandoleros*, and the *ferras*, Siena in Italy must be considered the centre round which all this wild and imaginary scenery lies, Sena being the ancient Latin name of Siena, which Calderon probably adopted. If proof were wanting, the facts of the story, either alluded to

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of Señor Hartzenbusch's, but to all the foreign reprints that I have seen, including those of Ochoa (Paris, 1847), and of Keil (Leipzig, 1827-30).

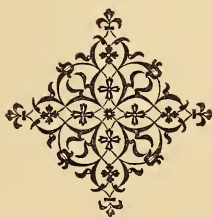
\* *Chefs-d'œuvre de Théâtre Espagnol*: Calderon, 1<sup>re</sup> série; Paris, 1841, p. 148, note.

or enacted, would be sufficient:—the mission of Curcio from the Republic to the Pope; the journeying to and from Rome by Alberto, bishop of Trent; his professorship in the University of Bologna; and, lastly, the account which the Genoese painter gives of himself, in the scene taken from the Huesca edition of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, of his bringing to Florence a painting ordered by one of his patrons there. Schlegel, in his *Die Andacht zum Kreuze*, adopts Siena without any remark, as does the writer of the very accurate paper on *The Devotion of the Cross* in Blackwood,\* and as most other English writers have done who have alluded to this play.

\* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xviii. p. 83. July, 1825.







PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EUSEBIO.  
 CURCIO, *viejo*.  
 LISARDO.  
 OCTAVIO.  
 ALBERTO, *viejo*.  
 GIL, *villano gracioso*.  
 BRAS, }  
 TIRSO, } *villanos*.  
 TORIBIO, }  
 CELIO, } *bandoleros*.  
 RICARDO, }  
 [UN PINTOR.  
 UN POETA.  
 UN ASTROLOGO.]\*  
 JULIA, *dama*.  
 ARMINDA, *criada*.  
 CHILINDRINA.  
 MENGA, *villana graciosa*.  
*Bandoleros y Villanos*.  
*Soldados*.

EUSEBIO.  
 CURCIO.  
 LISARDO, *his son*.  
 OCTAVIO, *in Curcio's service*.  
 ALBERTO, *an aged priest, bishop of Trent*.  
 GIL, *a peasant*.  
 TIRSO, }  
 BRAS, } *peasants*.  
 TORIBIO, }  
 CELIO, } *bandits*.  
 RICARDO, }  
 [A PAINTER.  
 A POET.  
 AN ASTROLOGER.]\*  
 JULIA, *Curcio's daughter*.  
 ARMINDA, *her attendant*.  
 CHILINDRINA, *a follower of the bandits*.  
 MENGA, *Gil's wife*.  
*Bandits and Peasants*.  
*Soldiers*.

SCENE, *Siena and its Neighbourhood*.

\* From the edition of Huesca, 1634.



## THE DEVOTION OF THE CROSS.

### JORNADA I.

ARBOLEDA IMMEDIATA A UN CAMINO QUE  
SE DIRIGE A SENA.

*Dicen dentro MENGA y GIL.*

*Menga.*

**V**ERÁ por dó va la burra.

*Gil.*

Jo dimuño; jo mohina.

*Menga.*

Ya verá por do camina :  
Arre acá.

*Gil.*

¡ El diablo te aburra !  
¡ No hay quién una cola tenga,  
Pudiendo tenella mil ?

*[Salen los dos.]*

*Menga.*

¡ Buena hacienda has hecho, Gil !

*Gil.*

¡ Buena hacienda has hecho, Menga,  
Pues tú la culpa tuvifte !

### ACT I.

A WILD WOODY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT,  
NOT FAR FROM THE HIGH ROAD TO  
SIENA.

*MENGA and GIL behind the Scenes.*

*Menga.*

**S**EE! the afs is going to turn  
her!

*Gil.*

Yo, dolt's dam! yo, devil's  
daughter!

*Menga.*

There, she's stuck! you should have  
caught her;

Yo! geho!

*Gil.*

The devil burn her!

Had she fifty tails to tickle,  
All were vain against her will.

*[They enter.]*

*Menga.*

What a fix we're in, friend Gil!

*Gil.*

What the devil of a pickle!  
All through fault of yours, I'm thinking,

Que como ibas caballera,  
 Que en el hoyo se metiera,  
 Al oido la dijiste,  
 Por hacerme regañar.

*Menga.*

Por verme caer á mí,  
 Se lo dijiste, eso sí.

*Gil.*

¿Cómo la hemos de facar?

*Menga.*

¿Pues en el lodo la dejas?

*Gil.*

No puede mi fuerza sola.

*Menga.*

Yo tiraré de la cola,  
 Tira tú de las orejas.

*Gil.*

Mejor remedio sería  
 Hacer el que aprovechó  
 A un coche, que se atascó  
 En la corte esotro día.  
 Este coche, Dios delante,  
 Que arrastrado de dos potros,  
 Parecía entre los otros  
 Pobre coche vergonzante.  
 Y por maldicion muy cierta  
 De sus padres (hado esquivo!)  
 Iba de estribo en estribo,  
 Ya que no de puerta en puerta;  
 En un arroyo atascado,  
 Con ruegos el caballero,  
 Con azotes el cocheró,  
 Ya por fuerza, ya por grado,  
 Ya por gusto, ya por miedo,  
 Que saliesen procuraban:  
 Por recio que lo mandaban,  
 Mi coche quedo que quedo.  
 Viendo que no importan nada  
 Cuantos remedios hicieron,

Since, my Menga, since you rode her,  
 You it must have been who shew'd her  
 Just the very spot to sink in;—  
 'Tis to vex me that you tease her.

*Menga.*

Since she threw me o'er her shoulder,  
 You it must have been who told her.

*Gil.*

But the question, How release her?

*Menga.*

In the mud wouldst leave her here?

*Gil.*

All my strength, as nought, avails her.

*Menga.*

I can pull her by the tail, fir;  
 You can pull her by the ear.

*Gil.*

No, I think a better way,  
 And a quicker to revive her,  
 Is to do, as did the driver  
 Of a coach the other day.  
 This same coach, the execration  
 Of the streets, in slow approaches  
 Slunk beside the other coaches,  
 Like a shabby poor relation;  
 Or for some deep grief it bore,  
 (Who or what its grief can smother?)  
 Went from one side to the other,  
 'Stead of *on* from door to door:—  
 In the kennel now 'tis stuck,  
 How the knight within doth growl!  
 Some try fair means, some try foul,  
 Coachee lashes, footmen chuck,  
 Cushions fly to make it lighter,  
 All is noise and cries and worrit;  
 But the more they strive to stir it,  
 Seems my coach to stick the tighter.  
 Seeing thus 'twere best to parley,  
 Coachee takes the best of courses,

Delante el coche pusieron  
 Un harnero de cebada.  
 Los caballos, por comer,  
 De tal manera tiraron,  
 Que tofieron y arrancaron ;  
 Y efto podemos hacer.

*Menga.*

¡Que nunca valen dos cuartos  
 Tus cuentos !

*Gil.*

Menga, yo fiento

Ver un animal hambriento,  
 Donde hay animales hartos.

*Menga.*

Voy al camino á mirar  
 Si pafa de nuestra aldea  
 Gente, cualquiera que fea,  
 Porque te venga á ayudar,  
 Pues te das tan pocas mañas.

*Gil.*

¡ Vuelves, Menga, á tu porfía ?

*Menga.*

¡ Ay burra del alma mia ! *[Vafe.]*

*Gil.*

¡ Ay burra de mis entrañas !  
 Tú fuifte la mas honrada  
 Burra de toda la aldea ;  
 Que no ha habido quien te vea  
 Nunca mal acompañada.  
 No eres nada callejera ;  
 De mejor gana te estabas  
 En tu pefebre, que andabas,  
 Cuando te llevaban fuera.

And before the half-ftarved horfes  
 Holds outfretch'd a fieve of barley ;—  
 The poor ftarvelings feek to fwallow,  
 So they tug with might and main,  
 Drag the coach from out the drain,  
 And the example we may follow.\*

*Menga.*

Tales like this you've now related  
 Ar'n't two farthings worth.

*Gil.*

O'ercaft

Am I, feeing one beaft *faft*,  
 Where ftand two quite fatiated.

*Menga.*

I will to the road, the diftance  
 Isn't far, to fee fome neighbour  
 Paffing to his daily labour,  
 Who will come to give affiftance :  
 Since 'tis little zeal you fhew.

*Gil.*

Menga mine, your wrath control.

*Menga.*

Oh ! dear donkey of my foul ! *[Exit.]*

*Gil.*

Donkey of my bowels, oh !  
 Thou that wert the moft refpected  
 Donkey of our village green,  
 Thou that never yet haft been  
 In bad company detected ;  
 Thou that gadded not about,  
 But preferr'd domeftic quiet,—  
 A fnug manger and good diet—  
 To the joys of going out :

\* Sydney Smith, in his amufing lecture "On the Conduct of the Understanding," condemning what he calls "the foppery of univerfality" in one's ftudies, fays whimsically, that "he would exact of a young man a pledge never to read Lope de Vega!" Fortunately he does not include or exclude Calderon, who in this little ftory happens to have anticipated the witty canon in the anecdote which he tells us of himfelf and his horfe "Calamity."—See *Life of SYDNEY SMITH* by LADY HOLLAND.

Pues ¿altanera y liviana?  
 Bien me atrevo á jurar yo,  
 Que ningun burro la vió  
 Afomada á la ventana.  
 Yo sé que no merecia  
 Su lengua desdicha tal;  
 Pues jamas para habrar mal  
 Dijo: Aquesta boca es mia.  
 Pues como á ella la sobre  
 De lo que comiendo está,  
 Luego al punto se lo da  
 A alguna borrica pobre.

[*Ruido dentro.*]

Mas ¿qué ruido es este? Allí  
 De dos caballos se apean  
 Dos hombres, y hácia mí vienen,  
 Despues que atados los dejan.  
 ¡Descoloridos, y al campo  
 De mañana! Cosa es cierta,  
 Que comen barro, ó están  
 Opilados. Mas ¿si fueran  
 Bandoleros? ¡Aqui es ello!  
 Pero lo que fuere sea,  
 Aqui me escondo; que andan,  
 Que corren, que salen, que entran.

[*Escóndese.*]

*Salen LISARDO y EUSEBIO.*

*Lisardo.*

No pasemos adelante,  
 Porque esta estancia encubierta  
 Y apartada del camino,  
 Es para mi intento buena.  
 Sacad, Eusebio, la espada;  
 Que yo, de aquesta manera,  
 A los hombres como vos

Though thou'rt skittish, may be vain,  
 Yet I'll swear it, notwithstanding,  
 No one ever saw you standing,  
 Ogling at the window-pane.  
 True, that honest tongue of thine  
 Is a little rough, no matter,  
 You speak truly, and don't flatter,  
 When you say, This voice is mine.  
 And you're generous, too, the grass  
 Which your maw declines receiving,  
 I have often seen you leaving  
 To some poor and hungrier ass.\*

[*A noise within.*]

But what noise is this? Oh! yonder  
 I behold two men who've ridden  
 Hard here, tie their panting horses  
 To the trees, and wander hither;—  
 Pale! and in the fields so early!  
 Oh! 'tis plain they've got green sickness.  
 Should they prove, though, bandoleros!  
 'Gad! that were a pretty business!—  
 Be they who they may, 'tis better  
 That I hide me here a little.  
 Here they come; they reach, they enter,  
 Ere I've scarcely time to fix me.

[*He conceals himself.*]

*Enter LISARDO and EUSEBIO.*

*Lisardo.*

Let us then proceed no farther,  
 Since this thorny-tangled thicket,  
 Screen'd and sever'd from the highway,  
 For my object is well fitted.  
 Draw then, draw your sword, Eusebio,  
 As I mine, for thus succintly  
 Do I challenge men like you

\* The humour of this address will not unpleasantly recall Goldsmith's "Elegy on the glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize."

Saco á reñir.

*Eusebio.*

Aunque tenga

Bastante causa en haber  
Llegado al campo, quisiera  
Saber lo que á vos os mueve.  
Decid, Lisardo, la queja,  
Que de mí tenéis.

*Lisardo.*

Son tantas,

Que falta voz á la lengua,  
Razones á la razon,  
Y al sufrimiento paciencia.  
Quisiera, Eusebio, callarlas,  
Y aun olvidarlas quisiera ;  
Porque cuando se repiten,  
Hacen de nuevo la ofensa.  
¿ Conoceis estos papeles ?

*Eusebio.*

Arrojadlos en la tierra,  
Y los alzaré.

*Lisardo.*

Tomad.

Qué os suspendeis ? qué os altera ?

*Eusebio.*

Mal haya el hombre, mal haya  
Mil veces aquel, que entrega  
Sus secretos á un papel ;  
Porque es disparada piedra,  
Que se sabe quien la tira,  
Y no se sabe á quien llega.

*Lisardo.*

¿ Habéislos ya conocido ?

*Eusebio.*

Todos están de mi letra,  
Que no la puedo negar.

*Lisardo.*

Pues yo foy Lisardo, en Sena,

To the combat.

*Eusebio.*

Though sufficient

Cause have I in having come  
To the field here, yet my wishes  
Are to know what thus has moved you.  
Say, Lisardo, say what hidden  
Charge against me have you ?

*Lisardo.*

I

Have so many, that to hint them  
Would my tongue want words, my  
reason  
Utterance, and all patience quit me.  
I, Eusebio, would in silence,  
Nay, in dark oblivion sink them,  
Since an insult when repeated  
Is a second time committed.  
Do you recognize these papers ?

*Eusebio.*

Throw them down, and I will lift them  
From the ground.

*Lisardo.*

They're *there* then, take them :—  
Why thus tremble ? Why thus shiver ?

*Eusebio.*

Woe unto the man ! a thousand  
Woes to him, who hath committed  
His heart's secrets to a letter !  
'Tis a random stone, a missile,  
Which the hand that flings it knoweth,  
But is ignorant whom it hitteth.

*Lisardo.*

Have you scrutinised them fully ?

*Eusebio.*

That these letters were all written  
By my hand, I must acknowledge.

*Lisardo.*

Well, Siena is my birth-place,

Hijo de Lisardo Curcio.  
 Bien excusadas grandezas  
 De mi padre consumieron  
 En breve tiempo la hacienda,  
 Que los fuyos le dejaron ;  
 Que no sabe cuánto yerra  
 Quien, por excesivos gastos,  
 Pobres á sus hijos deja.  
 Pero la necesidad,  
 Aunque ultraje la nobleza,  
 No excusa de obligaciones  
 A los que nacen con ellas.  
 Julia pues, (¡ saben los cielos,  
 Cuanto el nombrarla me pesa !)  
 O no supo conservarlas,  
 O no llegó á conocerlas.  
 Pero al fin, Julia es mi hermana ;  
 ¡ Pluguiera á Dios no lo fuera !  
 Y advertid, que no se firven  
 Las mujeres de sus prendas  
 Con amorosos papeles,  
 Con razones lisonjeras,  
 Con ilícitos recados,  
 Ni con infames terceras.  
 No os culpo en el todo á vos ;  
 Que yo confieso, que hiciera  
 Lo mismo, á darme una dama  
 Para servirla licencia ;  
 Pero culpos en la parte  
 De ser mi amigo, y en esta  
 Con mas culpa os comprehende  
 La culpa que tuvo ella.  
 Si mi hermana os agradó  
 Para mujer (que no era  
 Posible, ni yo lo creo  
 Que os atreviérais á verla  
 Con otro fin, ni aun con este ;  
 Pues ; vive Dios ! que quisiera  
 Antes, que con vos casada,

And my fire Lisardo Curcio.  
 The unsparing, the unfinted  
 Habits of my father wasted  
 Soon the wealth to him transmitted  
 By more prudent predecessors ;  
 Ignorant how much he sinneth,  
 Who by wild and wasteful outlay  
 Maketh paupers of his children.  
 But although necessity  
 May a noble name disfigure,  
 It exempts not from their duties  
 Those whose birth is burthen'd with  
 them.  
 Julia then . . . (ah me ! Heaven knows  
 How to name her name afflicts me !)  
 Knew not rightly to observe them,  
 Or not knowing them could omit them.  
 But still Julia (would to God  
 That she were not ! ) is my sister,  
 And you know, when wooing women  
 Of her rank, 'tis not permitted  
 To indite persuasive flatteries,  
 To address love-laden billets,  
 To send messages in secret,  
 And hire go-betweens to bring them.  
 I for this don't wholly blame you,  
 Since I will confess, in this way  
 Would I act too, if a lady  
 Leave to woo her would but give me ;  
 But I blame you, from the fact of  
 Being my friend, and so, from *this*, see  
 How through you the fault is doubled,  
 That by her has been committed.  
 If my sister pleased your fancy  
 As a wife (I cannot bring me  
 To believe it possible,  
 That you ever hoped to win her  
 Otherwise, or even as this ;  
 Since, as God lives ! I would wish her,



Mirarla á mis manos muerta):  
 En fin, si vos la elegísteis  
 Para mujer, justo fuera  
 Descubrir vuestros deseos  
 A mi padre, antes que á ella.  
 Este era término justo,  
 Y entonces mi padre viera,  
 Si le estaba bien el darla,  
 Que pienso que no os la diera;  
 Porque un caballero pobre,  
 Cuando en cosas como estas  
 No puede medir iguales  
 La calidad y la hacienda,  
 Por no deflucir su sangre  
 Con una hija doncella,  
 Hace sagrado un convento;  
 Que es delito la pobreza.  
 Aqueste á Julia mi hermana  
 Con tanta prisa la espera,  
 Que mañana ha de ser monja,  
 Por voluntad, ó por fuerza.  
 Y porque no será bien,  
 Que una religiosa tenga  
 Prendas de tan loco amor,  
 Y de voluntad tan necia,  
 A vuestras manos las vuelvo,  
 Con resolución tan ciega,  
 Que no solo he de quitarlas,  
 Mas tambien la causa dellas.  
 Sacad la espada, y aqui  
 El uno de los dos muera;  
 Vos, porque no la sirvais,  
 O yo, porque no lo vea.

*Eusebio.*

Tened, Lisardo, la espada,  
 Y pues yo he tenido flema  
 Para oír desprecios míos,

Ere with you I saw her married,  
 Dead, although my own hands kill'd  
 her):

In a word, if you selected  
 Her to be your wife, 'twere fittest  
 That, before herself, my father  
 Were acquainted with your wishes.  
 That were the correct proceeding.  
 Then my father would consider  
 If 'twere right to give her to you,  
 And I think he would not give her;  
 For a gentleman grown poor,  
 When a case like this arises,  
 If he finds he cannot equal  
 Fortune with his rank's requirements,  
 Left through an unmarried daughter  
 On his blood should fall defilement,  
 Seeks the safeguard of a convent;  
 Such a crime is want of riches.  
 This fate now so soon awaiteth  
 Upon Julia, on my sister,  
 That she must the veil to-morrow  
 Take, though force control her wishes!  
 And because it were not right  
 That a novice should have with her  
 Proofs of such a foolish passion,  
 And of a desire so silly,  
 I return them to your hands,  
 With a blind resolve and fixed,  
 To destroy not only them,  
 But the very hand that writ them.  
 Draw then, draw your sword, for now  
 Either of us twain must die here;  
 You, that you may cease your service,  
 I, that service not to witness.

*Eusebio.*

Sheathe your sword awhile, Lisardo,  
 And since I have deign'd to listen  
 With such phlegm to my disparaisés,

Escuchadme la respuesta ;  
 Y aunque el discurso sea largo  
 De mi suceso, y parezca  
 Que, estando solos los dos,  
 Es demasiada paciencia,  
 Pues que ya es fuerza reñir,  
 Y morir el uno es fuerza ;  
 Por si los cielos permiten,  
 Que yo el infelice sea,  
 Oid prodigios que admiran,  
 Y maravillas que elevan ;  
 Que no es bien, que con mi muerte  
 Eterno silencio tengan.  
 Yo no sé quien fue mi padre ;  
 Pero sé, que la primera  
 Cuna fué el pie de una Cruz,  
 Y el primer lecho una piedra.  
 Raro fué mi nacimiento,  
 Segun los pastores cuentan,  
 Que desta suerte me hallaron  
 En la falda de esas sierras.  
 Tres dias, dicen, que oyeron  
 Mi llanto, y que á la aspereza,  
 Donde estaba, no llegaron  
 Por el temor de las fieras,  
 Sin que alguna me ofendiese :  
 Pero ¿ quién duda que era  
 Por respeto de la Cruz,  
 Que tenia en mi defensa ?  
 Hallóme un pastor, que acaso  
 Buscó una perdida oveja  
 En la aspereza del monte,  
 Y trayéndome á la aldea  
 De Eusebio, que no sin causa  
 Estaba entonces en ella.  
 Le contó mi prodigioso  
 Nacimiento, y la clemencia  
 Del cielo asistió á la suya.  
 Mandó en fin, que me trajeran

Hear the answer that I give them :—  
 And although my life's strange story  
 May seem long, and the recital  
 Out of reasonable patience  
 Weary you, we standing pitted  
 Breast to breast thus for the combat,  
 In which one of us must die here,  
 And left Heaven perchance permitteth  
 Me to be the hapless victim,  
 Hear the wonders most astounding,  
 Hear the marvels most surprising,  
 Which 'twere wrong my death should  
 hide here  
 In its everlasting silence.  
 Who my father was I know not ;  
 But I know this, I, an infant,  
 Had a cross's foot for cradle,  
 And a hard stone for my first bed.  
 Strange my birth, and strange the story  
 Which the shepherds oft recited,  
 Who had found me thus abandon'd  
 In a gorge of these wild hills here.  
 For three days, they said, they heard me  
 Crying, but to reach the cliffs where  
 I was placed they could not venture,  
 Through the terror of the wild beasts,  
 One of whom nor hurt nor touch'd me ;  
 Who can doubt through certain instincts  
 Of respect unto the Cross  
 Which in my defence stood nigh me ?  
 There by accident, a shepherd,  
 Seeking a lost lamb, descried me  
 In the wildness of the mountain,  
 And who brought me to the village  
 Of Eusebio, who had cause then  
 Doubtless to be dwelling in it.  
 Him he told of my prodigious  
 Birth, and pitying Heaven assisted  
 By its own, to wake his pity.

A su casa, y como á hijo  
 Me dió la crianza en ella.  
 Eusebio foy de la Cruz,  
 Por su nombre, y por aquella,  
 Que fue mi primera guía,  
 Y fue mi guarda primera.  
 Tomé por gusto las armas,  
 Por pasatiempo las letras ;  
 Murió Eusebio, y yo quedé  
 Heredero de su hacienda.  
 Si fue prodigioso el parto,  
 No lo fue menos la estrella,  
 Que enemiga me amenaza,  
 Y piadosa me reserva.  
 Tierno infante era en los brazos  
 Del ama, cuando mi fiera  
 Condicion, bárbara en todo,  
 Dió de sus rigores muestra ;  
 Pues con solas las encías,  
 No sin diabólica fuerza,  
 Partí el pecho de quien tuve  
 El dulce alimento ; y ella,  
 Del dolor desesperada,  
 Y de la cólera ciega,  
 En un pozo me arrojó,  
 Sin que ninguno supiera  
 De mí. Oyéndome reir,  
 Bajaron á él, y cuentan,  
 Que estaba sobre las aguas,  
 Y que con las manos tiernas  
 Tenia una Cruz formada,  
 Y sobre los labios puesta.  
 Un dia que se abrasaba  
 La casa, y la llama fiera  
 Cerraba el paso á la huida,  
 Y á la salida la puerta,  
 Entre las llamas estuve  
 Libre, sin que me ofendieran :  
 Y advertí despues, dudando

Finally he bade them bring me  
 To his house, and as his son  
 To be rear'd, and cared, and christen'd.  
 Thus, Eusebio of the Cross  
 Am I call'd ; a name that mingles  
 His with that one which to me  
 Was my guide first, and my first friend.  
 Arms I took to as a passion,  
 As a pastime books enticed me.  
 Then Eusebio died, and left me  
 The sole heir of all his riches.  
 If my birth was so prodigious,  
 Nothing less so was my life's star,—  
 Now a threat'ning foe to fright me,  
 Now a pitying friend to guide me.  
 Still a tender infant, lying  
 In my nurse's arms, my wicked  
 Nature, which was wholly savage,  
 Gave a sample of its wildness ;  
 Since but with my gums, their weakness  
 By a demon's power assisted,  
 I cut through the tender bosom  
 Out from which my sweet food  
 trickled :—  
 She, made desperate by the anguish,  
 And by sudden anger blinded,  
 Down into a deep well threw me,  
 Unperceived by any witness.  
 Thence my laugh being heard, they  
 ventured  
 To the bottom, and the finders  
 Said they found me on the water,  
 And that with my little fingers  
 I a natural Cross had fashion'd,  
 And had placed it on my lips there.  
 On a certain day when fire had  
 Seized our dwelling, and the wild flame  
 Barr'd all entrance or all exit  
 From the outside or the inner,

Que haya en el fuego clemencia,  
 Que era día de la Cruz.  
 Tres lustros contaba apenas,  
 Cuando por el mar fui á Roma,  
 Y en una brava tormenta,  
 Desesperada mi nave  
 Chocó en una oculta peña,  
 En pedazos dividida,  
 Por los costados abierta :  
 Abrazado de un madero  
 Salí venturoso á tierra,  
 Y este madero tenia  
 Forma de Cruz. Por las fieras  
 De esos montes caminaba  
 Con otro hombre, y en la fenda  
 Que dos caminos partia,  
 Una Cruz estaba puesta.  
 En tanto que me quedé,  
 Haciendo oracion en ella,  
 Se adelantó el compañero ;  
 Y despues dándome priesa  
 Para alcanzarle, le hallé  
 Muerto á las manos sangrientas  
 De bandoleros. Un día,  
 Riñendo en una pendencia,  
 De una estocada caí,  
 Sin que hiciese resistencia,  
 En la tierra; y cuando todos  
 Pensaron hallarla ajena  
 De remedio, solo hallaron  
 Señal de la punta fiera  
 En una Cruz que traia  
 Al cuello, que en mi defensa  
 Recibió el golpe. Cazando  
 Una vez por la aspereza  
 Deste monte, se cubrió  
 El cielo de nubes negras,  
 Y publicando con truenos  
 Al mundo espantosa guerra,

I among the flames was able  
 To pass free, untouch'd, uninjured ;  
 And 'twas thought of then, while wonder  
 At the fire's forbearance fill'd them,  
 That it was the Day of the Cross !  
 Scarce three lustres had I circled,  
 When by sea to Rome I journey'd ;  
 And a wild storm having risen,  
 Drove my hapless bark with fury  
 On a sharp rock lying hidden ;  
 And the open bulwarks parting,  
 Soon the vessel broke in splinters ;—  
 I, a passing plank embracing,  
 Safely to the shore was drifted !  
 And this plank, I found, was fashion'd  
 Like a Cross. Among the ridges  
 Of these mountains once I travell'd  
 With a friend, and in the middle  
 Of the path where two roads parted  
 Was a rustic Cross uplifted ;  
 To recite a prayer before it  
 While I stay'd behind a little,  
 My companion still went forward ;  
 And when using double quickness  
 To o'ertake him, dead I found him,  
 By the red hands of banditti  
 Foully murder'd. I one day  
 Mix'd up in a feud, was smitten  
 By the sharp stroke of a dagger,  
 So that down I fell resistless  
 On the ground, and when all round me  
 Reckon'd that my wound admitted  
 Of no help, they could but only  
 Find a slight mark of the fierce steel  
 On a Cross I wore suspended  
 From my neck, and which was dinted  
 Thus in my defence. When hunting  
 Once amid the roughest district  
 Of this mountain, heaven had cover'd

Lanzas arrojaba en agua,  
 Balas disparaba en piedras.  
 Todos hicieron las hojas  
 Contra las nubes defensa,  
 Siendo ya tiendas de campo  
 Las mas ocultas malezas ;  
 Y un rayo, que fue en el viento  
 Caliginoso cometa,  
 Volvió en ceniza á los dos  
 Que de mí estaban mas cerca.  
 Ciego, turbado y confuso  
 Vuelvo á mirar lo que era,  
 Y hallé á mi lado una Cruz,  
 Que yo pienso que es la mesma,  
 Que asistió á mi nacimiento,  
 Y la que yo tengo impresa  
 En los pechos ; pues los cielos  
 Me han señalado con ella,  
 Para públicos efectos  
 De alguna causa secreta.  
 Pero aunque no sé quien soy,  
 Tal espíritu me alienta,  
 Tal inclinacion me anima,  
 Y tal ánimo me fuerza,  
 Que por mí me da valor  
 Para que á Julia merezca ;  
 Porque no es mas la heredada,  
 Que la adquirida nobleza.  
 Este soy, y aunque conozco  
 La razon, y aunque pudiera  
 Dar satisfaccion bastante  
 A vuestro agravio, me ciega  
 Tanto la passion de veros  
 Hablando de esa manera,  
 Que ni os quiero dar disculpa,  
 Ni os quiero admitir la queja ;  
 Y pues quereis estorbar,  
 Que yo su marido sea ;  
 Aunque su casa la guarde,

Itself o'er with black clouds thickly,  
 And in thunder-claps proclaiming  
 'Gainst the world a war terrific,  
 Shot its bullets in the hail-stones,  
 In the rain its lances tilted.  
 We all flying from the cloud-gufts,  
 Shelter fought beneath the thick leaves,  
 Where, like tents of an encampment,  
 Arch'd the thickets dark and prickly ;  
 When a bolt, that on the swift wind  
 Like a vaporous comet glitter'd,  
 Into ashes burn'd the two  
 Who were standing close beside me !  
 Blind, distracted, in confusion  
 Round I turn'd to see what hid me,  
 And I then perceived a Cross, —  
 It the same, in my opinion,  
 Which stood o'er me on my birth-day,  
 And of which I bear the impress  
 On my breast ; since Heaven hath  
 mark'd me  
 With that symbol's mystic image,  
 Thus to publish the effects  
 Of a cause that yet lies hidden.  
 Thus though ignorant who I am,  
 Such a spirit doth incite me,  
 Such an impulse animates me,  
 Such a glow of courage fires me,  
 That I feel I'm not unworthy  
 To love Julia, and to win her ;  
 Since nobility is equal  
 Whether self-born or transmitted.  
 This I am, and though the reason  
 I well know, and though sufficient  
 Satisfaction I could make you  
 For your wrong, such passion blinds me,  
 Seeing that you have adres'd me  
 In a way so cold and slighting,  
 That I'll neither make excuses,

Aunque un convento la tenga,  
De mí no ha de estar segura ;  
Y la que no ha sido buena  
Para mujer, lo será  
Para dama ; así desea  
Desesperado mi amor,  
Y ofendida mi paciencia,  
Castigar vuestro desprecio,  
Y satisfacer mi afrenta.

*Lisardo.*

Eusebio, donde el acero  
Ha de hablar, calle la lengua.

[*Sacan las espadas y riñen, y LISARDO cae en el suelo, y procurando levantarse, torna á caer.*

¡ Herido estoy !

*Eusebio.*

¿ Y no muerto ?

*Lisardo.*

No, que en los brazos me queda  
Aliento para . . . ¡ Ay de mí !  
Faltó á mis plantas la tierra.

*Eusebio.*

Y falte á tu voz la vida.

*Lisardo.*

No me permitas que muera  
Sin confesion.

*Eusebio.*

¡ Muere, infame !

*Lisardo.*

No me mates, por aquella  
Cruz en que Cristo murió.

*Eusebio.*

Aqueña voz te defienda

Nor admit the quarrel right here ;  
And since my desire of being  
Married to her you would hinder,  
Though her father's house should guard  
her,

Though a convent's walls may hide her,  
Neither shall ensure her safety ;  
She, too good to be permitted  
To become my wife, shall serve me  
As a mistress :—thus desireth  
The despair of my affection,  
Thus my patience now extinguish'd,  
To chastise your proud despisal,  
And my honour's stain outwipe here.

*Lisardo.*

When the sword can speak, Eusebio,  
Let the tongue at least be silent.

[*They draw and fight.*

Ah ! I'm wounded ! [ *He falls.*

*Eusebio.*

And not dead ?

*Lisardo.*

No ! for in these arms surviveth  
Strength enough . . . But woe is me,  
'Neath my feet the firm earth sinketh !

*Eusebio.*

And in life's last gasp thy voice sinks.

*Lisardo.*

Oh ! allow me not unshriven  
Here to die !

*Eusebio.*

Die ! miscreant, villain !

*Lisardo.*

I implore you not to kill me,  
By the Cross on which Christ suffer'd.

*Eusebio.*

Ah ! that solemn word unfits me

De la muerte. Alza del suelo ;  
Que cuando por ella ruegas,  
Falta rigor á la ira,  
Y falta á los brazos fuerza.  
Alza del suelo.

*Lisardo.*

No puedo ;  
Porque ya en mi sangre envuelta  
Voy despreciando la vida,  
Y el alma pienso que espera  
A salir, porque entre tantas  
No sabe cual es la puerta.

*Eusebio.*

Pues síate de mis brazos,  
Y ámate ; que aqui cerca  
De unos penitentes monjes  
Hay una ermita pequeña,  
Donde podrás confesarte,  
Si vivo á sus puertas llegas.

*Lisardo.*

Pues yo te doy mi palabra,  
Por esa piedad que muestras,  
Que si yo merezco verme  
En la divina presencia  
De Dios, pediré que tú  
Sin confesarte no mueras.

[*Llévale EUSEBIO en brazos.*

*Gil.*

¡ Han visto lo que le debe !  
La caridad está buena ;  
Pero yo se la perdono.  
¡ Matarle, y llevarle á cuevas !

*Salen BRAS, TIRSO, MENGA y*

*TORIBIO.*

*Toribio.*

¡ Aqui dices que quedaba ?

*Menga.*

Aqui se quedó con ella.

For the death-stroke. Rise, Lisardo,  
Since when you through it ask pity,  
From my arm the strength departeth,  
From my anger flies its rigour.  
Rise, then, from the ground.

*Lisardo.*

I cannot ;

For already the red river  
Of my life is past all staying,  
And I think the soul but lingers  
To go forth, because it knows not  
Which, 'mid many, is the right door.

*Eusebio.*

Then entrust thee to my arms,  
And take courage ; for hard by here  
Stands the little hermitage  
Of some penitential friars,  
Where thou may'st confess, if haply  
Thou to reach their doors survivest.

*Lisardo.*

For the pity thou dost show me,  
I my solemn promise give thee,  
That if e'er to God's divinest  
Presence I shall be admitted,  
I shall ask for thee the grace  
Likewise not to die unshriven.

[*EUSEBIO carries him out in his arms.*

*Gil.*

Whoe'er saw the like of this ?  
Charity in faith's a fine thing ;  
But I'll rather you'd excuse me :—  
First to kill him, then to lift him !

*Enter MENGA, BRAS, TIRSO, and*

*TORIBIO.*

*Toribio.*

Was it here you said he waited ?

*Menga.*

Here it was I left him with her.

*Tirso.*  
Mírale allí embelesado.

*Menga.*  
Gil, ¿qué mirabas?

*Gil.*  
¡Ay Menga!

*Tirso.*  
¿Qué te ha sucedido?

*Gil.*  
¡Ay Tirso!

*Toribio.*  
¿Qué viste? Danos respuesta.

*Gil.*  
¡Ay Toribio!

*Bras.*  
Di, ¿qué tienes,  
Gil, ó de qué te lamentas?

*Gil.*  
¡Ay Bras, ay amigos míos!  
No lo sé mas que una bestia:  
Matóle, y cargó con él,  
Sin duda á faltar le lleva.

*Menga.*  
¿Quién le mató?

*Gil.*  
¿Que sé yo?

*Tirso.*  
¿Quién murió?

*Gil.*  
No sé quien era.

*Toribio.*  
¿Quién cargó?

*Gil.*  
¿Que sé yo quien?

*Bras.*  
¿Y quién le llevó?

*Gil.*  
Quien quiera.

*Tirso.*  
See him, how he stares and gapes there.

*Menga.*  
What do you gaze at, Gil?

*Gil.*  
Ah, Menga!

*Tirso.*  
What has happen'd to you?

*Gil.*  
Ah, Tirso!

*Toribio.*  
What have you seen? come, tell us  
quickly.

*Gil.*  
Ah, Toribio!

*Bras.*  
Say, what ails you,  
Gil, or wherefore do you sigh so?

*Gil.*  
Ah! friend Bras, ah! all my neighbours,  
Asks that I am, I know not *why* so:  
Him he kill'd, and raised and carried  
Off, I hav'n't a doubt, to pickle.

*Menga.*  
Who was it kill'd him?

*Gil.*  
How do I know?

*Tirso.*  
Who was kill'd?

*Gil.*  
I know not either.

*Toribio.*  
Who raised him up?

*Gil.*  
How know I who did?

*Bras.*  
Who carried him off?

*Gil.*  
Who'er you like then:



Pero porque lo sepais,  
Venid todos.

*Tirso.*

¿Do nos llevas?

*Gil.*

No lo sé; pero venid,  
Que los dos van aqui cerca.

[*Vanse todos.*]

SALA EN CASA DE CURCIO, EN SENA.

*Salen JULIA y ARMINDA.*

*Julia.*

Déjame, Arminda, llorar  
Una libertad perdida,  
Pues donde acaba la vida,  
Tambien acaba el pesar.  
¿Nunca has visto de una fuente  
Bajar un arroyo manso,  
Siendo apacible descanso  
El valle de su corriente;  
Y cuando le juzgan falto  
De fuerza las flores bellas,  
Pasa por encima dellas,  
Rompiendo por lo mas alto?  
Pues mis penas, mis enojos  
La misma experiencia han hecho;  
Detuviéronse en el pecho,  
Y salieron por los ojos.  
Deja que llore el rigor  
De un padre.

*Arminda.*

Señora, advierte . . .

*Julia.*

¿Qué mas venturosa fuerte  
Hay, que morir de dolor?  
Pena que deja vencida  
La vida, ser gloria ordena;

But to find out all about it  
Come with me.

*Tirso.*

But where will you bring us?

*Gil.*

I don't know, but come along  
For the two are not far distant.

[*Exeunt.*]

A ROOM IN CURCIO'S HOUSE AT SIENA.

*Enter JULIA and ARMINDA.*

*Julia.*

Let me weep, my faithful friend,  
Liberty's last hope that leaves me,  
Since till death's cold hand relieves me,  
Can my sorrow have no end.  
Hast thou ne'er, its fount outgrowing,  
Seen a gentle streamlet fleeing,  
Its smooth peaceful pathway being  
The sweet valley of its flowing;  
And when all the lovely flowers  
Think it scarce has strength to move them,  
Lo! the pent-up stream above them  
Sweeps their loveliest from the  
bowers?—

This, whereby the fair flower dies,  
Have my pains, my griefs effected:  
In my breast they were collected,  
And they burst forth from mine eyes.  
Let me weep the cruelty  
Of a father.

*Arminda.*

Lady, see . . .

*Julia.*

But what happier destiny  
Is there, than of grief to die?  
Pain that, victor of the strife,  
Conquers life is a glorious fate,—

Que no es muy grande la pena,  
Que no acaba con la vida.

*Arminda.*

¿Qué novedad obligó  
Tu llanto?

*Julia.*

¡Ay, Arminda mia!

Cuantos papeles tenia  
De Eusebio, Lifardo halló  
En mi escritorio.

*Arminda.*

¿Pues él

Supo que estaban allí?

*Julia.*

Como aquefo contra mí  
Hará mi estrella cruel.  
Yo, (¡ay de mí!) cuando le via  
El cuidado con que andaba,  
Pensé que lo sospechaba,  
Pero no que lo sabía.  
Llegó á mí descolorido,  
Y entre apacible y airado,  
Me dijo, que habia jugado,  
Arminda, y que habia perdido;  
Que una joya le prestase  
Para volver á jugar.  
Por presto que la iba á dar,  
No aguardó á que la sacase:  
Tomó él la llave, y abrió  
Con una cólera inquieta,  
Y en la primera naveta  
Los papeles encontró.  
Miróme y volvió á cerrar.  
Y sin decir nada (¡ay Dios!)  
Buscó á mi padre, y los dos  
(¡Quién duda es para tratar  
Mi muerte?) gran rato hablaron  
Cerrados en su aposento;  
Salieron, y hácia el convento

Since the pain cannot be great,  
Unto which succumbs not life.

*Arminda.*

But what *new* grief is the ground  
Of these tears?

*Julia.*

Arminda mine,

Of Eusebio, every line,  
By Lifardo has been found  
In my escritoir.

*Arminda.*

Did hé

Know that they were there conceal'd?

*Julia.*

This my cruel star reveal'd  
Shining balefully on mé;  
I (ah me!) because he grew,  
Plainly, hourly, more dejected,  
Thought indeed that he suspected,  
But I did not think he knew.  
Thus he came, his hair was toft,  
Pale his cheek, his eye betray'd  
Peace and wrath, he said he play'd  
Deep and long, that he had lost;  
Luck was bad, and, to retrieve it,  
Ask'd me for some trinkets' loan,  
Which to give I would have flown  
Had he waited to receive it;  
But he, with an angry air,  
Seized the key, unlock'd the drawer,  
And within the escritoir  
Found Eusebio's letters there.  
Coldly eyeing me, he straight  
Lock'd the drawer, said naught,  
withdrew  
(God!) to seek my fire, the two,  
(Oh! who doubts that the debate  
Turn'd up on my death?) discourse  
Held there long within his room,

Los dos sus pasos guiaron,  
 Segun Octavio me dijo.  
 Y si lo que está tratado  
 Ya mi padre ha efectuado,  
 Con justa causa me aflijo ;  
 Porque si de aquesta fuerte,  
 Que olvide á Eusebio, desea,  
 Antes que monja me vea,  
 Yo misma me daré muerte.

*Salte EUSEBIO.*

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Ninguno tan atrevido,  
 Si no tan desesperado,  
 Viene á tomar por sagrado  
 La casa del ofendido.  
 Antes que sepa la muerte  
 De Lisardo Julia bella,  
 Hablar quisiera con ella,  
 Porque á mi tirana fuerte  
 Algun remedio consigo,  
 Si, ignorado mi rigor,  
 Puede obligarla el amor  
 A que se vaya conmigo ;  
 Y cuando llegue á saber  
 De Lisardo el hado injusto,  
 Hará de la fuerza gusto,  
 Mirándose en mi poder.—  
 Hermosa Julia.

*Julia.*

¿ Tú en esta casa ?  
 ¿ Qué es esto ?

*Eusebio.*

El rigor  
 De mi desdicha, y tu amor  
 En tal peligro me ha puesto.

Then came forth, and through the gloom  
 To the convent bent their course,  
 As Octavio has told me.  
 If then what was there projected  
 By my father is effected,  
 Justly you in tears behold me ;  
 For if thus he seeks to try  
 From Eusebio's love to free me,  
 Ere a nun he lives to see me,  
 By my own hands shall I die.

*EUSEBIO enters unseen.*

*Eusebio (aside).*

No one ever dared before,  
 Desperate though his case might be,  
 Thus to fly for sanctuary  
 To the injured party's door ;  
 But my urgent fate compels me,  
 Ere Lisardo's death be known,  
 Ere fair Julia's love be grown  
 Into hate and she repels me,  
 Quickly to anticipate  
 Rapid rumour's dread revealings,  
 And by both our mutual feelings  
 Urge her to embrace my fate,  
 And to fly with me this hour :—  
 Then, although his death must pain her,  
 She will feel she must restrain her,  
 Seeing that she's in my power :—

[*He advances.*

Beauteous Julia !

*Julia.*

Can it be  
 Thou art in this house ?

*Eusebio.*

To prove  
 My misfortune and thy love,  
 I have run this risk for thee.

*Julia.*

Pues ¿ cómo has entrado aquí,  
Y emprendes tan loco extremo ?

*Eusebio.*

Como la muerte no temo.

*Julia.*

¿ Qué es lo que intentas así ?

*Eusebio.*

Hoy obligarte deseo,  
Julia, porque agradecida  
Des á mi amor nueva vida,  
Nueva gloria á mi deseo.  
Yo he sabido cuanto ofende  
A tu padre mi cuidado,  
Que á su noticia ha llegado  
Nuestro amor, y que pretende  
Que tú recibas mañana  
El estado que desea,  
Para que mi dicha sea,  
Como mi esperanza, vana.  
Si ha sido gusto, si ha sido  
Amor el que me has mostrado,  
Si es verdad que me has amado,  
Si es cierto que me has querido,  
Vente conmigo ; pues ves  
Que no tiene resistencia  
De tu padre la obediencia,  
Deja tu casa ; y despues  
Que habrá mil remedios piensa ;  
Pues ya en mi poder, es justo  
Que haga de la fuerza gusto,  
Y obligacion de la ofensa.  
Villas tengo en que guardarte,  
Gente con que defenderte,  
Hacienda para ofrecerte,  
Y un alma para adorarte.  
Si darme vida desees,  
Si es verdadero tu amor,  
Atrévete, ó el dolor

*Julia.*

Oh ! why hast thou ventured here,  
Such a wild attempt to try ?

*Eusebio.*

I am not afraid to die.

*Julia.*

What's thy object ?—O my fear !

*Eusebio.*

Julia, I have grown ambitious  
That this happy day at length  
Should my love give newer strength,  
Newer glory to my wishes.  
I have learn'd how much offended  
Is your father by my suit,  
That to him has come the bruit  
Of our love, that 'tis intended,  
Ere shall come to-morrow's e'en,  
Thou a state of life must take,  
Which, he thinks, my bliss will make  
Vain as all my hopes have been.  
If with favour thou hast heard me  
Speak my love, nor yet reprov'd me,  
If 'tis certain thou hast lov'd me,  
If 'tis true thou hast preferr'd me,  
Come then with me : since 'tis plain  
Thou canst never make resistance  
To thy father's strong persistence,  
Leave thy house ; thy strength will gain  
Thousand aids when thou art hence ;  
When thou'rt in my power 'twill be  
Best to yield to fate's decree,  
And to pardon the offence.  
Villas have I to rise o'er thee,  
Vassals have I to defend thee,  
Wealth and all its aids to tend thee,  
And a true heart to adore thee.  
Wouldst thou stay this life nigh fled,  
Dost thou worth a true love deem me,  
Dare this step, or thou wilt see me

Hará que mi muerte veas.

*Julia.*

Oye, Eusebio.

*Arminda.*

Mi señor

Viene, señora.

*Julia.*

Ay de mí!

*Eusebio.*

¿ Pudiera hallar contra mí

La fortuna mas rigor ?

*Julia.*

¿ Podrá salir ?

*Arminda.*

No es posible

Que se vaya ; porque ya

Llamando á la puerta está.

*Julia.*

¡ Grave mal !

*Eusebio.*

¡ Pena terrible !

¿ Qué haré ?

*Julia.*

Esconderte es forzoso.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Dónde ?

*Julia.*

En aquefe aposento.

*Arminda.*

Presto, que sus pasos sienta.

[*Escóndese EUSEBIO.*]

*Sale CURCIO.*

*Curcio.*

Hija, si por el dichofo  
Estado, que tú codicias,  
Y que ya seguro tienes,  
No das á mis parabienes  
La vida y alma en albricias,

Slain by grief, here lying dead.

*Julia.*

Oh! Eusebio, hear . . . .

*Arminda.*

My master

Comes, señora.

*Julia.*

Woe is me !

*Eusebio.*

Oh! with what perfitency

Fortune dogs me with disaster !

*Julia.*

Can he not go forth ?

*Arminda.*

'Tis vain

To attempt it ; 'tis too late,

For he's calling at the gate.

*Julia.*

Dread mischance !

*Eusebio.*

Terrific pain !

What remains ?

*Julia.*

Concealment solely.

*Eusebio.*

Where ?

*Julia.*

Within this chamber here.

*Arminda.*

Quick ! his steps are drawing near.

[*EUSEBIO conceals himself.*]

*Enter CURCIO.*

*Curcio.*

Daughter, if for that most holy  
State thou long'st for, that calm goal  
Which now crowns thy expectations,  
Thou, as my best gratulations,  
Yield'st not up thy heart and soul,

Del deseo que he tenido  
 No agradeces el cuidado.  
 Todo queda efectuado,  
 Y todo tan prevenido,  
 Que solo falta ponerte  
 La mas bizarra y hermosa,  
 Para ser de Cristo esposa ;  
 Mira ¡ que dichosa fuerte !  
 Hoy ventajas á todas  
 Cuantas se ven envidiar,  
 Pues te verán celebrar  
 Aquestas divinas bodas.  
 ¿ Qué dices ?

*Julia (aparte).*

¿ Qué puedo hacer ?

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Yo me doy la muerte aqui,  
 Si ella le dice que sí.

*Julia.*

No sé como responder.— [*Aparte.*

Bien, señor, la autoridad  
 De padre, que es preferida,  
 Imperio tiene en la vida ;  
 Pero no en la libertad.

¿ Pues, que supiera antes yo  
 Tu intento, no fuera bien ?  
 ¿ Y que tú, señor, tambien  
 Supieras mi gusto ?

*Curcio.*

No ;

Que sola mi voluntad,  
 En lo justo, ó en lo injusto,  
 Has de tener tú por gusto.

*Julia.*

Solo tiene libertad  
 Un hijo para escoger  
 Estado ; que el hado impío  
 No fuerza el libre albedrío.

Then my zeal will be derided,  
 By thy ingrate heart eluded.  
 Everything has been concluded,  
 I have everything provided ;  
 There's but one thing to await,  
 In a rich robe to be clothèd  
 As Christ's vestal bride betrothèd ;  
 See now, what a happy fate !  
 All the friends thy feast invites  
 Will be envious of thy mating,  
 Since they'll see thee celebrating  
 These divinest marriage rites.  
 What then say'st thou ?

*Julia (aside).*

Woe the day !

*Eusebio (aside).*

Here I'll give myself my death  
 If the fatal " Yes " she saith.

*Julia.*

(Ah ! I know not what to say !)

[*Aside.*

Though a fire's authority  
 So endow'd, so richly rise,  
 Hath dominion over life,  
 It hath none o'er liberty.  
 Wer't not right that I should know  
 Earlier what thou tell'st me now ?  
 Wer't not proper, too, that thou  
 Knew my wishes likewise ?

*Curcio.*

No ;

For my will alone should be  
 Ever sacred in thy sight,  
 Be the matter wrong or right.

*Julia.*

Sir, the only liberty  
 That a child has is to choose  
 In the world its fitting state ;  
 This no law or impious fate

Déjame pensar y ver  
De espacio esto ; y no te espante  
Ver que término te pida ;  
Que el estado de una vida  
No se toma en un instante.

*Curcio.*

Basta que yo lo he mirado,  
Y yo por tí he dado el sí.

*Julia.*

Pues si tú vives por mí,  
Toma también por mí estado.

*Curcio.*

¡ Calla, infame ! ¡ calla, loca !  
Que haré de aqueste cabello  
Un lazo para tu cuello,  
O sacaré de tu boca  
Con mis manos la atrevida  
Lengua, que de oír me ofendo.

*Julia.*

La libertad te desiendo,  
Señor, pero no la vida.  
Acaba su curso triste,  
Y acabará tu pesar ;  
Que mal te puedo negar  
La vida que tú me diste.  
La libertad, que me dió  
El cielo, es la que te niego.

*Curcio.*

En este punto á creer llego  
Lo que el alma sospechó,  
Que no fue buena tu madre,  
Y manchó mi honor alguno ;  
Pues hoy tu error importuno  
Ofende el honor de un padre,  
A quien el sol no igualó  
En resplandor y belleza,  
Sangre, honor, lustre y nobleza.

*Julia.*

Esto no he entendido yo,

E'er should hinder or refuse.  
Let me think awhile, nor fear  
For this pause to be petition'd,  
For a moment's insufficient  
To decide a life's career.

*Curcio.*

'Tis enough that I've decided,  
And have given the "Yes" for thee.

*Julia.*

Since my life thou liv'st for me,  
Take the state, too, thou'st provided.

*Curcio.*

Silence, rebel ! silence, fool !  
Left around thy neck I twine  
Lasso-like those locks of thine,  
Or permit my hands to pull  
Out thy tongue, that like a knife  
Cuts me to the heart to hear.

*Julia.*

'Tis the freedom I hold dear  
I defend, but not the life :—  
Finish its unhappy course,  
And thy grief conclude thereby,  
Since 'twere sinful to deny  
That to thee who art its source ;  
What I wish to have respected  
Is my freedom—Heaven's sole gift.

*Curcio.*

Now assurance doth uplift  
Doubt from that I've long suspected,  
That my wife, your mother rather,  
Stain'd my life's else spotless mirror,  
Since to day thy obstinate error  
Wounds the honour of a father,  
Who hath not the sun for equal,  
In its light and loveliness,  
For blood, birth, and nobleness.

*Julia.*

Ere I speak, I wait the sequel,

Por eso no he respondido.

*Curcio.*

Arminda, salte allá fuera.—

[*Vase ARMINDA.*

Y ya que mi pena fiera  
Tantos años he tenido  
Secreta, de mis enojos  
La ciega pasión obliga  
A que la lengua te diga  
Lo que te han dicho los ojos.  
La Señoría de Sena,  
Por dar á mi sangre fama,  
En su nombre me envió  
A dar la obediencia al Papa  
Urbano Tercio. Tu madre,  
Que con opinion de santa  
Fue en Sena comun ejemplo  
De las matronas romanas,  
Y aun de las nuestras, (no sé  
Como mi lengua la agravia ;  
Mas, ¡ay infelice ! tanto  
La satisfaccion engaña)  
En Sena quedó, y yo estuve  
En Roma con la embajada  
Ocho meses ; porque entonces  
Por concierto se trataba,  
Que esta Señoría fuese  
Del Pontífice ; Dios haga  
Lo que á su estado convenga,  
Que aqui importa poco, ó nada.  
Volví á Sena, y hallé en ella . . . .  
(Aqui el aliento me falta,  
Aqui la lengua enmudece,  
Y aqui el ánimo desmaya)  
Hallé (¡ay injusto temor !)  
A tu madre tan preñada,  
Que para el infeliz parto,  
Cumplia las nueve faltas.  
Ya me habia prevenido

As thy meaning is not clear.

*Curcio.*

Wait without, Arminda, go !

[*Exit ARMINDA.*

Seeing that my bitter woe,  
Which I've held so many a year  
Hidden, from its centre flies,  
And by passion render'd bold,  
Makes thee by the tongue be told  
What's been told thee by the eyes.  
This proud feigniori Sena,  
To my blood to add new honour,  
Sent me once to pay obedience,  
In its name, unto the Pontiff,  
The third Urban ; and thy mother,  
Who, reputed and acknowledged  
As a saint, was through Sena  
Thought the universal model,  
The bright copy and exemplar,  
Of all matrons, of the Roman,  
And even of our own : (I know not  
How my tongue can dare to wrong her,  
But alas ! the satisfaction  
That seems fair deceives too often !)  
She remain'd behind ; I tarried  
Eight months at the sacred college  
With the embassy, at that time  
The idea being in progress  
'Bout the giving of Sena  
To the Pontiff, which same project  
May God settle as beseems him !  
For 'tis here of flight importance.  
On returning home, I found her . . . .  
(Here the breath doth fail my body,  
Here my tongue grows mute in silence,  
Here my frighten'd courage falters,)  
Found her . . . (hence, O coward fear !)  
In her pregnancy so forward,  
That for her unhappy burden



Por sus mentirosas cartas  
 Esta desdicha, diciendo,  
 Que, cuando me fui, quedaba  
 Con sospecha; y yo la tuve  
 De mi deshonra tan clara,  
 Que discurriendo mi agravio,  
 Imaginé mi desgracia.  
 No digo que verdad sea;  
 Mas quien tiene sangre hidalga  
 No ha de aguardar á creer,  
 Que el imaginar le basta.  
 ¿Qué importa que un noble sea  
 Desdichado, (¡oh ley tirana  
 De honor! ¡oh bárbara fuero  
 Del mundo!) si la ignorancia  
 Le disculpa? Mienten, mienten  
 Las leyes; porque no alcanza  
 Los misterios al efecto  
 Quien no previene la causa.  
 ¿Qué ley culpa á un inocente?  
 ¿Qué opinión á un libre agravia?  
 Miente otra vez; que no es  
 Deshonra, sino desgracia.  
 ¡Bueno es, que en leyes de honor  
 Le comprenda tanta infamia  
 Al Mercurio que le roba,  
 Como al Argos que le guarda!  
 ¿Qué deja el mundo, qué deja,  
 Si así al inocente infama,  
 De deshonra, para aquel  
 Que lo sabe y que lo calla?  
 Yo entre tantos pensamientos,  
 Yo entre confusiones tantas,  
 Ni ví regalo en la mesa,  
 Ni hice descanso en la cama.  
 Tan desabrido conmigo  
 Estuve, que me trataba  
 Como ajeno el corazón,  
 Y como á tirano el alma.

She her nine months had accomplish'd;  
 She already had forewarn'd me,  
 In false lines of seeming fondness,  
 Of this great misfortune, saying,  
 When I left her, that the prospect  
 Seem'd most likely: and so patent  
 Thought I then was my dishonour,  
 That, deep brooding on my insult,  
 I imagined my misfortune:  
 That 'twas real I assert not,  
 Since what man whose blood is noble  
 Waits for proof, when 'tis sufficient  
 To imagine it as proven?  
 What imports it that a noble  
 Is unhappy (oh! despotic  
 Law of honour! oh! stern edict  
 Of the world!) when want of knowledge  
 Exculpates him? Lying, lying  
 Laws are they, because the mortal  
 Should be blamed not for the issues  
 Who the cause hath not foreboded.  
 What law proves the innocent guilty?  
 Blameless, what opinion wrongs them?  
 Lying laws once more: for then 'twere  
 Not dishonour but misfortune.  
 Is it right, by the laws of honour,  
 That an equal infamy follows  
 Him, the Argus who doth guard it,  
 And the Mercury who robs it?  
 I, involved in such dark fancies,  
 I, in such a maze involvèd,  
 Found no solace at the table,  
 No repose upon the soft bed.  
 And I grew so discontented  
 With myself soon, that my cold heart  
 Came to treat me as a stranger,  
 And my soul as not its owner.  
 And though many a time I reason'd  
 With myself, and well-nigh proved her

Y aunque á veces discurria  
 En su abono, y aunque hallaba  
 Verisímil la disculpa,  
 Pudo en mí tanto la instancia  
 Del temer que me ofendia,  
 Que con saber que fue casta,  
 Tomé de mis pensamientos,  
 No de sus culpas, venganza.  
 Y porque con mas secreto  
 Fuese, previne una caza  
 Fingida, porque á un zeloso  
 Ficciones solo le agradan.  
 Al monte fui, y cuando todos  
 Entretenidos estaban  
 En su alegre regocijo,  
 Con amorosas palabras,  
 (¡ Qué bien las dice quien miente !  
 ¡ Qué bien las cree quien ama !)  
 Llevé á Rosmira, tu madre,  
 Por una senda apartada  
 Del camino, y divertida  
 Llegó á una secreta estancia  
 Deste monte, á cuyo albergue  
 El sol ignoró la entrada ;  
 Porque se la defendian  
 Rústicamente enlazadas,  
 Por no decir que amorosas,  
 Arboles, hojas y ramas.  
 Aquí pues, adonde apenas  
 Huella imprimió mortal planta,  
 Solos los dos . . . .

*Sale* ARMINDA.

*Arminda.*

Si el valor,  
 Que el noble pecho acompaña,  
 Señor, y si la experiencia,  
 Que te han dado honrosas canas,  
 En la desdicha presente

Innocent, I still was haunted  
 With the fear she might have wrong'd me.  
 And though thus with full assurance  
 She was chaste, I yet resolvèd  
 To avenge not her offences  
 But the dark thoughts that engross'd me.  
 And more secretly and safely  
 That this should be done, I order'd  
 A fictitious hunt, for fictions  
 Are the jealous man's sole comfort.  
 We departed to the mountain,  
 And while all our friends disportèd  
 In the joyous recreation,  
 I, with words of amorous fondness,  
 (Ah ! how easily by falsehood  
 Can such treacheries be spoken !  
 Ah ! how easily be trusted  
 By the fond heart of a lover !)  
 Led thy mother, led Rosmira,  
 By a path, that, through the copses  
 Winding, from the roadway brought us  
 To a lone and distant corner  
 Of the mountain, to whose entrance  
 Scarce the sun reveal'd a portal,  
 It was so completely hidden  
 By the rustic running over,  
 Not to say the amorous twining  
 Of leaves, trees, and thorns, and roses.  
 Here, then, here, where human footstep  
 Scarce was present till that moment,  
 We two only . . . .

*Enter* ARMINDA.

*Arminda.*

If the firmness  
 Which to noble breasts belongeth,  
 If, sir, the dear-bought experience  
 Which has given thee honour'd hoar  
 hairs,

No te niega ó no te falta,  
Exámen será el valor  
De tu ánimo.

*Curcio.*

¿Qué causa

Te obliga á que así interrumpas  
Mi razon ?

*Arminda.*

Señor . . . .

*Curcio.*

Acaba ;

Que mas la duda me ofende.

*Julia.*

¿ Por qué te suspendes ? Habla.

*Arminda.*

No quisiera ser la voz  
De mi pena y tu desgracia.

*Curcio.*

No temas decirla tú,  
Pues yo no temo escucharla.

*Arminda.*

A Lisardo, mi señor . . . .

*Eusebio.*

Esto solo me faltaba.

*Arminda.*

Bañado en su sangre traen  
En una filla por andas  
Cuatro rústicos pastores,  
Muerto (¡ ay Dios ! ) á puñaladas ;  
Mas ya á tu preferencia llega :  
No le veas.

*Curcio.*

¿ Cielos, tantas

Penas para un desdichado !  
¡ Ay de mí !

In the presence of this sorrow  
Fail thee not nor fly thee wholly,  
It will be the test and trial  
Of thy strength of mind.

*Curcio.*

What object

Forces thee to interrupt me  
Thus unsummon'd ?

*Arminda.*

Sir . . . .

*Curcio.*

Say shortly

What it is, for doubt is worse still.

*Julia.*

Speak ! Why pause thus ? What doth  
stop thee ?

*Arminda.*

That I may not be the voice  
Of my pain, and thy misfortune.

*Curcio.*

Be not thou afraid to tell  
What I fear not to have told me.

*Arminda.*

Sir, oh ! sir, thy son Lisardo . . . .

*Eusebio (at the side).*

This remain'd to overthrow me !

*Arminda.*

Bathèd in his blood, and lying  
On a litter stretch'd, is borne here  
By four rustic shepherd swains,  
Dead (O God ! ) from cuts and sword-  
stabs ;

But already he is here :—

Look not on him.

*Curcio.*

Heavens ! what torments

Numberless for one poor wretch here !  
Woe is me !—

*Salen los Villanos con LISARDO muerto  
en una silla.*

*Julia.*

Pues ¿ qué inhumana  
Fuerza ensangrentó la ira  
En su pecho? ¿ qué tirana  
Mano se bañó en mi sangre,  
Contra su inocencia airada?  
¡ Ay de mí !

*Arminda.*

Mira, señora . . . .

*Bras.*

No llegues á verle.

*Curcio.*

Aparta.

*Tirso.*

Detente, señor.

*Curcio.*

Amigos,

No puede sufrirlo el alma.  
Dejadme ver ese cadáver frío,  
Depósito infeliz de heladas venas,  
Ruina del tiempo, estrago del impío  
Hado, teatro funesto de mis penas.  
¿ Qué tirano rigor (¡ ay hijo mio !)  
Trágico monumento en las arenas  
Construyó, porque hiciese en quejas  
vanas  
Mortaja triste de mis blancas canas ?  
¡ Ay amigos ! decid ; ¿ quién fue homicida  
De un hijo, en cuya vida yo animaba ?

*Enter GIL, MENGA, BRAS, TORIBIO,  
and others, bearing a bier, upon which  
is the body of LISARDO.*

*Julia.*

Unpitying monster,  
Who art thou whose wrath is written  
Blood-red on this breast? What horrid  
Hand is bathèd in my heart's blood?  
Anger'd by his innocence only?  
Woe is me !

*Arminda.*

Reflect, señora . . . .

*Bras.*

Come not nearer !

*Curcio.*

Hence ! nor stop me.

*Tirso.*

Do hold back, fir.

*Curcio.*

Friends, my heart  
Leaves me powerless to withhold me.  
Let me behold this corpse, so coldly lying,  
The sad deposit now of frozen veins—  
Ruin of time, dead fruit of fate undying,  
The fatal theatre of all my pains.  
What tyrant wrath, a demon's wrath  
outvying,  
Raised, O my son, upon these crimson'd  
plains,  
This tragic pile, o'er which in sorrow  
bow'd  
My white hairs streaming serve thee  
as a shroud ?  
Tell me, my friends, what hand to  
mercy steel'd  
Slew this dear son, in whom my life's  
blood lay ?

*Menga.*

Gil lo dirá; que, al verle dar la herida,  
Oculto entre unos árboles estaba.

*Curcio.*

Di, amigo, di, ¿quién me quitó esta  
vida?

*Gil.*

Yo solo sé, que Eusebio se llamaba,  
Cuando con él reñía.

*Curcio.*

¿Hay mas deshonra?  
Eusebio me ha quitado vida y honra.  
Dísculpa ahora tú de sus crueles

*[A Julia.*

Deseos la ambicion; di que concibe  
Casto amor, pues, á falta de papeles,  
Lascivos gustos con tu sangre escribe.

*Julia.*

Señor . . . .

*Curcio.*

No me respondas como fueles;  
A tomar hoy estado te apercibe,  
O apercibe tambien á tu hermosura  
Con Lisardo temprana sepultura.  
Los dos á un tiempo el sentimiento  
esquivo  
En este dia sepultar concierto,  
El muerto al mundo, en mi memoria  
vivo,

*Menga.*

Gil, who was present, 'mong some  
trees conceal'd,  
Saw him fall wounded in a desperate  
fray.

*Curcio.*

Say, who was he who sent him  
unanneal'd  
Before his God, and snatch'd from  
me to-day  
My life's best life?

*Gil.*

But this alone I know,  
He call'd himself, I think, Eusebio.

*Curcio.*

Eusebio! thus my honour and my life  
He robs relentless in his fateless mood!

*[To Julia.*

Excuse him, prithee, thou his would-  
be wife;  
Say the chaste eagerness with which  
he wooed  
Caused the slight error that produced  
this strife,  
He wanted ink, and so he wrote in  
blood!

*Julia.*

Oh! fir . . . .

*Curcio.*

Reply not in thy usual way;  
Hear my commands and study to obey.  
Prepare to-day to seek the cloister's gloom,  
Or else prepare in beauteous death  
to lie  
With young Lisardo in his early tomb:  
At one sad moment both my children  
die;  
Both share the same and yet a different  
doom;

Tú, viva al mundo, en mi memoria  
muerta.

Y en tanto que el entierro os apercibo,  
Porque no huyas, cerraré esta puerta.  
Queda con él, porque de aquefa fuerte  
Lecciones al morir te dé fu muerte.

[*Vanse todos, y queda JULIA en medio de  
LISARDO y EUSEBIO, que sale por otra  
puerta.*]

*Julia.*

Mil veces procuro hablarte,  
Tirano Eusebio, y mil veces  
El alma duda, el aliento  
Falta, y la lengua enmudece.  
No sé, no sé como pueda  
Hablar ; porque á un tiempo vienen  
Envueltas iras piadosas  
Entre pidades crueles.  
Quisiera cerrar los ojos  
A aquesta sangre inocente,  
Que está pidiendo venganza,  
Desperdiciando claveles :

Both leave me lone, and yet how  
differently,—

One lives in memory, though his soul  
has fled,  
And one, though living, seems to meas  
dead.

Here, by thy brother's bloody bier, think  
o'er

The choice I give thee ; think what  
thou hast done ;

Look on these tears and on that  
innocent gore,—

A fire dishonour'd and a murder'd son !  
Thou canst not fly, for I shall lock this  
door.

Here I shall leave thee by this couch  
alone ;

Look on this pallid form that here  
doth lie,

And learn from it the way that thou  
shalt die.

[*Exeunt all but JULIA, who stands in  
the middle of the stage, between  
the dead body of LISARDO and  
EUSEBIO, who comes forth from his  
place of concealment.*]

*Julia.*

I attempt a thousand times,  
Dread Eusebio, to address thee,  
And a thousand times my breath  
Fails me, and my tongue is fetter'd.  
Ah ! I know not, know not how  
To address thee, since together  
Pious anger steels my heart,  
And unnatural pity melts me.  
I would wish tó close mine eyes  
To this innocent blood here present,  
Which, in asking vengeance, sheds  
Purple pinks o'er all this death-bed :

Y quisiera hallar disculpa  
 En las lágrimas que viertes ;  
 Que al fin heridas y ojos  
 Son bocas que nunca mienten.  
 Y en una mano el amor,  
 Y en otra el rigor presente,  
 A un mismo tiempo quisiera  
 Castigarte y defenderte.  
 Y entre ciegas confusiones  
 De pensamientos tan fuertes  
 La clemencia me combate,  
 Y el sentimiento me vence.  
 ¿ Desta fuerte folicitas  
 Obligarme ? ¿ desta fuerte,  
 Eusebio, en vez de finezas,  
 Con crueldades me pretendes ?  
 Cuando de mi boda el dia  
 Resuelta esperaba, ¿ quieres  
 Que, en vez de apacibles bodas,  
 Tristes obsequias celebre ?  
 Cuando por tu gusto era  
 A mi padre inobediente,  
 ¿ Lutos funestos me das,  
 En vez de galas alegres ?  
 Cuando, arriesgando mi vida,  
 Hice posible el quererte,  
 ¿ En vez de tálamo (¡ ay cielos !)  
 Un sepulcro me previenes ?  
 Y cuando mi mano ofrezco,  
 Despreciando inconvenientes  
 De honor, ¿ la tuya bañada  
 En mi sangre me la ofreces ?  
 ¿ Qué gusto tendré en tus brazos,  
 Si para llegar á verme,  
 Dando vida á nuestro amor,  
 Voy tropezando en la muerte ?  
 ¿ Qué dirá el mundo de mí,  
 Sabiendo que tengo siempre,  
 Si no presente el agravio,

And I would find some excuse  
 In the tears I see thou sheddest :  
 Since but tears and eyes alone  
 Are the mouths that lie not ever.  
 Thus on one hand here is love,  
 And on the other is resentment,  
 And I would at one time wish  
 Both to punish and defend thee ;  
 And amid the wild confusion  
 Of the passionate thoughts that press me,  
 Now with clemency contend,  
 Now to sterner duty nerve me.  
 Is it in this way, Eusebio,  
 Thou wouldst show thy wish to serve me ?  
 Is it in this way thou giv'st me  
 Cruelties and not caresses ?  
 When resolved, my marriage day  
 I awaited, wouldst thou let me,  
 'Steard of peaceful bridal feasts,  
 Celebrate but sad interments ?  
 When I was, to make thee happy,  
 To my father disobedient,  
 Wouldst thou give me mourning robes  
 In the place of gala dresses ?  
 When at risk of life I made it  
 Possible perchance to wed thee,  
 Is it not a bride-bed, (heavens !)  
 But a tomb thou wouldst present me ?  
 When I offer thee my hand,  
 Scorning all the fears suggested  
 By my honour, thine deep-dyed  
 In my blood thou wouldst extend me !  
 In thine arms what blis's were mine,  
 If to reach them I beheld me  
 Giving life unto our love,  
 Struggling with death's hand that led me ?  
 What would say the world of me,  
 Knowing that I kept for ever,  
 If not present, the deep wrong,

Quien le cometió presente ?  
 Pues cuando quiera el olvido  
 Sepultarle, solo el verte  
 Entre mis brazos será  
 Memoria con que me acuerde.  
 Yo entonces, yo, aunque te adore,  
 Los amorosos placeres  
 Trocaré en iras, pidiendo  
 Venganzas ; pues ; cómo quieres  
 Que viva sujeta un alma  
 A efectos tan diferentes,  
 Que esté esperando el castigo,  
 Y deseando que no llegue ?  
 Basta, por lo que te quise,  
 Perdonarte, sin que esperes  
 Verme en tu vida, ni hablarme.  
 Esa ventana, que tiene  
 Salida al jardín, podrá  
 Darte paso ; por ahí puedes  
 Escaparte ; huye el peligro,  
 Porque, si mi padre viene,  
 No te halle aquí. Vete, Eusebio,  
 Y mira que no te acuerdes  
 De mí ; que hoy me pierdes tú,  
 Porque quisiste perderme.  
 Vete, y vive tan dichoso,  
 Que tengas felicemente  
 Bienes, sin que á los pesares  
 Pagues penion de los bienes.  
 Que yo haré para mi vida  
 Una celda prision breve,  
 Si no sepulcro, pues ya  
 Mi padre enterrarme quiere.  
 Allí lloraré desdichas  
 De un hado tan inclemente,  
 De una fortuna tan fiera,  
 De una inclinacion tan fuerte,  
 De un planeta tan opuesto,  
 De una estrella tan rebelde,

The wrong-doer ever present ?  
 Since if in forgetfulness  
 I would hide it, but to see thee  
 In my arms alone would be  
 A dread memory and remembrance.  
 I then, I, though I adore thee,  
 Will love's joys so sweet and tender  
 Change to anger, sternly calling  
 For revenge ; since wouldst thou, tell me,  
 Have a soul live on and be  
 To such different moods subjected,  
 As to hope the chastisement  
 And yet wish it not effected ?  
 'Tis enough that I forgive thee,  
 Since I loved thee : but hope never  
 In your life-time to speak with me,  
 Or to see me. Look, this trellis,  
 Opening on the garden, gives thee  
 A free exit : fly the peril,  
 That when back returns my father,  
 Here he find thee not. In mercy  
 Go, Eusebio, and no thought have  
 More of me ; to-day for ever  
 Hast thou lost me. Since, to lose me,  
 Thus for ever thou preferrest.  
 Go, then, go, and live so happy,  
 So serenely be possessor  
 Of life's blessings, as to pay not  
 Sorrow's toll for being blessèd.  
 I shall make my narrow cell  
 As a life-long prison serve me,  
 If not as a grave ; my father  
 So desiring to inter me :  
 There I'll weep o'er the misfortunes  
 Of a hard fate so inclement,  
 Of a fortune so ungenial,  
 Of a liking so excessive,  
 Of a star so unpropitious,  
 Of a planet so averted,



De un amor tan desdichado,  
De una mano tan aleve,  
Que me ha quitado la vida,  
Y no me ha dado la muerte,  
Porque entre tantos pesares,  
Siempre viva, y muera siempre.

*Eusebio.*

Si acafo mas que tus voces  
Son ya tus manos crueles  
Para tomar la venganza,  
Rendido á tus pies me tienes.  
Preso me trae mi delito,  
Tu amor es la cárcel fuerte,  
Las cadenas son mis yerros,  
Prisiones que el alma teme,  
Verdugo es mi pensamiento ;  
Si son tus ojos los jueces,  
Y ellos me dan la sentencia,  
Por fuerza será de muerte.  
Mas dirá entonces la fama  
En su pregon : “ este muere,  
Porque quiso ; ” pues que solo  
Es mi delito quererte.  
No pienso darte disculpa ;  
No parezca que la tiene  
Tan grande error, solo quiero  
Que me mates y te vengues.  
Toma esta daga, y con ella  
Rompe un pecho que te ofende,  
Saca un alma que te adora,  
Y tu misma sangre vierte.  
Y si no quieres matarme,  
Para que á vengarse llegue  
Tu padre, diré que estoy  
En tu apofento.

*Julia.*

¡ Detente !

Y por última razon,

Of a life's love so unhappy,  
Of a hand whose treacherous sternness  
Takes away my life indeed ;  
Yet my death doth not prevent me,  
Since I must amid such sorrows  
Live for ever, die for ever.

*Eusebio.*

If by any chance thy hands  
Can more cruelly avenge thee  
Than already have thy words,  
At thy feet, see, I surrender.  
Here my crime has led me captive,  
Love for thee is my strong cell here,  
Mine own failings are my chains,  
Bonds at which the scared soul trembles ;  
The stern headman is my thought :  
If the judges are presented  
By thine eyes, my doom must be  
Death, if they pronounce the sentence.  
But then Fame, my fate proclaiming,  
Will declare, “ This man met death here  
For his love ”—because in loving  
Thee alone have I offended.  
I attempt not to excuse me,—  
Vain, it seems, would such attempt be,  
For so great a fault : I only  
Wish thou'dst kill me, and avenge thee.  
Take this dagger, and with it  
Pierce a bosom that offends thee,  
Break a fond heart that adores thee,  
And in mine thine own blood shed  
here.

If to kill me thou declinest,  
That thy father for his vengeance  
May return, I'll say I'm hid here  
In thy chamber.

*Julia.*

Oh ! arrest thee !

Stay ! and as the last request

Que he de hablarte eternamente,  
Has de hacer lo que te digo.

*Eusebio.*

Yo lo concedo.

*Julia.*

Pues vete

Adonde guardes tu vida ;  
Hacienda tienes, y gente  
Que te podrá defender.

*Eusebio.*

Mejor será que yo quede  
Sin ella ; porque si vivo,  
Será imposible que deje  
De adorarte, y no has de estar,  
Aunque un convento te encierre,  
Segura.

*Julia.*

Guárdate tú ;

Que yo fabré defenderme.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Volveré yo á verte ?

*Julia.*

No.

*Eusebio.*

¿ No hay remedio ?

*Julia.*

No le esperes.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Que al fin me aborreces ya ?

*Julia.*

Haré por aborrecerte.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Olvidarásme ?

*Julia.*

No sé.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Veréte yo ?

*Julia.*

Eternamente.

I may make of thee for ever,  
Grant the favour that I ask thee.

*Eusebio.*

I concede it.

*Julia.*

Flee, oh ! flee hence,

Where thou may'st preserve thy life :  
Thou hast property and people  
Who for thy defence are able.

*Eusebio.*

It were better that I stay'd here  
Without it : for if I live,  
From adoring thee I never  
Can desist ; nor shalt thou be  
Safe, although a convent's shelter  
Seem to guard thee.

*Julia.*

Guard thou thee ;

I shall know how to defend me.

*Eusebio.*

Once more shall I see thee ?

*Julia.*

No.

*Eusebio.*

No resource ?

*Julia.*

Do not expect it.

*Eusebio.*

Am I then detested fo ?

*Julia.*

I have reason to detest thee.

*Eusebio.*

Wilt forget me ?

*Julia.*

I don't know.

*Eusebio.*

Shall I see thee ?

*Julia.*

Never, never.

*Eusebio.*

Pues ¿aquel pasado amor . . . ?

*Julia.*

Pues ¿esta sangre presente . . . ?

La puerta abren ; vete, Eusebio.

*Eusebio.*

Iré por obedecerte.

¡ Que no he de volverte á ver !

*Julia.*

¡ Que no has de volver á verme !

[*Suena ruido, vanse los dos, cada uno por su parte, y entran el cuerpo algunos criados.*]

*Eusebio.*

What then of our fond love past?—

*Julia.*

What then of this red blood present?—

Lo! the door! Eusebio, fly!

*Eusebio.*

I shall go, but through obedience:—

Oh! to see thee never more!

*Julia.*

Oh! that thou no more must see me!

[*A noise is heard outside; they go out at opposite doors, and servants enter and remove the body.*]





## JORNADA II.

MONTE.

*Disparan dentro un arcabuz, y salen RICARDO, CELIO y EUSEBIO en traje de bandoleros, con arcabuces.*

*Ricardo.*

**D**ASÓ el plomo violento  
Su pecho.

*Celio.*

Y hace el golpe mas  
fangriento,  
Que con su sangre la tragedia imprima  
En tierna flor.

*Eusebio.*

Ponle una Cruz encima,  
Y perdóncele Dios.

## ACT II.

THE MOUNTAIN. A RUDE CROSS AT ONE  
SIDE, WITH SEVERAL OTHERS IN THE  
DISTANCE.\*

*A shot is heard within: enter RICARDO,  
CELIO, and EUSEBIO, dressed as bandits,  
and armed with arquebuses.*

*Ricardo.*

**T**HAT ball of wingèd lead  
Pass'd through his breast.

*Celio.*

And made a wound so red,  
That the sad tale o'er all the tender moss  
Is writ in blood.

*Eusebio.*

Put over him a cross,  
And God be merciful to his soul.

\* M. Philarète Chasles greatly assists the imagination in its efforts to realize the externals of this scene:—

“ Dans une gorge de montagne, au sein d'une solitude âpre et sauvage, loin de tous les chemins fréquentés, au milieu de rocs bronzés par la pluie, jaunis sous le soleil, et de grands blocs de pierre superposés, aux arêtes aiguës qui se dessinent durement à l'horizon, il y a une grande croix, formée de deux débris de chêne que l'outil du charpentier n'a pas même équarrés. C'est un de ces paysages aux couleurs tranchées, aux lignes aiguës, qui s'accordent avec toutes les pensées terribles, et toutes les fureurs de l'âme. Là doivent se réfugier les *bandoleros*; là des ennemis acharnés doivent commencer et finir un combat mortel.

“ C'est là aussi que Calderon place ses acteurs.”—*Etudes sur l'Espagne*, p. 43.

*Ricardo.*

Las devociones  
Nunca faltan del todo á los ladrones.

[*Vanse RICARDO y CELIO.**Eusebio.*

Y pues mis hados fieros  
Me traen á capitan de bandoleros,  
Llegarán mis delitos  
A fer, como mis penas, infinitos.  
Como si diera muerte  
A Lifardo á traicion, de aqueſta fuerte  
Mi patria me perſigue,  
Porque fu furia y mi deſpecho obligue  
A que guarde una vida,  
Siendo de tantas bárbaro homicida.  
Mi hacienda me han quitado,  
Mis villas confiscado,  
Y á tanto rigor llegan,  
Que el ſuſtento me niegan.  
No toque paſagero  
El término del monte, ſi primero  
No rinde hacienda y vida.

*Salen RICARDO y Bandoleros con  
ALBERTO.*

*Ricardo.*

Llegando á ver la boca de la herida,  
Eſcucha, Capitan, el mas extraño  
Suceso.

*Eusebio.*

Ya deſeo el deſengaño.

*Ricardo.*

Hallé el plomo deſhecho  
En eſte libro que tenia en el pecho,  
Sin haber penetrado,  
Y al caminante ſolo deſmayado :

*Ricardo.*

Right notions,  
Thieves though we be, we've got of  
our devotions.

[*Exeunt RICARDO and CELIO.**Eusebio.*

Since then by fate's command  
I now am captain of a robber-band,  
Be my offences from this day  
Great as my griefs, and infinite as they.  
Treating Lifardo's death as if it were  
By treachery cauſed and not in duel fair,  
My country ſo purſued me with its hate,  
So great its fury, and my wrath ſo great,  
I was compell'd, a barbarous murderer  
grown,  
Full many a life to take to ſave my own.  
My property they ſequeſtrated,  
My villas all they confiscated,—  
Their rigour ſo increaſed, that they  
My very means of ſuſtenance took away ;  
Therefore no traveller more  
Shall paſt the mountain's boundary before  
Money and life he yield me on the ſpot.

*Enter RICARDO and bandits leading  
in ALBERTO.*

*Ricardo.*

Going to ſee the place where he was  
ſhot,—  
Oh ! liſten, captain, nothing has come  
For downright wonder. [near it

*Eusebio.*

Then I wiſh to hear it.

*Ricardo.*

I found the bullet preſs'd  
Againſt this book he carried in his breaſt ;  
The book unpierced, his breaſt without  
a wound,

Vesle aqui sano y bueno.

*Eusebio.*

De espanto estoy, y admiraciones lleno.  
¿ Quién eres, venerable  
Caduco, á quien los cielos admirable  
Han hecho con prodigio milagroso ?

*Alberto.*

Yo soy, o Capitan, el mas dichoso  
De cuantos hombres hay; que he  
merecido  
Ser Sacerdote indigno, y he leído  
En Bolonia sagrada Teología  
Cuarenta y cuatro años con desvelo ;  
Díome su Santidad, por este zelo,  
De Trento el Obispado,  
Premiando mis estudios ; y admirado  
Yo de ver, que tenia  
Cuenta te tantas almas,  
Y que apenas la daba de la mia,  
Los laureles dejé, dejé las palmas,  
Y huyendo sus engaños,  
Vengo á buscar seguros defengaños  
En estas soledades,  
Donde viven desnudas las verdades.  
Paso á Roma, á que el Papa me conceda  
Licencia, Capitan, para que pueda  
Fundar un órden santo de eremitas.  
Mas tu saña atrevida  
Quita el hilo á mi fuerte y á la vida.

For the scared traveller had only  
swoon'd ;—  
Here see him safe and found once more.

*Eusebio.*

Terror and wonder thrill me to the  
core!—  
Who art thou, venerable sage,  
Whom Heaven hath made the wonder  
of the age,  
Working for thee a miracle so great ?

*Alberto.*

I am, O captain, the most fortunate  
Of all mankind, although in worth the  
least,  
Since I have merited to be a priest.  
For four-and-forty years I read with  
care  
Sacred theology from Bologna's chair.  
His Holiness, for all the years thus spent,  
Gave me the Bishopric of Trent,  
Rewarding thus my studious zeal long  
shown ;  
But I afraid, from conscios qualms,  
To account for others' souls that scarce  
can save mine own,  
Fled its laurels, fled its palms,  
And the world's deceits rejecting,  
Sought securer peace, selecting  
These remote and lonely dells,  
Where nought but naked truth austerely  
dwells.  
I was going to Rome, with hope  
Of obtaining licence from the Pope  
To found, O captain, 'mid these heights,  
A holy order of lone eremites,  
When thy rage so desperate  
Sever'd my thread of life, and changed  
my fate.

*Eusebio.*

¿Qué libro es este, di?

*Alberto.*

Este es el fruto,

Que rinde á mis estudios el tributo  
De tantos años.

*Eusebio.*

¿Qué es lo que contiene?

*Alberto.*

El trata del origen verdadero  
De aquel divino y celestial madero,  
En que animoso y fuerte,  
Muriendo, triunfó Cristo de la muerte.  
El libro, en fin, se llama  
“Milagros de la Cruz.”

*Eusebio.*

¿Qué bien la llama

De aquel plomo inclemente,  
Mas que la cera, se mostró obediente!  
¿Pluguiera á Dios, mi mano  
Antes, que blanco su papel hiciera  
De aquel golpe tirano,  
Entre su fuego ardiera!  
Lleva ropa y dinero  
Y la vida, solo este libro quiero;  
Y vosotros salidle acompañando,  
Hafta dejarle libre.

*Alberto.*

Iré rogando

Al Señor, te dé luz para que veas  
El error en que vives.

*Eusebio.*

Tell me, what book is this?

*Alberto.*

It is the fruit

Which many a year's hard study in  
pursuit  
Of truth has given me.

*Eusebio.*

What does it contain?

*Alberto.*

It treats of the true history  
Of that divine and holy tree  
On which by yielding up his mighty  
breath  
Christ died, and, dying, triumph'd over  
death.  
The book is call'd by the appropriate  
name,  
“The Miracles of the Cross.”

*Eusebio.*

How well the flame

Of the fierce bullet knew what to obey,  
When, soft as wax, the stubborn lead  
gave way!  
Oh! would to God! that ere my hand's  
wild rage  
Had dared to do a deed so dire,  
As to deface this spotless page  
By that rude shot, 'twere burn'd in its  
own fire!  
Keep thou thy money, life, and dress,  
This book alone is all I would possess:  
Do you, my comrades, guide him on  
his way  
Till you can set him free.

*Alberto.*

And I shall pray,

Each step I take, that God may thee  
inspire

*Eusebio.*

Si deseas  
Mi bien, pídele á Dios, que no permita  
Muera sin confesion.

*Alberto.*

Yo te prometo,  
Seré ministro en tan piadoso efeto,  
Y te doy mi palabra,  
(Tanto en mi pecho tu clemencia labra)  
Que si me llamas en cualquiera parte,  
Dejaré mi desierto,  
Por ir á confesarte :  
Un Sacerdote soy, mi nombre Alberto.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Tal palabra me das ?

*Alberto.*

Y la confieso  
Con la mano.

*Eusebio.*

Otra vez tus plantas befo.  
[*Vase ALBERTO con RICARDO y los  
Bandoleros.*]

*Sale CHILINDRINA.**Chilindrina.*

Hasta venir á hablarte,  
El monte atravesé de parte á parte.

*Eusebio.*

Qué hay, amigo ?

*Chilindrina.*

Dos nuevas harto malas.

*Eusebio.*

A mi temor el sentimiento igualas.  
Qué son ?

To know thy sinful life.

*Eusebio.*

Dost thou desire  
My welfare? Then ask God that I may  
not  
Without confession die.

*Alberto.*

I promise thee  
Thy helper in that pious wish to be ;  
Yes, I pledge to thee my word,  
(So much thy clemency my heart hath  
stirr'd,)

That in whatever place thou wilt address  
me,

In my desert I shall own thy claim,  
And hasten to confess thee :  
I am a priest, Alberto is my name.

*Eusebio.*

Thy word dost give me ?

*Alberto.*

Let my hand repeat  
The promise thus.

*Eusebio.*

Once more I kiss thy feet.  
[*ALBERTO is led out by RICARDO  
and the other bandits.*]

*Enter CHILLINDRINA.**Chillindrina.*

Up this wild mountain's steep acclivity  
I've roam'd through every part to speak  
with thee.

*Eusebio.*

What brings thee, friend ?

*Chillindrina.*

Two bits of evil news.

*Eusebio.*

Terror and grief my feelings interfuse :  
What are they ?



*Cbilindrina.*

Es la primera,  
(Decirla no quisiera)  
Que al padre de Lifardo  
Han dado . . . .

*Eusebio.*

Acaba, que el efecto aguardo.

*Cbilindrina.*

Comision de prenderte ó de matarte.

*Eusebio.*

Esotra nueva temo  
Mas, porque en un confuso extremo  
Al corazon parece que camina  
Toda el alma, adivina  
De algun future daño.  
¿Qué ha sucedido?

*Cbilindrina.*

A Julia . . . .

*Eusebio.*

No me engaño

En prevenir tristezas,  
Si para ver mi mal, por Julia empiezas.  
¿ Julia no me dijiste ?  
Pues eso basta para verme triste.  
¿ Mal haya amen la rigurosa estrella,  
Que me obligó á querella !  
En fin, Julia . . . . profiguo.

*Cbilindrina.*

En un convento

Seglar está.

*Cbilindrina.*

The first is,

(I would that I had not to tell thee  
this.)  
Unto Lifardo's father by the state  
Is given . . . .

*Eusebio.*

Conclude, the whole result I wait.

*Cbilindrina.*

Commiffion or to seize thee or to flay  
thee.

*Eusebio.*

Thy second news I fear  
More than the first ; because, on stretch  
to hear,  
My troubled soul flies to my trembling  
heart  
Confused, disturb'd, divining that thou  
art  
The bearer of bad tidings of worse pain :  
What then has happen'd ?

*Cbillindrina.*

Julia . . . .

*Eusebio.*

Not in vain

My boding sorrows whisper'd from  
within,—  
If thou hast evil news, with Julia thou'lt  
begin :  
Saidst thou not Julia ? more thou need'ft  
not add,  
For that is quite enough to make me  
sad.  
Accursèd be the baneful star above her  
That forces me to love her !  
Julia in fine . . . . proceed.

*Cbillindrina.*

Is by her friends

Placed in a convent.

*Eusebio.*

¡ Ya falta el sufrimiento !

¡ Que el cielo me castigue  
 Con tan grandes venganzas  
 De perdidos deseos,  
 De muertas esperanzas,  
 Que de los mismos cielos,  
 Por quien me deja, vengo á tener zelos !  
 Mas ya tan atrevido,  
 Que viviendo matando,  
 Me sustento robando,  
 No puedo ser peor de lo que he fido :  
 Despéñese el intento,  
 Pues ya se ha despéñado el pensamiento.  
 Llamo á Celio y Ricardo. (Amando  
 muero !)

*Chilindrina.*

Voy por ellos.

[*Vase.**Eusebio.*

Ve, y diles, que aqui espero.—  
 Afaltaré el convento que la guarda.  
 Ningun grave castigo me acobarda ;  
 Que por verme señor de su hermosura,  
 Tirano amor me fuerza  
 A acometer la fuerza,  
 A romper la clausura,  
 Y á violar el sagrado ;  
 Que ya del todo estoy desesperado.  
 Pues si no me pusiera  
 Amor en tales puntos,  
 Solamente lo hiciera  
 Por cometer tantos delitos juntos.

*Eusebio.*

My endurance ends !

Oh ! that Heaven should have decreed  
 Its vengeful bolts to launch at me so  
 fast !

My lost desires—

My hopes all past—

And now the heaven she leaves me for  
 requires

I should be jealous even of heaven at  
 last.

But so bold am I, so changed my mien,

Who in murder can disport me,

Who by robbing can support me,

Worse I cannot be than I have been.

Let then the daring deed be wrought,

In fact, since I have dared it in my  
 thought :

Call Celio and Ricardo. (Ah ! love  
 leads me to my bier !)

*Chilindrina.*

I go to call them.

[*Exit.**Eusebio.*

Go, and say I wait them here.—

I shall scale the convent that doth hold her,

No fear shall fright me, till these arms  
 enfold her ;

Since to see me master of her charms

Tyrant love's tumultuous course

Forces me to trust to force ;

To fill her cloister with alarms,

To violate a consecrated place,

Since desperate have I grown and lost  
 to every grace ;

Though if love that brings me to it

Were not enough to make this deed be  
 done,

I for this alone would do it, [in one.

That all possible crimes I might commit

*Salen GIL y MENGÁ.*

*Menga.*

¡ Mas que encontramos con él,  
Segun mezuquina nací!

*Gil.*

¡ Menga, yo no voy aqui?  
No temas ese cruel  
Capitan de buñuleros,  
Ni el hallarlo te alborote,  
Que honda llevo yo, y garrote.

*Menga.*

Temo, Gil, sus hechos fieros ;  
Si no, á Silvia á mirar ponte,  
Cuando aqui la acometió ;  
Que doncella al monte entró,  
Y dueña salió del monte,  
Que no es peligro pequeño.

*Gil.*

Conmigo fuera cruel,  
Que tambien entro doncel,  
Y pudiera salir dueño.

[*Reparan en EUSEBIO.*

*Menga.*

¡ Ah señor ! que va perdido,  
Que anda Eusebio por aqui.

*Gil.*

No eche, señor, por ahí.

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Estos no me han conocido,  
Y quiero difimular.

*Gil.*

¡ Quiere que aquefe ladrón  
Le mate ?

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Villanos son.—

¡ Con qué podré yo pagar  
Este aviso ?

*Enter GIL and MENGÁ.*

*Menga.*

But if we should meet him here !  
Born to all bad luck am I !

*Gil.*

Don't you see that I am by,  
Menga mine ? So do not fear  
This bold captain of banditti,  
This cantankerous curmudgeon,  
While I carry fling and bludgeon.

*Menga.*

Ah ! I fear, and more's the pity,  
Left, like Silvia, such another  
Trick in my case should be play'd,  
Who to the mountain came a maid,  
And went out of the mount a mother ;  
'Tis no trifling risk to run.

*Gil.*

Mine will be the danger rather  
To come out, perchance, a father,  
Having gone in but a son.

[*They perceive EUSEBIO.*

*Menga.*

Ah ! fir, you are lost ! this spot  
Is Eusebio's haunt, they say.

*Gil.*

Do not venture, fir, that way.

*Eusebio (aside).*

It is plain they know me not :  
I'll diffemble in their presence.

*Gil.*

Would you have the robber slay you ?  
Stop, fir !

*Eusebio.*

How can I repay you  
[*aside.*

For this good advice ? (But peasants  
Are they).

*Gil.*

Con huir.

De efe bellaco.

*Menga.*

Si os coge,

Señor, aunque no le enoje  
 Ni vuestro hacer, ni decir,  
 Luego os matará; y creed,  
 Que con poner, tras la ofensa,  
 Una Cruz encima, piensa,  
 Que os hace mucha merced.

*Salen RICARDO y CELIO.**Ricardo.*

¿Dónde le dejaste?

*Celio.*

Aqui.

*Gil.*

Es un ladrón, no le esperes.

*Ricardo.*

Eusebio, ¿qué es lo que quieres?

*Gil.*

¿Eusebio le llamó?

*Menga.*

Sí.

*Eusebio.*

Yo soy Eusebio; ¿qué os mueve  
 Contra mí? ¿No hay quien responda?

*Menga.*

Gil, ¿tienes garrote y honda?

*Gil.*

Tengo el diablo que te lleve.

*Celio.*

Por los apacibles llanos,  
 Que hace del monte la falda,  
 A quien guarda el mar la espalda,  
 Ví un escuadrón de villanos,  
 Que armado contra tí viene,  
 Y pienso que se avecina;

*Gil.*

Just by simply flying

From the rascal.

*Menga.*

If he catch you,

In a moment he'll dispatch you,  
 Though you ne'er, his temper trying,  
 Wrong'd him, or provok'd his slaver  
 By a word or deed. When dead  
 He'll a cross place at your head,  
 Thinking he confers a favour.

*Enter RICARDO and CELIO.**Ricardo.*

Here you left him?

*Celio.*

Here, I say.

*Gil (to Eusebio).*

Quick! don't wait the robber, go!

*Ricardo.*

What's your wife, Eusebio!

*Gil.*

Eusebio did he call him?

*Menga.*

Yea.

*Eusebio.*

That's my name: what ails you? pooh!  
 In a moment why so still?

*Menga.*

Where's the sling and bludgeon, Gil?

*Gil.*

Where's the devil except in you?

*Celio.*

Where the peaceful vales expand  
 At this mountain's foot, that swelleth  
 O'er the sea which it expelleth,  
 I have seen a shepherd band  
 Coming in a well-arm'd crowd,  
 Seeking thee, nor long it carries,

Que así Curcio determina  
La venganza que previene.  
Mira qué pienſas hacer ;  
Junta tu gente, y partamos.

*Eusebio.*

Mejor es que ahora huyamos ;  
Que eſta noche hay mas que hacer.  
Venid conmigo los dos,  
De quien juſtamente ſio  
La opinion y el honor mio.

*Ricardo.*

Muy bien puedes ; que por Dios,  
Que he de morir á tu lado.

*Eusebio.*

Villanos, vida teneis,  
Solo porque le lleveis  
A mi enemigo un recado.  
Decid á Curcio, que yo  
Con tanta gente atrevida  
Solo deſiendo la vida,  
Pero que le buſco no.  
Y que no tiene ocasion  
De buſcarme deſta ſuerte,  
Pues no dí á Liſardo muerte  
Con engaño, ó con traicion.  
Cuerpo á cuerpo le maté,  
Sin ventaja conocida,  
Y antes de acabar la vida  
En mis brazos le llevé  
Adonde ſe confesó,  
Digna accion para eſtimarſe ;  
Mas que ſi quiere vengarſe,  
Que he de defenderme yo.—

*[A los Bandoleros.]*

Y ahora, porque no vean  
Aqueſtos por donde vamos,  
Atadlos entre eſtos ramos :  
Vendados ſus ojos ſean,  
Porque no avieſen.

Since 'tis here : thus Curcio carries  
Out the vengeance he hath vow'd.  
Think now what is beſt to do,  
Summon all the troop and try . . .

*Eusebio.*

It is beſt that now we fly,  
Since to-night there's much to do.  
Come with me, ye two, whom I  
With a confidence ſo juſt  
Honour and my fame entruſt.

*Ricardo.*

So you may, for we would die  
At your ſide our zeal to ſhow.

*Eusebio.*

Peaſants, know I let you live  
But for this, that you may give  
A brief meſſage to my foe ;  
This from me to Curcio ſpeak :—  
With the brave bands that attend me  
I will for my life defend me ;  
But that his I do not ſeek.  
And that he hath got no reaſon  
For purſuing me in this way,  
Since if I his ſon did ſlay  
'Twas not foully or by treaſon ;  
Arm'd as he I ſtood before him,  
Vantage none on either ſide.  
True, he fell, but, ere he died,  
In theſe very arms I bore him  
Where his ſins he might confeſs,  
Ae't more worthy praife than blame ;  
But if vengeance be his aim,  
I'll defend me ne'ertheleſs.

*[To the Robbers.]*

Now that theſe two may not ſee  
By what road our troop is wending,  
Tie them to theſe boughs here bending ;  
Let their eyes, too, bandaged be,  
That they may not tell aught.

*Ricardo.*  
Aqui

Hay cordel.  
*Celio.*  
Pues llega presto.  
*Gil.*

De San Sebastian me han puesto.  
*Menga.*

De San Sebastiana á mí.  
Mas ate cuanto quisiere,  
Señor, como no me mate.  
*Gil.*

Oye, señor, no me ate,  
Y puto sea yo, si huyere.  
Jura tú, Menga, tambien  
Este mismo juramento.  
*Celio.*

Ya estan atados.  
*Eusebio.*  
Mi intento  
Se va ejecutando bien ;  
La noche amenaza obscura,  
Tendiendo su negro velo.  
Julia, aunque te guarde el cielo,  
He de gozar tu hermosura.  
[*Vanse los Bandoleros, dejando á*  
*GIL y MENGAS atados.*  
*Gil.*

¿ Quién habrá que ahora nos vea,  
Menga, aunque caro nos cueste,  
Que no diga, que es aqueste  
Peralvillo de la aldea ?  
*Menga.*

Vete llegando hácia aqui,

*Ricardo.* Try

This good cord, 'twill do.  
*Celio.* Make fast then.  
*Gil.*

See me tied like Saint Sebastian !  
*Menga.*

Saint Sebastiana am I.  
Tightly as you like, fir, tie,  
Only don't quite crucify me.  
*Gil.*

Ah ! fir, listen, do not tie me,  
And I'll swear I will not fly :  
Menga, too, will swear pell-mell  
All the oaths that you can mention.  
*Celio.*

Now they're fasten'd.  
*Eusebio.* My intention

Has been carried out right well.  
Now night threatens, and its footy  
Veil draws o'er the face of even.  
Julia, spite of hell or heaven,  
Soon I shall possess thy beauty.  
[*The Bandits depart, leaving GIL*  
*and MENGA tied.*  
*Gil.*

Who that saw us to this willow  
Tied here, Menga, wouldn't say,  
Here's a pair condemn'd to-day  
By the parish Peralvillo ? \*  
*Menga.*

Gil, as I can't get near you,

\* Peralvillo is the name of a small town near Ciudad-Rodrigo, where the archers of the Holy Brotherhood were accustomed to execute without trial all criminals found in the act of committing their offences. From this circumstance, very rapid justice in Spain went by the name of *La justice de Peralvillo*.—M. DAMAS-HINARD.

Perhaps " Lynch Law " would best express its meaning in English.—Tr.

Gil ; que yo no puedo andar.

*Gil.*

Menga, venme á defatar,

Y te defataré á tí

Luego al punto.

*Menga.*

Ven primero

Tú, que ya estás importuno.

*Gil.*

¿ Es decir, que vendrá alguno ?

Pondré que falta un arriero,

Las tres ánades cantando,

Un caminante pidiendo,

Un estudiante comiendo,

Una fantera rezando,

Hoy en aqueste camino,

Lo que á ninguno faltó :

Mas la culpa tengo yo.

*Una voz (dentro).*

Hácia esta parte imagino

Que oigo voces ; llegad presto.

*Gil.*

Señor, en buena hora acuda

A defatar una duda

En que ha rato que estoy puesto.

*Menga.*

Si acafo buscáis, señor,

Por el monte algun cordel,

Yo os puedo servir con él.

*Gil.*

Este es mas gordo y mejor.

*Menga.*

Yo, por ser muger, espero

Remedio en las ansias mias.

*Gil.*

No repare en cortesías,

Desátame á mí primero.

You come here, now don't deny me.

*Gil.*

Menga, come here and untie me,

And I'll then untie you too,

In a twinkling.

*Menga.*

Come you first,

Since you are so *hasty*, you know.

*Gil.*

Come, come, anyone, high or low !

Would to God that at the worst

Some gay muleteer loud trolling

A light lilt, some nun her psalms,

Some poor scholar asking alms,

Some foot-traveller slowly strolling,

Would but take this road to-day,

So that help may fail not wholly !—

Oh ! my loose tongue and my folly !

*A voice within.*

It appears to me this way

Voices I can hear, quick ! see !

*Gil.*

At a lucky time, Sir Traveller,

Have you come to be th'unraveller

Of this knotty point for me.

*Menga.*

If you're seeking, fir, along

This wild road a rope to tie you,

I'm the one that can supply you.

*Gil.*

Mine is better and more strong.

*Menga.*

As a woman, from my pains

I should first deliver'd be.

*Gil.*

Oh ! a fig for courtesy !

Loose me first, fir, from my chains.

*Salen* CURCIO, OCTAVIO, TIRSO, BRAS,  
y *soldados*.

*Tirso*.

Hácia aqueſta parte ſuena  
La voz.

*Gil*.

¡ Qué te quemas !

*Tirſo*.

Gil,

¡ Qué es eſto ?

*Gil*.

El diablo es fútil ;

Deſata, Tirſo, y mi pena  
Te diré deſpues.

*Curcio*.

¡ Qué es eſto ?

*Gil*.

Venga en buen hora, ſeñor,  
A caſtigar un traidor.

*Curcio*.

¡ Quién deſta fuerte os ha pueſto ?

*Gil*.

¡ Quién ? Eufebio, que en eſeto  
Dice : . . . . Pero ¡ qué ſe yo  
Lo que dice ? El nos dejó  
Aquí en ſemejante aprieto.

*Tirſo*.

No llores pues, que no ha eſtado  
Hoy muy poco liberal  
Contigo.

*Bras*.

No lo ha hecho mal,  
Pues á Menga te ha dejado.

*Gil*.

¡ Ay Tirſo ! no lloro yo,

*Enter* CURCIO, OCTAVIO, TIRSO, BRAS,  
and *others*.

*Tirſo*.

From this place doth ſound again  
That ſame voice.

*Gil*.

You burn.\*

*Tirſo*.

How ? why ?

What's this, Gil ?

*Gil*.

The devil is fly :—

Looſe me firſt, and I'll explain  
All about it.

*Curcio*.

What's this ? ſay.

*Gil*.

Sure you're ſent, ſir, by the ſkies  
A vile traitor to chaſtiſe.

*Curcio*.

Who has tied you in this way ?

*Gil*.

Who ? Eufebio : and the ſcamp  
Said . . . . but hang me ! if I know  
What he ſaid ; he left us, though,  
Tied up tight here with the cramp.

*Tirſo*.

Well, don't cry ! 'twas well to find him  
Act ſo generously, Gil,  
Towards you to-day.

*Bras*.

He meant no ill,  
Menga to have left behind him.

*Gil*.

Ah ! I do not ſhed a tear,

\* Gil, who it is to be recollected is the *gracioso* or buffoon of the drama, treats the advancing party as if they were playing the game of hide-and-ſeek, and makes uſe of the exclamation generally employed to attract or divert the attention of the ſeeker.—M. DAMAS-HINARD.



Porque piadoso no fue.

*Tirso.*

Pues ¿ por qué lloras ?

*Gil.*

¿ Por qué ?

Porque á Menga me dejó :

La de Anton llevó, y al cabo

De seis, que no parecia,

Halló á su muger un día ;

Hicimos un baile bravo

De hallazgo, y gastó cien reales.

*Bras.*

¿ Bartolo no se casó

Con Catalina, y parió

A seis meses no cabales ?

Y andaba con gran placer

Diciendo : ¡ Si tú le vieses !

Lo que otra hace en nueve meses,

Hace en cinco mi muger.

*Tirso.*

Ello, no hay honra segura.

*Curcio.*

¿ Que esto llegue á escuchar yo

De este tirano ? ¿ quién vió

Tan notable desventura ?

*Menga.*

Como destruirle piensa ;

Que hasta las mismas mugeres

Tomaremos, si tú quieres,

Las armas para su ofensa.

*Gil.*

Que aquí acude es lo mas cierto ;

Y toda esta procesion

De Cruces que miras, son,

Señor, por hombres que ha muerto.

Tirfo, for his illiberality.

*Tirso.*

Why then weep ?

*Gil.*

For the fatality

Of his *leaving* her with me here.

Anton's bride when he took away,

Six days long she was out of our sight,

On the seventh she came to light ;—

Oh ! what a feast we had that day

On the hundred reals she brought in  
her pocket !

*Bras.*

Yes, and didn't Bartolo wed

Catalina, and wasn't she brought to bed

In six months of a boy, and didn't he  
rock it,

Feeling the happiest man alive,

And telling his friends triumphantly, too,

What takes other women nine months  
to do

Mine is able to do in five ?

*Tirso.*

Honour's nothing in his sight.

*Curcio.*

Still am I condemn'd to hear

Of this villain's vile career ?—

Oh ! my wretched, wretched plight !

*Menga.*

Think this monster of seduction

How to capture, how to kill.

Even the women, if you will,

All will arm for his destruction.

*Gil.*

That we're on his track is plain,

For these crosses, far projected

O'er the horizon, are erected

O'er the men that he hath slain.

*Ostasio.*

Es aqui lo mas secreto  
De todo el monte.

*Curcio (aparte).*

Y aqui

Fue ¡cielos! donde yo vi  
Aquel milagroso efeto  
De inocencia y castidad,  
Cuya beldad atrevido  
Tantas veces he ofendido  
Con dudas, siendo verdad  
Un milagro tan patente.

*Ostasio.*

Señor, ¿qué nueva pasion  
Causa tu imaginacion?

*Curcio.*

Rigores, que el alma siente,  
Son, Ostasio; y mis enojos,  
Para publicar mi mengua,  
Como los niego á la lengua,  
Me van saliendo á los ojos.  
Haz, Ostasio, que me deje  
Solo esa gente que figo,  
Porque aqui de mí y conmigo  
Hoy á los cielos me queje.

*Ostasio.*

Ea, soldados, despejad.

*Bras.*

¿Qué decis?

*Tirso.*

¿Qué pretendeis?

*Gil.*

Despiojad,\* ¿no lo entendeis?

Que nos vamos á espulgar.

[*Vanse todos, menos CURCIO.*]

*Curcio.*

¿A quién no habrá sucedido

*Ostasio.*

'Tis the most secluded spot  
Of the mountain.

*Curcio (aside).*

And 'twas here,

Heavens! I saw with awe and fear  
That stupendous wonder wrought  
By the power of two magicians—  
Innocence and Chastity—  
Beauteous guardian powers by me  
Wrong'd so oft through vile suspicions  
Of one fair as she was pure.

*Ostasio.*

Ah! fir, what new form of pain  
Thus disturbs your mind again?

*Curcio.*

'Tis a pain no time can cure;  
'Tis a grief that *will* arise;  
'Tis a pang whose hidden cause,  
Though to tell the tongue may pause,  
Must be spoken by the eyes.  
Lead aside, O friend! the train  
Of my followers; in this lonely  
Spot, and to the high heavens only,  
Of me, to me, would I plain.

*Ostasio.*

Lads, our leader rest allows ye.

*Bras.*

How allows ye?

*Tirso.*

What's that, pray?

*Gil.*

Don't you see, as plain as day,

That he says to us, Lads, all louse ye?\*

[*Exeunt all but CURCIO.*]

*Curcio.*

Doth it happen not in forrow,

\* This coarse pleasantry of mistaking the word *despejad* for *despiojad* I have ventured to imitate.

Tal vez, lleno de pesares,  
 Descansar consigo á solas,  
 Por no descubrirse á nadie?  
 Yo á quien tantos pensamientos  
 A un tiempo afligen, que hacen  
 Con lágrimas y suspiros  
 Competencia al mar y al aire,  
 Compañero de mí mismo  
 En las mudas soledades,  
 Con la pensión de mis bienes  
 Quiero divertir mis males.  
 Ni las aves, ni las fuentes  
 Sean testigos bastantes;  
 Que al fin las fuentes murmuran,  
 Y tienen lengua las aves.  
 No quiero mas compañía,  
 Que aquellos rústicos sauces;  
 Pues quien escucha, y no aprende,  
 Será fuerza que no hable.  
 Teatro este monte fue  
 Del suceso mas notable,  
 Que entre prodigios de zelos  
 Cuentan las antigüedades  
 De una inocente verdad.  
 Pero ¿quién podrá librarle  
 De sospechas, en quien son  
 Mentirofas las verdades?  
 Muerte de amor son los zelos,  
 Que no perdonan á nadie,  
 Ni por humilde le dejan,  
 Ni le respetan por grave.  
 Aquí pues, donde yo digo,  
 Rosmira y yo . . . De acordarme,  
 No es mucho que el alma tiemble,  
 No es mucho que la voz falte;  
 Que no hay flor, que no me afombre,  
 No hay hoja, que no me espante,  
 No hay piedra, que no me admire,  
 Tronco, que no me acobarde,

When the heart is full of sadness,  
 That one seeketh self-communion  
 Rather than confide in any?  
 I, afflicted at one moment  
 By the numerous thoughts that wrack me,  
 With my sighing and my weeping  
 Rivalling the air and water,  
 I, companion of myself,  
 'Mid these wilds that no voice gladdens,  
 Seek to while away my sorrows,  
 Thinking of the joys departed.  
 I would have nor birds nor fountains  
 Witnesses of this self-parley,—  
 For in fine the fountains murmur,  
 And the birds have tongues that warble;  
 I would only be companion'd  
 By these rough and rustling alders:  
 For who hears and understands not  
 Cannot speak of aught that passes.  
 This wild mountain was the scene  
 Of a more surprising marvel  
 Than antiquity relateth,  
 All through jealousy's strange annals,  
 Of an innocent woman's truth.  
 Ah! but who can break the shackles  
 Of suspicions, which to truths  
 Give the very air of falseness?  
 Jealousy is the death of love.  
 No love lives while that plague lasteth,  
 Nor the lowly is pass'd over,  
 Nor the lofty left unblasted.  
 Here then, here, where I am speaking,  
 I Rosmira led . . . What marvel  
 That the thought doth make me shudder,  
 That the memory makes me falter!  
 Since there's not a flower but frights me,  
 Not a leaf but makes me startle,  
 Not a stone I see but shocks me,  
 Not a tree-trunk but unmans me,

Peñafco, que no me oprima,  
 Monte, que no me amenace ;  
 Porque todos son testigos  
 De una hazña tan infame.  
 Saqué al fin la espada, y ella,  
 Sin temerme y sin turbarse,  
 Porque en riesgos de honor\* nunca  
 “ El inocente es cobarde :  
 Esposo, dijo, detente ;  
 No digo que no me mates,  
 Si es tu gusto, ¿ porque yo  
 Cómo he de poder negarte  
 La misina vida que es tuya ?  
 Solo te pido, que antes  
 Me digas por lo que muero ;  
 Y déjame que te abrace.”  
 Yo la dije : “ En tus entrañas,  
 Como la víbora, traes  
 A quien te ha de dar la muerte.  
 Indicio ha sido bastante  
 El parto infame que esperas :  
 Mas no le verás, que antes,  
 Dándote muerte, seré  
 Verdugo tuyo y de un ángel.”  
 “ Si acafo,” me dijo entonces,  
 “ Si acafo, esposo, llegaste  
 A creer flaquezas mias,  
 Justo será que me mates.  
 Mas á esta Cruz abrazada,  
 A esta que estaba delante,  
 Profiguio, doy por testigo,  
 De que no supe agraviarte,  
 Ni ofenderte ; que ella sola  
 Será justo que me ampare.”  
 Bien quisiera entonces yo,  
 Arrepentido, arrojarne  
 A sus pies, porque se via  
 Su inocencia en su semblante.

\* Hartzzenbusch reads “ amor.”

Not a rock but seems to crush me,  
 Not a mountain but o'erhangs me ;  
 Since they all have been spectators  
 Of so infamous an act here.  
 I my sword drew, and she showing  
 Fear nor trouble in her manner,  
 Since in risks of love and honour  
 Innocence is ne'er faint-hearted,—  
 “ Hold !” she said, “ oh ! hold, my  
 husband !  
 'Tis not for my life I ask thee,  
 Take it, if thou so art minded,  
 Since I can't refuse to grant thee  
 That which is thine own already ;  
 What I ask thee for, is rather  
 To say *why* I die, then let me  
 Die, but die in thy embraces.”  
 I replied, “ Within thy body,  
 Like the viper, thou dost carry  
 That which is thine own destruction,  
 Proved enough by that unhappy  
 Birth of shame that thou awaitest ;  
 But that birth shall never happen,  
 For in killing thee my vengeance  
 Seals thine own fate and an angel's.”  
 “ If by any chance, my husband,—  
 If by any chance,” she answer'd,  
 “ Thou my frailty canst believe in,  
 It is just that thou shouldst stab me ;  
 But I call this cross to witness,”  
 (Then, as now, the one here planted),  
 “ This that I embrace, that never  
 Have I thought to wrong or harm thee  
 In thine honour, and I trust me  
 To its saving power to guard me.”  
 I would then have almost wish'd,  
 In repentance, to have cast me  
 At her feet, her innocence  
 Shining in her eyes' pure glances.

El que una traicion intenta  
 Antes mire lo que hace ;  
 Porque una vez declarado,  
 Aunque procure enmendarse,  
 Por decir que tuvo causa,  
 Lo ha de llevar adelante.  
 Yo pues, no porque dudaba  
 Ser la disculpa bastante,  
 Sino porque mi delito  
 Mas amparado quedase,  
 El brazo levanté airado,  
 Tirando por varias partes  
 Mil heridas ; pero solo  
 Las ejecuté en el aire.  
 Por muerta al pie de la Cruz  
 Quedó, y queriendo escaparme,  
 A casa llegué, y halléla  
 Con mas belleza que sale  
 El alba, cuando en sus brazos  
 Nos presenta el sol infante.  
 Ella en sus brazos tenia  
 A Julia, divina imágen  
 De hermosura y discrecion :  
 (¿ Qué gloria pudo igualarse  
 A la mía ?) que su parto  
 Habia sido aquella tarde  
 Al mismo pie de la Cruz ;  
 Y por divinas señales,  
 Con que al mundo descubria  
 Dios un milagro tan grande,  
 La niña que habia parido,  
 Dichosa con señas tales,  
 Tenia en el pecho una Cruz,  
 Labrada de fuego y sangre.  
 Pero ¡ ay ! que tanta ventura  
 Templaba el que se quedase  
 Otra criatura en el monte ;  
 Que ella, entre penas tan graves,  
 Sintió haber parido dos ;

He who treachery meditateth  
 Well at first should weigh the matter :  
 For if once it is outspoken,  
 Though he'd have it countermanded,  
 From his having own'd a cause,  
 To the close it must be acted.  
 I then, not because I thought her  
 Exculpation less than ample,  
 But because some palliation  
 With'd I for my guilty madness,  
 Raised my angry arm, inflicting,  
 In a wild and furious manner,  
 Many a death-wound ; but I dealt them  
 Only on the air that parted :—  
 At the foot of the Cross, for dead,  
 She remain'd, and I, distracted,  
 Flying thence, went home, and found her

Lovelier than in golden gladness  
 When day dawns, and, in its arms  
 Bearing the infant sun, advances.  
 For within her arms she held  
 Julia, image and example  
 Of all heavenly grace and beauty ;  
 (Oh ! what rapture could be balanced  
 Against mine then !) the birth having  
 On that very evening happen'd  
 At the foot of that same Cross.  
 And for proofs divinely patent,  
 By whose means would God discover  
 To the world so great a marvel,  
 On the new-born baby's bosom,  
 Happy to be thus so mark'd there,  
 Was a Cross of blood and fire  
 Work'd in wonderful enamel.  
 But, alas ! what moderated  
 So much joy was, that an after  
 Child was left upon the mountain.  
 Since she, in her painful travail,

Y yo entonces . . . .

*Sale* OCTAVIO.

*Octavio.*

Por el valle

Atraviesa un escuadron  
De bandoleros ; y antes  
Que cierre la noche triste,  
Será bien, señor, que bajas  
A buscarlos, no obscurezca ;  
Porque ellos el monte saben,  
Y nosotros no.

*Curcio.*

Pues junta

La gente vaya adelante ;  
Que no hay gloria para mí,  
Hasta llegar á vengarme. [*Vanse.*]

VISTA EXTERIOR DE UN CONVENTO.

*Salen* EUSEBIO, RICARDO y CELIO *con una*  
*escala.*

*Ricardo.*

Llega con silencio, y pon  
A esa parte las escalas.

*Eusebio.*

Icaro feré fin alas,  
Sin fuego feré Faeton :  
Esfalar al sol intento,  
Y si me quiere ayudar  
La luz, tengo de pasar  
Mas allá del firmamento.  
Amor fer tirano enseña.—  
En subiendo yo, quitad  
Esa escala, y esperad,  
Hasta que os haga una seña.  
Quien subiendo se despeña,

Felt she had given birth to two.  
And I then . . . .

*Enter* OCTAVIO.

*Octavio.*

Along the valley

Winds its devious way a squadron  
Of banditti ; and, ere darkness  
In the night's sad gloom enfolds it,  
It were well, fir, that you hasten'd  
Down to seek them, lest you lose them :  
For they know the mountain-passes,  
And we know them not.

*Curcio.*

Combined,

Let our people all advance then ;  
Since no rest can I enjoy  
Till my heart's revenge is granted.  
[*Exeunt.*]

OUTSIDE A CONVENT AT NIGHT.

*Enter* EUSEBIO, RICARDO, and CELIO  
*with a scaling-ladder.*

*Ricardo.*

Silently tread ; a little nigher :—  
Here fix the ladder with the slings.

*Eusebio.*

Icarus I'll be without his wings,  
Phaëton without his fire ;  
I intend to scale the sun,  
If then I would have its light  
Aid me in my daring flight ;  
Mount I must till heaven is won,—  
Tyrant love, watch over all !—  
When I enter, from the grating  
Take the ladder, and be waiting  
Hereabouts until I call.—  
Though proud Phaëton may fall,

Suba hoy, y baje ofendido,  
En cenizas convertido ;  
Que la pena del bajar,  
No será parte á quitar  
La gloria de haber subido.

*Ricardo.*

¿ Qué esperas ?

*Celio.*

Pues ¿ qué rigor

Tu altivo orgullo embaraza ?

*Eusebio.*

¿ No veis como me amenaza  
Un vivo fuego ?

*Ricardo.*

Señor,

Fantásmas son del temor.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Yo temor ?

*Celio.*

Sube.

*Eusebio.*

Ya llego,

Aunque á tantos rayos ciego,  
Por las llamas he de entrar ;  
Que no lo podrá estorbar  
De todo el infierno el fuego.

[*Sube y entra.*]

*Celio.*

Ya entró.

*Ricardo.*

Alguna fantasía

De su mismo horror fundada,  
En la idea acreditada,  
O alguna ilusión sería.

*Celio.*

Quita la escala.

*Ricardo.*

Hasta el día

Aquí le hemos de esperar.

Dazzled by the light surprising,  
In his ashes agonising,  
Still the pain of falling down  
Cannot take away the crown,  
Or the glory of the rising.

*Ricardo.*

What delays thee ?

*Celio.*

Say, what here

Can impede thy haughty aim ?

*Eusebio.*

Saw you not a living flame  
Flash before my eyes ?

*Ricardo.*

A mere

Phantasy it was of fear.

*Eusebio.*

I to fear ?

*Celio.*

Then up !

*Eusebio.*

Although

Lightnings blind me, I shall go :  
Through the very flames I'll enter ;  
Powerless now as a preventer  
Were the infernal fire below.

[*He ascends and enters.*]

*Celio.*

Now he's in.

*Ricardo.*

Some phantasy

On its in-born horror founded—  
Of ideal fears compounded,—  
Some illusion it must be.

*Celio.*

Take the ladder down.

*Ricardo.*

Here we

Must remain till morning's prime.

*Celio.*

Atrevimiento fue entrar,  
 Aunque yo de mejor gana  
 Me fuera con mi villana ;  
 Mas despues habrá lugar. [*Vanse.*]

CELDA DE JULIA.

*Sale EUSEBIO.**Eusebio.*

Por todo el convento he andado  
 Sin fer de nadie sentido,  
 Y por quanto he discurrido,  
 De mi destino guiado,  
 A mil celdas he llegado  
 De religiosas, que abiertas  
 Tienen las estrechas puertas,  
 Y en ninguna á Julia ví.  
 ¿ Dónde me llevais así,  
 Esperanzas siempre inciertas ?  
 ¡ Qué horror ! ¡ qué silencio mudo !  
 ¡ Qué obscuridad tan funesta !  
 Luz hay aqui ; celda es esta,  
 Y en ella Julia. ¿ Qué dudo ?

[*Corre una cortina, y ve á JULIA  
 durmiendo.*]

¿ Tan poco el valor ayudo,  
 Que ahora en hablarla tardo ?  
 Qué es lo que espero ? qué aguardo ?  
 Mas con impulso dudoso,  
 Si me animo temeroso,  
 Animoso me acobardo.  
 Mas belleza la humildad  
 Deste trage la afegura ;  
 Que en la muger la hermosura  
 Es la misma honestidad.  
 Su peregrina beldad,  
 De mi torpe amor objeto,

*Celio.*

'Twas a daring thing to climb,—  
 Though the hours I'd rather pass  
 With my own dear village lass,—  
 Better luck another time ! [*Exeunt.*]

THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE CELL  
OF JULIA.*Enter EUSEBIO.**Eusebio.*

All through the convent I have glided  
 Unperceived by any mortal,  
 And my path through porch and portal  
 By my destiny seems guided.  
 To a thousand cells, divided  
 By their narrow open doors,  
 Have I come on the corridors,  
 And have Julia seen in none.  
 Whither would ye lead me on,  
 Hopes that seek but phantom shores ?  
 Oh ! what silent horror's here !  
 Oh ! what darkness here doth dwell !  
 There's a light within this cell ;  
 Julia's in it ! Why this fear ?

[*Draws a curtain, and JULIA is  
 seen asleep.*]

Does my courage disappear ?  
 Is't so slight, that I delay  
 Now to advance ? Why pause ? Why  
 stay ?

By an impulse to and fro,  
 Trembling, I a boldness show,  
 Bold, a coward's heart betray.  
 Lovelier in the humbleness  
 Of this dress she seems to me,  
 For with women modesty  
 Is in itself a comeliness.  
 Her surpassing loveliness,



Hace en mí mayor efeto ;  
 Que á un tiempo á mi amor incito  
 Con la hermafura apeto,  
 Con la honeftidad refpeto.  
 ! Julia ! ; ah Julia !

*Julia.*

Quién me nombra ?

Mas ; cielos ! ¿ qué es lo que veo ?  
 ¿ Eres fombra del defeo,  
 O del penfamiento fombra ?

*Eusebio.*

¿ Tanto el mirarme te afombra ?

*Julia.*

¿ Pues quién habrá que no intente  
 Huir de tí ?

*Eusebio.*

Julia, detente.

*Julia.*

¿ Qué quieres, forma fingida,  
 De la idea repetida,  
 Sola á la vifta aparente ?  
 ¿ Eres, para pena mia,  
 Voz de la imaginacion ?  
 ¿ Retrato de la ilufion ?  
 ¿ Cuerpo de la fantasía ?  
 ¿ Fantafma en la noche fria ?

*Eusebio.*

Julia, efucha, Eusebio foy,  
 Que vivo á tus pies eftoy ;  
 Que fi el penfamiento fuera,  
 Siempre contigo eftuviera.

*Julia.*

Defengañándome voy  
 Con oírte, y confidero,  
 Que mi recato ofendí  
 Mas te quifiera fingido,  
 Eusebio, que verdadero,

Which I feek, unawed, uncheck'd,  
 Moves me with a twin effect ;  
 At one time it doth incite,  
 By its beauty, appetite,  
 By its modesty, refpect.  
 Julia ! Julia !

*Julia (awaking).*

Who doth call me ?—

But, O heavens ! what's this I fee ?  
 Art thou desire's dread phantafy ?  
 Art thou a dream that doth enthrall me ?

*Eusebio.*

Does my prefence fo appal thee ?

*Julia.*

Who would not in dread difmay  
 Fly from thee ?

*Eusebio.*

Ah ! Julia, ftay !

*Julia.*

What's thy wifh, fictitious form,  
 Spectre that no life doth warm,  
 Sight-born fhape, what wouldft thou ?  
 fay.

Art thou, for my punifhment,  
 The expreffion of my thought ?  
 Image by illufion wrought ?  
 Phantafy's embodiment ?  
 Phantom on the cold night fent ?

*Eusebio.*

Thine Eusebio am I, fweet,  
 Living, lying at thy feet.  
 For if I thy thought could be,  
 I for ever were with thee.

*Julia.*

The delufion, the deceit,  
 Lifting thee, I'm labouring through,  
 And I think that my pride-pain'd  
 Honour would prefer the feign'd,  
 Falfe Eusebio, than the true,

Donde yo llorando muero,  
 Donde yo vivo penando.  
 ¿Qué quieres? ¿estoy temblando!  
 ¿Qué buscas? ¿estoy muriendo!  
 ¿Qué emprendes? ¿estoy temiendo!  
 ¿Qué intentas? ¿estoy dudando!  
 ¿Cómo has llegado hasta aquí?

*Eusebio.*

Todo es extremos amor,  
 Y mi pena y tu rigor  
 Hoy han de triunfar de mí.  
 Hasta verte aquí, sufrí  
 Con esperanza segura;  
 Pero viendo tu hermosura  
 Perdida, he atropellado  
 El respeto del sagrado,  
 Y la ley de la clausura.  
 De lo cierto, ó de lo injusto  
 Los dos la culpa tenemos,  
 Y en mí vienen dos extremos,  
 Que son la fuerza y el gusto.  
 No puede darle disgusto  
 Al cielo mi pretension;  
 Antes desta ejecucion,  
 Casada eras en secreto,  
 Y no cabe en un fugeto  
 Matrimonio y religion.

*Julia.*

No niego el lazo amoroso,  
 Que hizo con felicidades  
 Unir á dos voluntades,  
 Que fue su efecto forzofo,  
 Que te llamé amado esposo;  
 Y que todo eso fue así,  
 Confieso; pero ya aquí,  
 Con voto de religiosa,  
 A Cristo de ser su esposa  
 Mano y palabra le di.  
 Ya soy fuya, ¿qué me quieres?

Here, where weeping I renew  
 Every day a living death.  
 What's your wish? I gasp for breath!  
 What's your object! Ah! I die!  
 What's your aim? an aspen I!  
 What's your end? doubt answereth.  
 Here why have you dared to be?

*Eusebio.*

'Tis but love's insensate daring,  
 Thy disdain and my despairing,  
 That have triumph'd over me.  
 Till I saw thee here, thy free  
 State my love with fond hopes fed;  
 But, beholding thee as dead,  
 Lost to me, the cloister's law,  
 This asylum's sacred awe,  
 Have I crush'd beneath my tread.  
 Be the act unjust, or just,  
 We must bear the blame united.  
 By two powers am I incited—  
 Violence and pleasure's lust.  
 In the sight of Heaven disgust  
 My pretensions cannot rouse,  
 Since at heart thou wert my spouse  
 Ere thou cam'st this step to take,  
 And one tongue should never make  
 Marriage and monastic vows.

*Julia.*

I deny not the sweet bond  
 That in happiest union  
 Join'd two separate wills in one;  
 Nay, that, 'neath love's magic wand,  
 I bestow'd on thee the fond,  
 Sweet name of husband,—I confess  
 All this is true; but ne'ertheless,  
 By a holier law invited,  
 Have I hand and promise plighted  
 Here to wear Christ's bridal dress;  
 I am His: what wouldst thou? Go!

Vete, porque el mundo afombres,  
 Donde mates á los hombres,  
 Donde fuerces las mugeres.  
 Vete, Eusebio ; ya no esperes  
 Fruto de tu loco amor ;  
 Para que te cause horror,  
 Que estoy en sagrado, piensa.

*Eusebio.*

Cuanto es mayor tu defenfa,  
 Es mi apetito mayor.  
 Ya las paredes falté  
 Del convento, ya te ví ;  
 No es amor quien vive en mí,  
 Causa mas oculta fue.  
 Cumple mi gufto, ó diré,  
 Que tú misma me has llamado,  
 Que me has tenido encerrado  
 En tu celda muchos días :  
 Y pues las defdichas mias  
 Me tienen desesperado,  
 Daré voces : Sepan . . . .

*Julia.*

Tente,

Eusebio, mira . . . . (¡ ay de mí !)  
 Pasos siento por aquí,  
 Al coro atraviesa gente.  
 ¡ Cielos, no sé lo que intente !  
 Cierra esa celda, y en ella  
 Estarás, pues atropella  
 Un temor á otro temor.

*Eusebio.*

¡ Qué poderoso es mi amor !

*Julia.*

¡ Qué rigurosa es mi estrella ! [*Vanse.*]

Where with fear the world thou fillest,  
 Where unhappy men thou killest,  
 Where thou work'st weak women's woe.  
 Go ! nor hope, Eusebio,  
 Thy infenate love's fruition,—  
 Think with horror and contrition  
 Of this sacred place, and fly me.

*Eusebio.*

Ah ! the more thou dost deny me,  
 Greater grows my love's ambition.  
 I have scaled the walls, my way  
 Through the convent led to thee ;  
 Love no more impelleth me—  
 I some subtler law obey.  
 Grant my wish, or I shall say,  
 That I came by thee here hidden ;  
 That thou here hast kept me hidden  
 In thy cell for many days ;  
 And, since my misfortunes craze  
 This poor brain, despairing, chidden,  
 I shall cry out : Know . . . .

*Julia.*

Oh, stay !

Hold, Eusebio ! . . . (woe is me !)  
 For the nuns' steps, audibly,  
 To the choir approach this way.  
 Heavens ! I know not what to say :—  
 Close the cell—the entrance bar—  
 Here remain : since oft a far  
 Worse fear doth a less remove.

*Eusebio.*

Oh ! how powerful is my love !

*Julia.*

Oh ! how rigorous is my star !

[*Scene closes.*]

## VISTA EXTERIOR DEL CONVENTO.

*Salen RICARDO y CELIO.*

*Ricardo.*

Ya son las tres, mucho tarda.

*Celio.*

El que goza su ventura,  
Ricardo, en la noche obscura,  
Nunca el claro sol aguarda.  
Yo apuesto que le parece,  
Que nunca el sol madrugó  
Tanto, y que hoy apresuró  
Su curso.

*Ricardo.*

Siempre amanece

Mas temprano á quien desea,  
Pero al que goza mas tarde.

*Celio.*

No creas, que al sol aguarde,  
Que en el oriente se vea.

*Ricardo.*

Dos horas son ya.

*Celio.*

No creo,

Que Eusebio lo diga.

*Ricardo.*

Es justo;

Porque al fin son de su gusto  
Las horas de tu deseo.

*Celio.*

¿No sabes lo que he llegado  
Hoy, Ricardo, á sospechar?  
Que Julia le envió á llamar.

*Ricardo.*

Pues si no fuera llamado,  
¿Quién á escalar se atreviera  
Un convento?

## OUTSIDE THE CONVENT.

*Enter RICARDO and CELIO.*

*Ricardo.*

'Tis three o'clock; he tarries late.

*Celio.*

He for whom the dark night flies  
With love's planet in its skies,  
Ne'er the sun's clear beams need wait.  
I'll be bound, to him it seems  
That the sun gets up to-day  
Far too soon, his golden way  
Thus forestalling.

*Ricardo.*

Yes, it beams

Ever early for desire,  
Ever late when love is blest.

*Celio.*

Do not think, though, he will rest  
In there till the east's on fire.

*Ricardo.*

Two hours gone.

*Celio.*

I would admire,

If he thinks so.

*Ricardo.*

You are right,

For the hours of his delight  
Are the hours of your desire.

*Celio.*

Do you know, that the suspicion  
I have form'd, Ricardo, is  
'Tis the lady's wish, not his?

*Ricardo.*

If he had not got permission,  
Who is there that thus would dare  
Convent walls to scale?

*Celio.*

¿No has sentido,

Ricardo, á esta parte ruido ?

*Ricardo.*

Sí.

*Celio.*

Pues llega la escalera.

*Salen por lo alto JULIA y EUSEBIO.**Eusebio.*

Déjame, muger.

*Julia.*

¿ Pues cuando

Vencida de tus deseos,  
 Movida de tus suspiros,  
 Obligada de tus ruegos,  
 De tu llanto agradecida,  
 Dos veces á Dios ofendo,  
 Como á Dios, y como á esposo,  
 Mis brazos dejas, haciendo  
 Sin esperanzas desdenes,  
 Y sin posesion desprecios ?  
 ¿ Dónde vas ?

*Eusebio.*

Muger, qué intentas ?

Déjame, que voy huyendo  
 De tus brazos, porque he visto  
 No sé qué deidad en ellos.  
 Llamas arrojan tus ojos,  
 Tus suspiros son de fuego,  
 Un volcan cada razon,  
 Un rayo cada cabello,  
 Cada palabra es mi muerte,  
 Cada regalo un infierno :  
 Tantos temores me causa  
 La Cruz, que he visto en tu pecho ;  
 Señal prodigiosa ha sido,  
 Y no permitan los cielos,

*Celio.*

Dost hear

Sounds, Ricardo, drawing near ?

*Ricardo.*

Yes.

*Celio.*

Then place the ladder there.

*JULIA and EUSEBIO appear at the window.**Eusebio.*

Leave me, woman.

*Julia.*

How ? when I,  
 By thy fond desirings conquer'd,  
 Moved to pity by thy sighings,  
 By thy warm entreaties soften'd,  
 Doubly have displeas'd the Godhead,  
 As my God and my espousèd ;  
 Flying from these arms that lock'd thee,  
 Dost thou without hope disdain me,  
 And without possession scorn me ?  
 Whither goest thou ?

*Eusebio.*

Woman, leave me,

For I fly those arms that fold me,  
 Having seen but now within them  
 Some, I know not what, God's token ;  
 In each glance a flame is darted,  
 In each sigh a fire outbloweth,  
 A volcano every accent,  
 Lightning every fair tress golden,  
 In each word my death is mutter'd,  
 At each fond care's hell opens ;  
 So much fear that Cross hath caus'd me  
 Which thy breast reveal'd and show'd  
 me :  
 Sign prodigious ! sacred symbol !

Que, aunque tanto los ofenda,  
 Pierda á la Cruz el respeto.  
 Pues si la hago testigo  
 De las culpas que cometo,  
 ¿ Con qué vergüenza despues  
 Lllamarla en mi ayuda puedo ?  
 Quédate en tu religion,  
 Julia, yo no te desprecio,  
 Que mas ahora te adoro.

*Julia.*

Escucha, detente, Eusebio.

*Eusebio.*

Esta es la escala.

*Julia.*

Detente,

O llévame allá.

*Eusebio.*

No puedo, [*Baja.*

Pues que, sin gozar la gloria  
 Que tanto esperé, te dejo.  
 Válgame el cielo! cái.

[*Caé.*

*Ricardo.*

Qué ha sido?

*Eusebio.*

¿ No veis el viento

Poblado de ardientes rayos?  
 ¿ No mirais sangriento el cielo,  
 Que todo sobre mí viene?  
 ¿ Dónde estar seguro puedo,  
 Si airado el cielo se muestra?  
 Divina Cruz, yo os prometo,  
 Y os hago solemne voto  
 Con cuantas cláusulas puedo,  
 De en cualquier parte que os vea,  
 Las rodillas por el suelo,  
 Rezar un Ave Maria.

And the heavens allow me nowhere,  
 Though I so offend, to fail in  
 Reverence for a sign so holy.  
 Since if I a witness make it  
 Of the crimes I dare each moment,  
 With what shame would I hereafter,  
 In my hour of need, invoke it?  
 Stay, then, Julia, in religion;  
 Ah! indeed I do not scorn thee,  
 I adore thee more than ever.

*Julia.*

Oh! Eusebio, hear me! hold thee!

*Eusebio.*

Here's the ladder.

*Julia.*

Oh! remain,

Or else take me with you.

*Eusebio.*

Hopeless [*He descends.*

Is it; no; I leave thee here  
 With my so long-figh'd-for glory  
 Unenjoy'd. But, heavens! I fall.

[*He falls.*

*Ricardo.*

What has happen'd?

*Eusebio.*

See you nowhere

Red bolts peopling all the night wind?  
 Do you not behold the gory  
 Heavens that open to o'erwhelm me?  
 Where can I be safe, if o'er me  
 Heaven displays its awful anger?  
 Thee, O Cross divine, I promise,  
 And a solemn vow I make thee,  
 With all strictness of devotion,  
 Wheresoever I see thee standing,  
 Kneeling on the ground before thee,  
 To recite then a Hail Mary!

[*Levántase, y vanse los tres, dejando la escala puesta.*  
*Julia.*

Turbada y confusa quedo.  
¿ Aquetas fueron, ingrato,  
Las firmezas ? ¿ Estos fueron  
Los extremos de tu amor ?  
¿ O son de mi amor extremos ?  
Hasta vencerme á tu gusto,  
Con amenazas, con ruegos,  
Aqui amante, alli tirano,  
Porfiaste ; pero luego  
Que de tu gusto y mi pena  
Pudiste llamarte dueño,  
Antes de vencer huíste.  
¿ Quién, sino tú, venció huyendo ?  
¿ Muerta soy, cielos piadosos !  
¿ Por qué introdujo venenos  
Naturaleza, si habia,  
Para dar muerte, desprecios ?  
Ellos me quitan la vida ;  
Pues que con nuevo tormento  
Lo que me desprecia busco.  
¿ Quién vió tan dudoso efecto  
De amor ? Cuando me rogaba  
Con mil lágrimas Eusebio,  
Le dejaba ; pero ahora,  
Porque él me deja, le ruego.  
Tales somos las mugeres,  
Que contra nuestros deseos,  
Aun no queremos dar gusto  
Con lo mismo que queremos.  
Ninguno nos quiera bien,  
Si pretendes alcanzar premio ;  
Que queridas despreciamos,  
Y aborrecidas queremos.  
No siento que no me quiera,  
Solo que me deje siento.  
Por aqui cayó, tras él

[*He arises, and the three go out, leaving the ladder in its place.*  
*Julia (at the window).*

In confusion I am lost here.  
Was this then, O thou ungrateful !  
Thy fix'd purpose ? This the whole,  
then,  
Of thy love's excess ? Or is it  
Mine own love's excess absorbs me ?  
Till you conquer'd me to yield you  
All your wish, by threats, by softness,  
Now a lover, now a tyrant,  
You persisted ; but, when wholly  
Of your joy and of my sorrow  
You could call yourself the owner,  
You before the victory fled me ;  
Who but you e'er fled that conquer'd ?  
Ah ! I die ! ye pitying heavens !  
Why has Nature's hand concocted  
Poisons, when contempt she nurtures,  
Which to kill is far more potent ?  
It is *that* that takes my life :  
Since, to add unto my torment,  
That which shuns me I must seek.  
Such effects of love, what mortal  
Ever saw ? For when Eusebio  
Ask'd me, in all forms of fondness,  
Even with tears, I scorn'd him ; now  
Him I ask, because he scorns me.  
Such the nature of us women,  
That against what most we covet,  
We even would not wish to please  
With what would delight our own selves.  
No one loves us well who seems  
To over-value what he hopeth :  
For when we are loved, we scorn,  
When we're scorn'd, our love is strongest.  
Me, his want of love moves not,  
'Tis his leaving me that moves me.

Me arrojaré. ¿Mas qué es esto ?  
 ¿Esta no es escala ? Sí.  
 ¿Qué terrible pensamiento !  
 Detente, imaginacion,  
 No me despees ; que creo,  
 Que si llego á consentir,  
 A hacer el delito llego.  
 ¿ No saltó Eusebio por mí  
 Las paredes del convento ?  
 ¿ No me holgué de verle yo  
 En tantos peligros puesto  
 Por mi causa ? ¿ pues qué dudo ?  
 ¿ Qué me acobardo ? ¿ qué temo ?  
 Lo mismo haré yo en salir,  
 Que él en entrar ; si es lo mismo,  
 Tambien se holgará de verme  
 Por su causa en tales riesgos.  
 Ya por haber consentido,  
 La misma culpa merezco ;  
 ¿ Pues si es tan grande el pecado,  
 Por qué el gusto ha de ser menos ?  
 ¿ Si consentí, y me dejé  
 Dios de su mano, no puedo  
 De una culpa, que es tan grande  
 Tener perdon ? ¿ pues qué espero ?

[*Baja por la escala.*]

Al mundo, al honor, á Dios  
 Hallo perdido el respeto,  
 Cuando á ceguedad tan grande  
 Vendados los ojos vuelvo.  
 Demonio soy que he caido  
 Despeñado deste cielo,  
 Pues sin tener esperanza  
 De subir, no me arrepiento.  
 Ya estoy fuera de sagrado,  
 Y de la noche el silencio  
 Con su obscuridad me tiene  
 Cubierta de horror y miedo.  
 Tan deslumbrada camino,

Here he fell, then after him  
 Shall I throw me. But what holds  
 here ?

Is not this the ladder ? Yes.  
 What a dreadful thought comes o'er me !  
 Stay, imagination, stay ;  
 Whelm me not, for faith has told me  
 That, when I consent in thought,  
 I commit the crime that moment.  
 Was it not for me Eusebio  
 Scaled the steep walls of my convent ?  
 Did I not feel pleased to see him  
 Running so much risk to show me  
 His regard ? Then what doth fright me ?  
 What doth cow me ? Why thus ponder ?  
 I will do the same in leaving,  
 As in entering, he ; if so then,  
 He too will be pleased to see me,  
 For his sake, like risks encounter.  
 By consenting, I already  
 With an equal guilt am loaded ;  
 If the sin has been committed,  
 Why not with the joy console me ?  
 If I've given consent, and God  
 Flings me from his hand, 'tis hopeless,  
 For a crime so great, to expect  
 Pardon ; then why wait ? What holds  
 me ? [*She descends the ladder.*]  
 For the world, for God, for honour,  
 All respect I find I've lost here,  
 When I turn my hooded eyes  
 Round upon this darksome prospect ;  
 I'm a demon that has fallen  
 From this heaven serene and spotless,  
 Since, all hope being gone, to rise there  
 No repentant instinct prompts me.  
 I am out of sanctuary,  
 And the silent night involves me,  
 With its darkness, in a net-work



Que en las tinieblas tropiezo,  
 Y aun no caigo en mi pecado.  
 ¿Dónde voy? ¿qué hago? ¿qué intento?  
 Con la muda confusión  
 De tantos horrores temo,  
 Que se me altera la sangre,  
 Que se me eriza el cabello.  
 Turbada la fantasía,  
 En el aire forma cuerpos,  
 Y sentencias contra mí  
 Pronuncia la voz del eco.  
 El delito, que antes era  
 Quien me animaba soberbio,  
 Es quien me acobarda ahora.  
 Apenas las plantas puedo  
 Mover, que el mismo temor  
 Grillos á mis pies ha puesto.  
 Sobre mis hombros parece  
 Que carga un prolijo peso,  
 Que me oprime, y toda yo  
 Estoy cubierta de hielo.  
 No quiero pasar de aquí,  
 Quiero volverme al convento,  
 Donde de aqueste pecado  
 Alcance perdón; pues creo  
 De la clemencia divina,  
 Que no hay luces en el cielo,  
 Que no hay en el mar arenas,  
 No hay átomos en el viento,  
 Que, fumados todos juntos,  
 No sean número pequeño  
 De los pecados que sabe  
 Dios perdonar. Pasos siento,  
 A esta parte me retiro  
 En tanto que pasan; luego  
 Subiré, sin que me vean.

[Retirase.

Of intensest fear and horror.  
 So bereft of light I wander,  
 That, at every step I totter,  
 Stray from all things but my sin.  
 Whither go I? With what object?  
 I am fearful, in the silent  
 Throng of horrors that enfold me,  
 That my hair will stand on end soon,  
 That my heart's blood will be frozen.  
 On the air perturbèd fancy  
 Phantoms and strange spectres formeth;  
 And, in sentencing me, sounds  
 Echo's voice austere and solemn:  
 The offence, which was erewhile  
 That which so my pride embolden'd,  
 Makes a coward of me now.  
 I can scarcely move my footsteps,  
 Scarce can drag my feet, for fear  
 Hangs its heavy fetters on them.  
 An oppressive weight appears  
 To be placed upon my shoulders,  
 Which doth weigh me down; and I  
 All with ice am cover'd over.  
 No! I will not further go,  
 I will back unto my convent.  
 Where for this sin I may ask  
 Pardon, since such faith I foster  
 In the clemency divine,  
 That the stars that light heaven yonder,  
 That the sands upon the shore,  
 That the atoms of the mote-beams,  
 All together join'd, would be,  
 I believe, but a faint token  
 Of the number of the sins  
 God can pardon.—Steps approach here!  
 I shall to this side retire  
 Until they have pass'd and gone hence;  
 Then I shall ascend unseen.

[Retires.

Salen RICARDO y CELIO.

*Ricardo.*

Con el espanto de Eusebio  
Aqui se quedó la escala,  
Y ahora por ella vuelvo,  
No aclare el dia, y la vean  
A esta pared.

[*Quitán la escala y vanse, y JULIA  
llega donde estaba la escala.*]

*Julia.*

Ya se fueron ;

Ahora podré subir,  
Sin que me sientan. Qué es esto ?  
; No es aquesta la pared  
De la escala ? Pero creo,  
Que hácia estotra parte está.  
Ni aqui tampoco está. Cielos !  
; Cómo he de subir sin ella ?  
Mas ya mi desdicha entiendo ;  
Esta suerte me negais  
La entrada vuestra, pues creo,  
Que, cuando quiero subir  
Arrepentida, no puedo.  
Pues si ya me habeis negado  
Vuestra clemencia, mis hechos  
De muger desesperada  
Darán afombros al cielo,  
Darán espantos al mundo,  
Admiracion á los tiempos,  
Horror al mismo pecado,  
Y terror al mismo infierno.

Enter RICARDO and CELIO.

*Ricardo.*

In Eusebio's fright, forgotten  
Here the ladder has remain'd ;  
And to take it, I now come here,  
Left at dawn of day they see it  
On this wall.

[*Exeunt, taking the ladder. JULIA  
returns to the place where it  
stood.*]

*Julia.*

They've gone : now softly,  
Unperceived I may ascend.  
How is this, though ? Is it not here,  
In this part of the wall, the ladder  
Stood this moment ? In this other  
Place, I think, then it must be :—  
No, nor here 'tis. Heavens above me !  
How can I ascend without it ?  
Ah ! I now know my misfortune ;  
In this way you would all entrance  
Bar against me, since it shows me  
That when I would wish, repentant,  
To ascend, the attempt were hopeless.  
Since then you have thus denied me  
Your soft clemency, the bold deeds  
Of a woman's desperation,  
Shall the heavens scare that behold  
them,  
Make the world that sees them tremble,  
Fill futurity with wonder,  
Strike even sin itself with horror,  
And shock hell even to the lowest.



### JORNADA III.

MONTE.

*Sale GIL con muchas Cruces, y una muy grande al pecho.*

*Gil.*

**D**OR leña á este monte voy,  
Que Menga me lo ha mandado,  
Y para ir seguro, he hallado  
Una brava invencion hoy.  
De la Cruz, dicen, que es  
Devoto Eusebio; y así  
He salido armado aquí  
De la cabeza á los pies.  
Dicho y hecho; ¡él es par diez!  
No encuentro, lleno de miedo,  
Donde estar seguro puedo;  
Sin alma quedo. Esta vez  
No me ha visto, yo quisiera  
Esconderme hácia este lado,  
Mientras pasa; yo he tomado  
Por guarda una cambronera  
Para esconderme. ¡No es nada!  
Tanta pua es la mas chica:  
¡Pléguele Cristo! mas pica,  
Que perder una trocada,  
Mas que sentir un desprecio  
De una dama Fierabras,

### ACT III.

A WILD FOREST IN THE MOUNTAIN.

*Enter GIL, having his dress covered with numerous Crosses, and with a large one on his breast.*

*Gil.*

**T**HROUGH these wilds for  
wood I stray,  
Driven abroad by Menga's  
dunning;  
So, to go secure, a cunning  
Stratagem I've plann'd to-day.  
This Eusebio is, I hear,  
Still to the Cross devout, and so,  
Thus all arm'd from top to toe,  
Forth I venture without fear:—  
Well and good. He's there, by Jove!  
Looking glum and this way striding,  
And there's not a spot to hide in!  
Oh! I cannot breathe or move!  
But he sees me not, this thickly  
Twisted thorn-bush here may screen  
me.  
Oh! for something soft between me  
And these sharp points bare and prickly!  
Backwards, frontwards, under, over,  
Where I stand the thorns are pricking,  
Where I sit the thorns are sticking;  
Ah! 'tis plain I'm not in clover,

Que á todos admite, y mas  
Que tener zelos de un necio.

*Sale EUSEBIO.*

*Eusebio.*

No sé adonde podré ir ;  
Larga vida un triste tiene,  
Que nunca la muerte viene  
A quien le cansa el vivir.  
Julia, yo me ví en tus brazos ;  
Cuando tan dichoso era,  
Que de tus brazos pudiera  
Hacer amor nuevos lazos.  
Sin gozar al fin dejé  
La gloria que no tenia ;  
Mas no fue la causa mia,  
Causa mas secreta fue ;  
Pues teniendo mi albedrío,  
Superior efecto ha hecho,  
Que yo respete en tu pecho  
La Cruz que tengo en el mio.  
Y pues con ella los dos,  
¡ Ay Julia ! habemos nacido,  
Secreto misterio ha sido,  
Que lo entiende solo Dios.

*Gil (aparte).*

Mucho pica, ya no puedo  
Mas sufrillo.

*Eusebio.*

Entre estos ramos

Hay gente. ¿ Quién va ?

*Gil.*

Aqui echamos

A perder todo el enredo.

Though the grass is thick about me.  
Better bear with conscience gnawing,  
Better bear a fool's hee-hawing,  
Or a scolding woman flout me.

[*Conceals himself.*]

*Enter EUSEBIO.*

*Eusebio.*

Still my days are dark and dreary,  
Still along life's road I go,  
Careless whither, death is flow  
Only to the life-awearry.  
Julia, O, my hoped-for wife !  
When within thy arms I found me,  
Then might love have twined around  
me  
Garlands new to deck my life ;  
But the glory I repell'd,  
Fled the untasted joy I sought,  
Not through mine own strength me-  
thought,  
No, some secret force compell'd,  
Since my will I could resign  
To that mightier power protecting,  
On thy beauteous breast respecting  
That same Cross that's stamp'd on mine.  
Then, since Heaven was pleas'd to send  
Thee and me thus sign'd to earth,  
Some strange mystery marks our birth  
God alone doth comprehend.

*Gil (aside).*

Ah ! I'm prick'd in every joint ;  
More I can't endure !

*Eusebio.*

Quite near

Sounds a voice :—Who's there ?

*Gil.*

I'm here,

Quite made up on every point.

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Un hombre á un árbol atado,  
Y una Cruz al cuello tiene ;  
Cumplir mi voto conviene  
En el suelo arrodillado.

*Gil.*

¿ A quién, Eusebio, enderezas  
La oracion, ú de qué tratas ?  
Si me adoras, ¿ qué me atas ?  
Si me atas, ¿ qué me rezas ?

*Eusebio.*

¿ Quién es ?

*Gil.*

¿ A Gil no conoces ?

Desde que con el recado  
Aqui me dejaste atado,  
No han aprovechado voces  
Para que alguien (¡ qué rigor !)  
Me llegase á defatar.

*Eusebio.*

Pues no es aqueſte el lugar  
Donde te dejé.

*Gil.*

Señor,

Es verdad ; mas yo que ví  
Que nadie llegaba, he andado,  
De árbol en árbol atado,  
Hasta haber llegado aqui.  
Aqueſta la causa fue  
De suceſo tan extraño.

*Eusebio (aparte).*

Este es ſimple, y de mi daño  
Cualquier suceſo fabrè.—  
Gil, yo te tengo aficion,  
Desde que otra vez hablamos,  
Y aqui quiero que ſeamos  
Amigos.

*Eusebio (afide).*

Ah ! a man to a tree is bound,  
On his breaſt's a Croſs, I now  
Muſt fulfil my ſolemn vow,  
Humbly kneeling on the ground.

[*Kneels.*

*Gil.*

Who, ſir, do you kneel before ?  
Do you mean to deify me ?  
If you adore me, why do you tie me ?  
If you tie me, why adore ?

*Eusebio.*

Say, who *are* you ?

*Gil.*

Not know Gil ?

Since the time you left me tied here  
With the meſſage, I have cried here  
Without ſtint, out loud and ſhrill,  
That ſome kind hand from this cord  
Would releaſe me. (What a caſe !)

*Eusebio.*

But then this is not the place  
That I left you in.

*Gil.*

My lord,

That is true ; but when 'twas clear  
None would come, it ſeem'd to me  
Beſt, thus tied, from tree to tree  
On to glide, till I came here.  
That's the ſimple explanation  
Of ſo ſtrange a circumſtance.

*Eusebio (afide).*

Through this ſimpleton perchance  
I may get ſome information  
Of my loſs.—Gil, I was quite  
Taken with your worth when we  
Laſt time met, ſo let us be  
Friends henceforth.

*Gil.*

Tiene razon ;  
Y quifera, pues nos vemos  
Tan amigos, no ir allá,  
Sino andarme por acá,  
Pues aqui todos feremos  
Buñoleros, que diz que es  
Holgada vida, y no andar  
Todo el año á trabajar.

*Eusebio.*

Quédate conmigo pues.

*Salen RICARDO y Bandoleros, y traen  
á JULIA vestida de hombre y cubierto  
el rostro. [\*Salen RICARDO, y  
JULIA, de hombre; un PINTOR, un  
POETA, y un ASTROLOGO.†]*

*Ricardo.*

En lo bajo del camino,  
Que esta montaña atraviesá,  
Ahora hicimos una presa,  
Que segun es, imagino,  
Que te dé gusto.

*Eusebio.*

Está bien,  
Luego della trataremos.

*Gil.*

You say quite right;—  
And I'd wish, since friendship's tether  
Binds us so, to go not near  
My old cabin, but stay here  
Bundoleering all together.  
'Tis a pleasant life, they say,  
Not a stroke of work or bother  
From one year's end to the other.

*Eusebio.*

Then with me you here may stay.

*Enter RICARDO and the other brigands,  
leading in JULIA, dressed in man's  
clothes, and having her face covered.  
[\*Enter RICARDO, and JULIA as a man;  
a POET, a PAINTER, and an ASTRO-  
LOGER.†]*

*Ricardo.*

On the road that 'neath heaven's cope  
O'er this rugged mountain rises,  
We to-day have made some prizes  
Of such value that I hope  
They may please you.

*Eusebio.*

Right, we'll see  
Soon to that, but now behold

\* Commencement of the scene in the edition of Huefca.

† As mentioned in the introduction to this drama, *La Devocion de la Cruz* was first published in the *Parte Veinte y Ocho de Comedias de Varios Autores* (Huefca 1634), under the title of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, and as the work of Lope de Vega. Señor Hartzembusch mentions that this, the earliest impression, exhibits many variations from the received text, which are of greater or lesser importance. In this place an entirely new scene is introduced, which is not to be found in the edition of Vera Tassis or in the later editions. This scene he prints in the notes to his Calderon. It was probably omitted from the acted play, as needlessly breaking the continuity of the plot. Though slightly imperfect, it is sufficiently curious to be preserved, and I have therefore introduced it [between brackets] into the text both of the original and translation. Señor Hartzembusch also prints the portion of this scene (in the edition of Huefca), which is nearly the same as that in the later editions. A few of the verbal differences that exist between them, I have drawn attention to below.—See Hartzembusch's "Calderon," *Notas y Ilustraciones*, t. iv. p. 701.

Sabe ahora, que tenemos  
Un nuevo soldado.

*Ricardo.*

¿ Quién ?

*Gil.*

Gil ; ¿ no me ve ?

*Eusebio.*

Este villano,

Aunque le veis inocente,  
Conoce notablemente  
Esta tierra monte y llano,  
Y en él será nuestra guía :  
Fuera desto, al campo irá  
Del enemigo, y será  
En él mi perdida espía.  
Arcabuz le podeis dar,  
Y un vestido.

*Celio.\**

Ya está aqui.

*Gil.*

Tengan lástima de mí,  
Que me quedo á embandolear.†

[*Eusebio.*

¿ Quien eres tu ?

*Pintor.*

Yo, señor,

Soy de nacion jinoes ;  
A Florencia paso, y es  
Mi ejercicio el de pintor.  
Llevo a Celio Batistela,  
Un florentin poderoso,  
Aqueste retrato hermoso,  
Que es de Madama Florela ;  
Que el me mandó que lo hiciese.

*Eusebio.*

Muestra, a ver. ¿ Hermosa dama !  
¿ Como dice qui ? *Madama*

A new comrade, just enroll'd  
In our gallant troop.

*Ricardo.*

Who's he ?

*Gil.*

Don't you see me ? *Gil.*

*Eusebio.*

This swain,

Though so innocent appearing,  
Knows each natural bound and mearing  
Of this land here, hill and plain ;  
He will be our guide by-and-by  
Through it, nay, he will repair  
To the enemy's camp, and there  
Act the desperate part of spy.—  
Give him then an arquebus,  
And a soldier's drefs.

*Celio.\**

They're here.

*Gil.*

Woe the day that I appear  
Robber-raw-recruited thus !

[*Eusebio.*

Who art thou ?

*Painter.*

Sir, my confession

I can make to you with ease :—  
I'm by birth a Genoese,  
And a painter by profession.  
I to Celio Batistela,  
Of Florence, this fine picture bear  
Of a lady young and fair,  
Call'd Madama la Florela,  
By him order'd, to him fold.

*Eusebio.*

Let me see it. A fair dame  
Truly ! but why write her name

\* " Ricardo." Huesca Edition.

† " á bandolear." Huesca Edition.

*Florela.**Gil.*

Oye : el cuento es efe  
De un pintor que hizo un retrato  
De un gato ; y porque supiese  
De quien era quien le viese,  
Pufo abajo : “ Aqueste es gato.”

*Pintor.*

No es defeto en la pintura  
Traer escrito su nombre ;  
Que nadie habra a quien no asombre  
Esta imitada figura.  
Y yo foy el que pintar  
Enseño los naturales  
Arboles y frutas, tales  
Que se pueden admirar  
Los hombres ; pues cuando imito  
La variedad, y la veo  
Queda fin hambre el defeo,  
Sin defeo el apetito.

*Eusebio.*

Si en ti perfeccion tan bella  
Ha alcanzado la pintura,  
Gran genero de locura  
Es no aprovecharte della,  
Atalde aqui ; y si mirar  
La variedad de las flores,  
Dadle paleta y colores ;  
Coma de lo que pintare.

*Ricardo.*

Vamos.

*Gil.*

Llevad de camino  
Aquesta epigrama brava  
Que \* \* \* \* \*  
Hizo un ingenio divino,—  
“ Galanes, damas hermosas,  
Baratas fueles vender,  
Saliendo de tu poder

'Neath it?

*Gil.*

Lift ! a tale doth run  
Of a painter to whom sat  
For her picture Pufs : below her,  
So that every one might know her,  
He inscribed, “ This is a cat.”

*Painter.*

No defect is't in a painting  
That it should its own name bear ;  
Here's a figure, howsoe'er,  
One can gaze at without fainting.  
I am he who taught the art  
Of depicting fruits and trees  
After Nature : they so please  
Those that see them, that they start,  
Wondering at them. My own sight,  
Feeding on their fair variety,  
Makes me surfeit to satiety,  
Takes the edge off appetite.

*Eusebio.*

If to such extreme perfection  
Painting hath progress'd with thee,  
'Tis a great absurdity  
Not to use it for refection.  
'Tie him there : no fear he faints,  
Flowers to him are like a salad ;  
Give him some colours and a pallet,  
Let him eat of what he paints.

*Ricardo.*

Let us go.

*Gil.*

And on the way,  
Take with you this clever epigram,  
Which \* \* \* \* \*  
A great genius made one day :—  
“ Fabio, a many an hour,  
To gallants and ladies fair,  
Things you fell, nor rich nor rare



Eftas y otras muchas cosas.  
Fabio, con mano no efcasa  
Pon tu mujer en la tienda,  
Que aunque mil veces se venda  
Siempre fe te queda en casa.”

*Eusebio.*

Tu, ¿ quien eres ?

*Astrologo.*

Señor, foy

Astrologo.

*Eusebio.*

Buen oficio.

*Astrologo.*

Aunque se tiene por vicio ;  
Pero ahora a Francia voy  
A enseñar astrologia.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Y tu la sabes ?

*Astrologo.*

Yo he fido

Quien los pasos ha medido  
Al sol que ilumina el día.

*Eusebio.*

Si pudo tu ciencia ver  
Tanto, ¿ por que no previno  
Lo que en aquefte camino  
Te habia de fuceder ?

*Astrologo.*

Ya tenia yo mirado  
Que en el camino que figo  
Habia de topar contigo.

*Eusebio.*

Pues dime que has alcanzado  
De lo que he de hacer aqui.

*Astrologo.*

Ya he visto en efetos llanos  
Que he de morir a tus manos.

*Eusebio.*

Vete libre, porque asi

Which must pass from out your power.  
Put into your shop your spouse,—  
Wondrous then will grow your self,  
Since, though oft she sells herself,  
Still she never leaves your house.

*Eusebio.*

Thou, who art thou ?

*Astrologer.*

Sir, I am

An astrologer.

*Eusebio.*

A good employment.

*Astrologer.*

Yes, it's not without enjoyment :  
I am going to France to cram  
Pupils in the stary art.

*Eusebio.*

And you know it ?

*Astrologer.*

I am one

Who hath track'd the path of the sun  
Through the heavens as on a chart.

*Eusebio.*

If your vision is so clear,  
Why did you foresee not, say,  
As you journey'd on your way,  
What would happen to you here ?

*Astrologer.*

Nought of that, sir, was conceal'd,  
For I knew by destiny  
I was doom'd to meet with thee.

*Eusebio.*

Tell me what has been reveal'd  
Of thy fate here now with me.

*Astrologer.*

I have learn'd my fate commands  
That I perish by thy hands.

*Eusebio.*

Then, to prove fate wrong, go free.

Conozcas de tu ignorancia  
El error, que desde el suelo  
No se ha de medir el cielo,  
Que es infinita distancia.

*Gil.*

Escúcheme. A un licenciado  
En estrellas, mató un día  
Una bestia : así decía  
Adonde estaba enterrado :  
“ Yace un astrólogo, cuya  
Ciencia a todos anunciaba  
La fuerte, y nunca acertaba  
A pronosticar la fuya.  
Un cadáver vió en cenizas  
Su cadáver : que desvelo  
Tal entender pudo el cielo  
Mas no a las caballerizas.”

*Eusebio.*

¿ Y tu ?

*Poeta.*

Espanol ; mi ejercicio  
Hacer versos : soy poeta  
En fetos ; que esta feta  
Algunos la han hecho oficio.

*Eusebio.*

Muchos he oído decir  
Que ocupan aquesta parte.

*Gil.*

Como se escriben sin arte,  
Son fáciles de escribir.

*Poeta.*

¿ Que mas arte han de tener,  
Señor, que haber de agradar  
Entero á todo un lugar  
Pues jueces vienen á ser  
El discreto, y ignorante,  
Que juzgan sin atención  
De mirar a cuyos son ;  
Pues quieren que un principiante

Thus thou'lt know thine auguries  
Are but error's monstrous birth,  
Knowing little of the earth,  
Knowing nothing of the skies.

*Gil.*

Hear me. A licentiate, read  
In all star-lore, by a horse  
Once was kill'd, and o'er the corse  
Where 'twas buried this was said :—  
“ An astrologer, o'erthrown  
By his steed, here lies : he told  
Death-days round to young and old,  
But could never tell his own.  
The first corse (so runs the fable)  
That met his exclaim'd, ‘ My eyes !  
You that understood the skies,  
To know nothing of the stable ! ’ ”

*Eusebio.*

Thou art too . . . ?

*Poet.*

A Spaniard : my  
Business to write verse ; in fact  
I'm a poet : few can aft  
Better in that way than I.

*Eusebio.*

There are many who, like you,  
Try to play the poet's part.

*Gil.*

Those who scribble without art  
Find it easy work to do.

*Poet.*

Why, what greater art can be  
Than to tickle a whole town,  
Please the tastes of clerk and clown,  
Since your judges they must be—  
Wife and foolish, saint and sinner,  
Passing sentence like omniscience,  
Heedless of their own deficiency ;  
Who require too a beginner

Tenga el mismo estilo y ciencia  
Que un anciano, sin mirar  
Que á eso se han de aventajar  
Ochenta años de experiencia ?

*Eusebio.*

En tus razones se ve  
Que siempre en vosotros lidia  
Envidia y pasión.

*Poeta.*

Si envidia

Quien no tiene para qué  
Dejen de envidiarme á mi.

*Eusebio.*

\* \* \* \*

Con irte vivo y dejarte.

*Gil.*

Copla hay tambien para ti.  
De la comedia es dudoso,  
En fin : que indeterminado,  
Lo que al ignorante agrado,  
Causa al fin al ingenioso,  
Busca, Lisardo, otros modos,  
Si fama quieres ganar ;  
Que es difícil de cortar  
Vestidos que venga á todos.]

*Eusebio.*

¿ Quién es este gentil hombre,  
Que el rostro encubre ?

*Ricardo.*

No ha sido

Posible, que haya querido  
Decir la patria, ni el nombre ;  
Porque al Capitan no mas  
Dice que lo ha de decir.

Should have the same skill and style  
Of one older in such matters,  
Not reflecting on the latter's  
Eighty years' use of the file ?

*Eusebio.*

From your arguments 'tis seen  
How for ever with you dwell  
Spleen and envy.

*Poet.*

If to swell

'Gainst injustice be call'd spleen,  
I'm content it so should be.

*Eusebio.*

\* \* \* \*

Go, I let thee live, be off!

*Gil.*

Take this rhyme along with thee :—  
Since, howe'er the poet tries,  
Doubtful is his drama's fate,  
For what may the crowd elate,  
The judicious may despise.  
If you're seeking for fame's prizes,  
Try some method less remote,  
For 'tis hard to cut a coat  
That will suit all sorts of sizes.\*]

*Eusebio.*

Who's this gentleman, whose aim  
Is to hide his face ?

*Ricardo.*

In vain

Have we ask'd him to explain  
What's his country or his name ;  
To the captain of our band  
These he only will avow.

\* "If this mutilated and erroneously attributed fragment," says Señor Hartzembusch, "is Calderon's, *The Devotion of the Cross* must be one of his earliest dramas, written probably when he was a student at Salamanca, where he remained till his nineteenth year."

† "y quien es el gentil hombre," &c. Huefca Ed.

*Eusebio.*

Bien te puedes descubrir,  
Pues ya en mi presencia estás.\*

*Julia.*

¿ Sois el Capitan ?

*Eusebio.*

Sí.

*Julia (aparte).*

¡ Ay Dios !

*Eusebio.*

Dime quien eres, y á qué  
Víniste.

*Julia.*

Yo lo diré,

Estando solos los dos.

*Eusebio.*

Retiraos todos un poco.

[*Vanse, y quedan los dos solos.*]

Ya estás á solas conmigo,

Solo árboles y flores

Pueden ser mudos testigos

De tus voces ; quita el velo

Con que cubierto has traído

El rostro, y dime : ¿ quién eres ?

¿ Dónde vas ? ¿ qué has pretendido ?

Habla.

*Julia.*

Porque de una vez

[*Saca la espada.*]

Sepas á lo que he venido,

Y quien soy, saca la espada ;

Pues desta manera digo,

Que soy quien viene á matarte.

*Eusebio.*

Con la defenza resisto

Tu osadía y mi temor,

Porque mayor habia sido

\* “ *Con el capitan estas.* ” Huefca Ed.

*Eusebio.*

Then you may declare them now,  
Since before his face you stand.

*Julia.*

Are you the captain ?

*Eusebio.*

True.

*Julia (aside).*

Too true !

*Eusebio.*

Tell me who you are, and why  
You have come here.

*Julia.*

I'll reply

When we are alone, we two.

*Eusebio.*

All of you retire awhile.

[*Exeunt all but JULIA and EUSEBIO.*]

Now that thou'rt alone here with me,

Having only trees and flowers

Silently to look and listen

To thy words, remove the veil

With which cover'd thou hast hidden

Half thy face, and say who art thou,

Whither goest thou, here what brings

thee ;—

Speak !

*Julia.*

That you may know at once

[*Draws her sword.*]

What it is that brings me hither,

Who I am too, draw thy sword ;

Since I mean to say in *this* way

That to kill thee I have come here.

*Eusebio.*

In defence I make resistance

To thy daring and my doubt,

Since it seems to me that bigger

De la accion, que de la voz.

*Julia.*

Riñe, cobarde, conmigo,  
Y verás, que con tu muerte  
Vida y confusion te quito.

*Eusebio.*

Yo por defenderme mas,  
Que por ofenderte, riño ;  
Que ya tu vida me importa,  
Pues si en este desafío  
Te mato, no sé por qué,  
Y si me matas, lo mismo.  
Descúbrete ahora pues,  
Si te agrada.

*Julia.*

Bien has dicho,  
Porque en venganzas de honor,  
Sino es que consiste el castigo  
Al que fué ofensor, no queda  
Satisfecho el ofendido. [*Descúbrefe.*]  
¿ Conocéisme ? ¿ qué te espantas ?  
¿ Qué me miras ?

*Eusebio.*

Que rendido

A la verdad y á la duda,  
En confusos desvaríos,  
Me espanto de lo que veo,  
Me asombro de lo que miro.

*Julia.*

Ya me has visto.

*Eusebio.*

Si, y de verte

Mi confusion ha crecido  
Tanto, que si ántes de ahora  
Alterados mis sentidos  
Defearon verte, ya  
Defengañados, lo mismo,  
Que dieran antes por verte,

Is thine action, than thy voice.

*Julia.*

Fight then, coward, fight then with me,  
And thou'lt see that with thy death  
Life and doubt at once shall quit thee.

*Eusebio.*

I in my defence, much more  
Than for thy least hurt, fight with thee,  
Feeling even now an interest  
In thy life ; since if I kill thee  
In this strife, I know not wherefore,  
And 'tis so if me thou killest.  
Then discover thyself now,  
If it please thee.

*Julia.*

Thou speak'st wisely,  
Since, when honour cries for vengeance,  
If the hand of the chastiser  
Is unknown unto the wronger,  
Full revenge is not inflicted.

[*She discovers herself.*]

Dost thou know me ? Whence this terror ?  
Why thus gaze ?

*Eusebio.*

Because bewilderd,  
Lost in mingled truth and doubt,  
In confusions so conflicting,  
I am shock'd at what I see,  
I am scared at what I witness.

*Julia.*

Well, thou'st seen me.

*Eusebio.*

Yes, and seeing thee

So with new confusion fills me  
That if but a moment hence  
My disturb'd and doubting wishes  
Long'd to see thee, even already  
Disabused, they now would give here  
The same price to see thee not,

Dieran por no haberte visto.  
 ¿ Tú, Julia, en aqeste monte ?  
 ¿ Tú con profano vestido,  
 Dos veces violento en tí ?  
 ¿ Cómo sola aqui has venido ?  
 ¿ Qué es esto ?

*Julia.*

Desprecios tuyos

Son, y defengaños míos.  
 Y porque veas, que es flecha  
 Disparada, ardiente tiro,  
 Veloz rayo, una muger,  
 Que corre tras su apetito,  
 No solo me han dado gusto  
 Los pecados cometidos  
 Hasta ahora, mas tambien  
 Me le dan, si los repito.  
 Salí del convento, fui  
 Al monte, y porque me dijo  
 Un pastor, que mal guiada  
 Iba por aquel camino,  
 Neciamente temerosa,  
 Por evitar mi peligro,  
 Le aseguré, y le di muerte,  
 Siendo instrumento un cuchillo,  
 Que él en su cinta traia.  
 Con este, que fue ministro  
 De la muerte, á un caminante,  
 Que cortesmente previno  
 En las ancas de un caballo,  
 A tanto cansancio alivio,  
 A la vista de una aldea,  
 Porque entrar en ella quiso,  
 Le pagué en un despoblado  
 Con la muerte el beneficio.  
 Tres dias fueron, y noches  
 Los que aquel desierto me hizo  
 Mesa de silvestres plantas,  
 Lecho de peñascos frios.

That to see thee they'd have given.  
 Thou here, Julia, in this mountain ?  
 Thou, profanely dress'd, committest  
 Thus a two-fold sacrilege  
 'Gainst thyself: why hast thou hither  
 Come alone ? What's this ?

*Julia.*

Thy scorn

And my disillusion is it :—  
 And to show thee that an arrow  
 Shot in air, a burning missile,  
 A swift lightning-bolt's a woman  
 Who to passion doth submit her,  
 Not alone do I feel pleasure  
 In the sins I have committed  
 Until now, but I do even  
 Feel it in their repetition.  
 I my convent left, and fled  
 To the mountain, where a simple  
 Shepherd having said I was taking  
 The wrong pathway through the thicket,  
 Him, through foolish fearfulness,  
 And to silence thus a witness  
 Of my flight, I put to death,  
 A rude knife, which at his girdle  
 Hung suspended; being the weapon.  
 With this weapon, the inflicter  
 Thus of death, a traveller,  
 Who had courteously provided,  
 On the haunches of his horse,  
 Rest for my long-travell'd tiredness,  
 When we came in sight of a village,  
 Him, because he wish'd to bide there,  
 In a lonely place I paid  
 Back with death for all his kindness.  
 Three long days and nights I spent  
 In that desert, which provided  
 With its cold rocks for my bed,  
 For my scant food with its wild herbs.

Llegué á una pobre cabaña,  
 A cuyo techo pajizo  
 Juzgué pavellon dorado  
 En la paz de mis sentidos.  
 Liberal huéspedá fué  
 Una ferrana conmigo,  
 Compitiendo en los deseos  
 Con el pastor su marido.  
 A la hambre y al canfancio  
 Dejé en su albergue rendidos  
 Con buena mesa, aunque pobre,  
 Manjar, aunque humilde, limpio.  
 Pero al despedirme dellos,  
 Habiendo antes prevenido,  
 Que al buscarme no pudiesen  
 Decir: " nosotros la vimos;"  
 Al cortés pastor, que al monte  
 Salió á enseñarme el camino,  
 Maté, y entré donde luego  
 Hago en su muger lo mismo.  
 Mas considerando entonces,  
 Que en el propio traje mio  
 Mi pesquifidor llevaba,  
 Mudármele determino.  
 Al fin, pues, por varios casos,  
 Con las armas y el vestido  
 De un cazador, cuyo sueño,  
 No imágen, trafunto vivo  
 Fué de la muerte, llegué  
 Aquí, venciendo peligros,  
 Despreciando inconvenientes,  
 Y atropellando designios.

*Eusebio.*

Con tanto asombro te escucho,  
 Con tanto temor te miro,  
 Que eres al oido encanto,  
 Si á la vista basilisco.  
 Julia, yo no te desprecio,  
 Pero temo los peligros

I approach'd a lowly cabin,  
 Whose straw roof appear'd to glisten,  
 To my tired and languid spirits,  
 Lovelier than a gold pavilion.  
 There a shepherd's wife the part  
 Play'd of liberal hostess with me,  
 Rivalling the swain, her husband,  
 In all kindly acts and wishes.  
 Weariness and hunger long  
 Could not in that lodging linger,  
 With its food though lowly, clean,  
 With its fare so good, though simple;  
 But at leaving I determined,  
 With a fatal fix'd prevision,  
 That to my pursuers never  
 Should they say, " Yes, here we hid her."  
 So I slew the courteous shepherd  
 Who had come some way to guide me  
 Through the mountain, and returning,  
 Did the same thing to his wife there.  
 But considering that I carried  
 A detector and a spier  
 In mine own dress, I determined  
 In another to disguise me.  
 And at length, with various fortune,  
 In the arms and the equipment  
 Of a hunter, whose sound slumber  
 No mere fancied type or image  
 Was of death, I here have wander'd,  
 Conquering every risk and hindrance,  
 Every obstacle despising,  
 Trampling all that would resist me.

*Eusebio.*

With such terror do I see thee,  
 With such horror do I listen,  
 To my sight thou art a basilisk,  
 To my hearing thou'rt bewitchment;  
 I do not despise thee, Julia,  
 But I fear the sure though hidden

Con que el cielo me amenaza,  
 Y por eso me retiro.  
 Vuélvete tú á tu convento ;  
 Que yo temeroso vivo  
 De esa Cruz tanto, que huyo  
 De tí.—¿ Mas qué es este ruido ?

*Salen los Bandoleros.*

*Ricardo.*

Preven, señor, la defenfa ;  
 Que apartados del camino,  
 Al monte Curcio y su gente  
 En busca tuya han salido.  
 De todas esas aldeas  
 Tanto el número ha crecido,  
 Que han venido contra tí  
 Viejos, mugeres y niños,  
 Diciendo, que ha de vengar  
 En tu sangre la de un hijo  
 Muerto á tus manos, y jura  
 De llevarte por castigo,  
 O por venganza de tantos,  
 Prefo á Sena, muerto ó vivo.

*Eusebio.*

Julia, despues hablaremos.  
 Cubre el rostro, y ven conmigo ;  
 Que no es bien, que en poder quedes  
 De tu padre y mi enemigo.—  
 Soldados, este es el día  
 De mostrar aliento y brio.  
 Porque ninguno desmaye,  
 Confidere, que atrevidos  
 Vienen á darnos la muerte,  
 O prendernos, que es lo mismo :  
 Y si no, en pública cárcel,  
 De desdichas perseguidos,  
 Y sin honra nos veremos.

Dangers with which Heaven doth threat  
 me,  
 Therefore must I not stay with thee.  
 Thou return unto thy convent ;  
 For such holy awe doth give me  
 That strange Cross of thine, I fly  
 From thee.—But what noise comes  
 hither ?

*Enter RICARDO and other bandits.*

*Ricardo.*

Sir, prepare for thy defence,—  
 For, departing from the highway,  
 Curcio and his people all  
 Up the mountain's sides are climbing ;  
 For from all these villages  
 Hath increased so his enlistment,  
 That against thee now come on  
 Even the old men, women, children,  
 Saying that he comes for vengeance  
 In thy blood, for a son death-stricken  
 By thy hands, and he has vow'd  
 For thy chastisement to bring thee,  
 Or for his revenge, in chains  
 To Siena, dead or living.

*Eusebio.*

Julia, more we'll speak anon,  
 Veil thy face now and come with me,  
 Lest thou fall into the hands  
 Of my enemy and thy fire here.—  
 Soldiers, this is now the day  
 To display your strength and spirit!  
 That no craven heart be here,  
 Think that these expectant victors  
 Hither come to give us death,  
 Or, what's worse, to make us prisoners ;  
 If so in a public gaol,  
 By a thousand ills afflicted,  
 Without honour we shall see us.



Pues si esto hemos conocido,  
 ¿ Por la vida, y por la honra,  
 Quién temió el mayor peligro?  
 No piensen que los tememos,  
 Salgamos á recibirlos;  
 Que siempre está la fortuna  
 De parte del atrevido.

*Ricardo.*

No hay que salir; que ya llegan  
 A nosotros.

*Eusebio.*

Preveníos,  
 Y ninguno sea cobarde;  
 Que, vive el cielo! si miro  
 Huir alguno ó retirarse,  
 Que he de esfangrentar los filos  
 De aqueste acero en su pecho  
 Primero que en mi enemigo.

*Dentro Curcio.*

*Curcio.*

En lo encubierto del monte  
 Al traidor Eusebio he visto,  
 Y para inútil defensa  
 Hace murallas sus riscos.

*Voces (dentro).*

Ya entre las espesas ramas  
 Desde aquí los descubrimos.

*Julia.*

¡ A ellos!

*Eusebio.*

Esperad, villanos;  
 Que ¡ vive Dios! que teñidos  
 Con vuestra sangre los campos  
 Han de ser undosos rios.

*Ricardo.*

De los cobardes villanos  
 Es el número excesivo.

If then this we have admitted,  
 Who is there for life, for honour,  
 That will fear the greater risk here?  
 Let them think not that we fear them;  
 Let us forth and meet them first then,  
 Since is fortune on the side  
 Ever of the boldest spirits.

*Ricardo.*

There's no need to go, for they  
 Are already here.

*Eusebio.*

Be firm then,  
 And let no one play the coward;  
 For, as Heaven lives! if I witness  
 One of you or fly or falter,  
 I my sword's edge shall encrimson  
 In his heart's blood, rather than  
 In the enemy's that I fight with.

*Curcio (within).*

*Curcio.*

In the heart here of the mountain,  
 I have seen Eusebio hidden,  
 And the wretch, in vain defence,  
 Makes a rampart of these cliffs here.

*Voices (within).*

Through these thick o'erhanging boughs  
 We already can descry them.

*Julia.*

On them!

*Eusebio.*

Wait for us, base peasants!  
 For, as God doth live! besprinkled  
 With your blood, the fields shall run  
 Rippling red like wavy rivers.

*Ricardo.*

Very numerous is the crowd  
 Of these craven herds and hinds here.

[*Vase.*

[*Exit.*

*Curcio (dentro).*

¿ Adónde, Eusebio, te escondes ?

*Eusebio.*

No me escondo, que ya te figo.

[*Vanse todos, y disparan arcabuces dentro.*]

*Sale JULIA.*

*Julia.*

Del monte que yo he buscado

Apenas las yerbas pifó,

Cuando horribles voces oigo,

Marciales campanas miro :

De la pólvora los ecos,

Y del acero los filos,

Unos ofenden la vista,

Y otros turban el oído.

¿ Mas qué es aquello que veo ?

Desbaratado y vencido

Todo el escuadrón de Eusebio

Le deja ya al enemigo.

Quiero volver á juntar

Toda la gente que ha habido

De Eusebio, y volver á darle

Favor ; que si los animo,

Seré en su defensa afombro

Del mundo, seré cuchillo

De la Parca, estrago fiero

De sus vidas, vengativo

Espanto de los futuros,

Y admiración de estos figlos. [*Vase.*]

*Sale GIL de bandolero.*

*Gil.*

Por estar seguro, apenas

Fui bandolero novicio,

Cuando, por ser bandolero,

Me veo en tanto peligro.

Cuando yo era labrador,

*Curcio (within).*

Where, Eusebio, art thou hid ?

*Eusebio.*

Thee I seek, I am not hidden.

[*Exeunt all: shots are heard within.*]

*Enter JULIA.*

*Julia.*

Scarcely have I trod the grass

Of this mountain's fought-for ridges,

When I hear tumultuous cries,

When the strife of war I witness ;

By the echoes of the powder,

By the gleam of swords that glitter,

Dazzled is the eye that sees them,

Deafen'd is the ear that listens ;—

But, alas ! what's this I see ?

Put to rout, and backward driven,

All the squadron of Eusebio

Leave him to the enemy's will there.

I'll return and reunite

All the followers he had with him,

I'll return and give him aid ;—

For if them I thus inspire,

I in his defence will be

The world's terror, the Fates' swift shears,

The fierce ruin of their lives,

To the future times the symbol

Of revenge, and th' admiration

Of the ages that we live in. [*Exit.*]

*Enter GIL dressed as a bandit.*

*Gil.*

To preserve my skin, I scarcely

Have commenced my thief's noviciate,

When the being a bandolero

Is, I see, a dangerous business ;—

When I was a labourer,

Eran ellos los vencidos ;  
 Y hoy, porque foy de la carda,  
 Va fucediendo lo mismo.  
 Sin fer avariento traigo  
 La defventura conmigo ;  
 Pues tan defgraciado foy,  
 Que mil veces imagino,  
 Que, á fer yo Judío, fueran  
 Defgraciados los Judíos.

*Salen MENGA, BRAS, TIRSO y otros villanos.*

*Menga.*

¡ A ellos, que van huyendo !

*Bras.*

No ha de quedar uno vivo  
 Tan folamente.

*Menga.*

Hácia aqui

Uno dellos fe ha efcondido.

*Bras.*

Muera este ladrón.

*Gil.*

Mirad,

Que yo foy.

*Menga.*

Ya nos ha dicho

El traje, que es bandolero.

*Gil.*

El traje les ha mentido,  
 Como muy grande bellaco.

*Menga.*

Dale tú.

*Bras.*

Pégale digo.

*Gil.*

Bien dado eftoy y pegado :  
 Advertid . . .

*My fide was it that was lick'd then,  
 And to-day, for being a tramper,  
 With the fame luck I'm afflicted !  
 Though no mifer, in my pocket  
 I misfortune carry with me ;  
 Since fo evil-ftarr'd am I,  
 That it ftrikes me many a minute,  
 That if ever I turn'd Jew,  
 Jews themfelves could be outwitted.*

*Enter MENGA, BRAS, TIRSO, and other peafants.*

*Menga.*

After them ! for they are flying !

*Bras.*

On ! no quarter muft be given,—  
 Let not one furvive !

*Menga.*

See, here

One of them is flyly hidden !

*Bras.*

Kill the robber !

*Gil.*

Ah ! now fee

Who I am.

*Menga.*

That you're a brigand

Has your drefs already told us.

*Gil.*

Then my drefs lies like a villain  
 And a rafcal to have faid fo.

*Menga.*

Give it to him !

*Bras.*

Pay him off quickly !

*Gil.*

I've been paid, and got it foundly,—  
 See, confider ! . . .

*Tirfo.*  
No hay que advertirnos,  
Bandolero fois.

*Gil.*  
Mirad  
Que foy Gil, votado á Crifto !

*Menga.*  
¿ Pues no hablaras antes, Gil ?

*Tirfo.*  
Pues, Gil, ¿ no lo hubieras dicho ?  
*Gil.*

¿ Qué mas antes, fi el yo foy  
Os dije desde el principio ?

*Menga.*  
¿ Qué haces aqui ?

*Gil.*  
¿ No lo veis ?  
Ofendo á Dios en el quinto,

Mato folo mas, que juntos  
Un médico y un eſtío.

*Menga.*  
¿ Qué trage es eſte ?

*Gil.*  
Es el diablo.  
Maté á uno, y fu vestido  
Me puse.

*Menga.*  
¿ Pues cómo, di,  
No eſtá de ſangre teñido,  
Si le mataſte ?

*Gil.*  
Eſo es fácil ;  
Murió de miedo, eſta ha fido  
La cauſa.

*Menga.*  
Ven con noſotros,  
Que victoriosos ſeguimos  
Los bandoleros, que ahora

*Tirfo.*  
We conſider  
Only you're a thief.

*Gil.*  
That I am  
Gil, I call all Heaven to witneſs.

*Menga.*  
Why not ſay ſo ſooner, Gil ?

*Tirfo.*  
Gil, why ſay not ſo at firſt, then ?  
*Gil.*

How, what ſooner, when I told you  
From the firſt I was myſelf here ?

*Menga.*  
What are you doing ?

*Gil.*  
Don't you ſee ?  
I'm a-breaking juſt the fifth—tenth

Of the commandments, killing more  
Than the ſummer and a phyſician.

*Menga.*  
What's this dreſs ?

*Gil.*  
It is the devil,—  
One of them I kill'd, and rigg'd me  
In his dreſs then.

*Menga.*  
But ſay, why  
Is the dreſs not ſtain'd, if you kill'd  
him,  
With his blood ?

*Gil.*  
Oh ! that is eaſy  
To explain, the cauſe is ſimple,  
'Twas of fear he died.

*Menga.*  
Come with us,  
For victorious the banditti  
We purſue, for now the cowards

Cobardes nos han huido.

*Gil.*

No mas vestido, aunque vaya  
Titiritando de frio. [*Vanse.*]

*Salen peleando EUSEBIO y CURCIO.*

*Curcio.*

Ya estamos solos los dos,  
Gracias al cielo que quise  
Dar la venganza á mi mano  
Hoy, fin haber remitido  
A las agenas mi agravio,  
Ni tu muerte á agenos filos.

*Eusebio.*

No ha sido en esta ocasion  
Airado el cielo conmigo,  
Curcio, en haberte encontrado ;  
Porque si tu pecho vino  
Ofendido, volverá  
Castigado y ofendido.  
Aunque no sé qué respeto  
Has puesto en mí, que he temido  
Mas tu enojo, que tu acero :  
Y aunque pudieran tus brios  
Darme temor, solo temo,  
Cuando aquefas canas miro,  
Que me hacen cobarde.

*Curcio.*

*Eusebio,*

Yo confieso, que has podido  
Templar en mí de la ira,  
Con que agraviado te miro,  
Gran parte ; pero no quiero,  
Que pienses inadvertido,  
Que te dan temor mis canas,  
Cuando puede el valor mio.  
Vuelve á reñir ; que una estrella,  
O algun favorable signo

Fly before us panic-stricken.

*Gil.*

Catch me dress'd again, although  
With the cold I shake and shiver !  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter EUSEBIO and CURCIO fighting.*

*Curcio.*

Now we are alone, we two,  
Thanks to favouring Heaven that giveth  
Vengeance to my own right hand  
On this day, without transmitting  
To another's arm my wrong,  
To another's sword thy swift death.

*Eusebio.*

Curcio, on this occasion  
Heaven has not been angry with me,  
In permitting me to meet thee ;  
Since if thou hast carried hither  
An indignant breast, thou'lt bear it  
Back both punish'd and indignant.  
Though I know not what respect  
Thou hast caused in me, that gives me  
More fear for thy wrath than sword :  
And although thy strength and spirit  
Well might fright me, I but fear  
When I see those locks of silver,  
Which a coward make me.

*Curcio.*

*I*

Own, Eusebio, thou art gifted  
With some power, to appease a part  
Of the wrath with which, afflicted,  
I beheld thee ; but I would not  
Have thee carelessly attribute  
To these hoary hairs thy fear,  
When my valour were sufficient.  
Come, renew the fight ! one star  
Or one planet's favouring signal

No es bastante á que yo pierda  
La venganza que consigo.  
Vuelve á reñir.

*Eusebio.*

¿ Yo temor ?

Neciamente has presumido,  
Que es temor lo que es respeto ;  
Aunque, si verdad te digo,  
La victoria que deseo  
Es, á tus plantas rendido,  
Pedirte perdon ; y á ellas  
Pongo la espada, que ha sido  
Temor de tantos.

*Curcio.*

Eusebio,

No has de pensar, que me animo  
A matarte con ventaja ;  
Esta es mi espada. (Así quito

[*Aparte.*

La ocasion de darle muerte.)  
Ven á los brazos conmigo.

[*Abrázanse los dos, y luchan.*

*Eusebio.*

No sé qué efecto has hecho  
En mí, que el corazon dentro del pecho,  
A pesar de venganzas y de enojos,  
En lágrimas se asoma por los ojos,  
Y en confusion tan fuerte,  
Quisiera, por vengarte, darme muerte.  
Véngate en mí ; rendida  
A tus plantas, señor, está mi vida.

*Curcio.*

El acero de un noble, aunque ofendido,  
No se mancha en la sangre de un rendido ;  
Que quita grande parte de la gloria

Must not make me lose the hope  
Of the vengeance I ambition.  
Fight anew, then !

*Eusebio.*

I to fear ?

Oh ! thou hast presumed too simply  
Fear in that that was respect ;  
Though, if I the truth admitted,  
The sole victory I desire  
Is, thus kneeling, thy forgiveness  
To implore ; and at thy feet  
To lay down this sword, that has given  
Fear to many a heart.

*Curcio.*

Eusebio,

Do not think that I could kill thee  
At such disadvantage. Here  
Alfo is my sword ; (I rid me [*Aside.*  
Of the means thus of his death.)—  
Arm to arm then struggle with me.

[*They close, and struggle together.*

*Eusebio.*

I know not by what charm possess'd,  
Thus with thy heart against my breast,  
My wrath expires, my vengeance dies,  
In tender tears that gush from out mine  
eyes.  
So I implore thee, thus with trembling  
breath,  
Confused, amazed, to give me instant  
death ;  
Take thy revenge, I terminate the  
strife,  
My lord, by laying at thy feet my life.

*Curcio.*

A brave man's sword, how wrathful  
be his mood,  
Is never stain'd in the defenceless blood

El que con sangre borra la victoria.

*Voces (dentro).*

Hácia aqui estan.

*Curcio.*

    Mi gente victoriosa

Viene á buscarme, cuando temerosa

La tuya vuelve huyendo.

Darte vida pretendo ;

Escóndete ; que en vano

Defenderé el enojo vengativo

De un escuadron villano,

Y solo tú, imposible es quedar vivo.

*Eusebio.*

Yo, Curcio, nunca huyo

De otro poder, aunque he temido el tuyo ;

Que si mi mano aquesta espada cobra,

Verás, cuanto valor en tí me falta,

Que en tu gente me sobra.

*Salen OCTAVIO y todos los villanos.*

*Octavio.*

Desde el mas hondo valle á la mas alta

Cumbre de aqueste monte no ha quedado

Alguno vivo ; solo se ha escapado

Eusebio, porque huyendo aquesta tarde . .

*Eusebio.*

Mientes ; que Eusebio nunca fue cobarde.

*Todos.*

¡ Aquí está Eusebio ? ¡ Muera !

*Eusebio.*

¡ Llegad, villanos !

Of a fallen foe : for war's triumphant  
story, [half its glory.

If writ in needless blood, is shorn of

*Voices (within).*

Here, here they are.

*Curcio.*

    My victor troop comes here

To seek me, while thy followers in fear

Fly from the unsuccessful strife.

I wish to save thy life ;—

Conceal thyself, for I would vainly strive

Thee to defend against a band

Of vengeful peasants sword in hand,

And thou against so many scarce couldst  
live.

*Eusebio.*

I, Curcio, never fly

From any power, though thine I've

fear'd to try ;

But if my hand this sword uplifts again,

Thou'lt see the valour that 'gainst thee

proved weak

Can act its wonted part still on thy men.

*Enter OCTAVIO with a crowd of  
peasants.*

*Octavio.*

From deepest valley to the highest peak

Of this vast mountain, not a soul our

wrath

Has left alive : Eusebio only hath

Escaped, for flying as the evening

lower'd . . . .

*Eusebio.*

Thou liest ! Eusebio never was a coward.

*All.*

Eusebio here ? The monster let us slay !

*Eusebio.*

Villains, come on !

*Curcio.*

¡Tente, Octavio, espera!

*Octavio.*

¿Pues tú, señor, que habias  
De animarnos, ahora desconfias?

*Bras.*

¿Un hombre amparas, que en tu sangre  
y honra  
Introdujo el acero y la deshonra?

*Gil.*

¿A un hombre, que atrevido  
Toda aquesta montaña ha destruido?  
A quien en el aldea no ha dejado  
Melon, doncella, que él no haya catado,  
Y á quien tantos ha muerto,  
¿Cómo así le defiendes?

*Octavio.*

¿Qué es, señor, lo que dices? ¿qué pre-  
tendes?

*Curcio.*

Esperad, escuchad, (¡ triste suceso!)  
¿Cuanto es mejor que á Sena vaya preso?  
Date á prision, Eusebio; que prometo,  
Si como noble juro, de ampararte,  
Siendo abogado tuyo, aunque soy parte.

*Eusebio.*

Como á Curcio no mas, yo me rindiera,  
Mas como á juez, no puedo;  
Porque aquel es respeto, y este es miedo.

*Curcio.*

Oh! hold, Octavio, stay!

*Octavio.*

How, sir, canst thou, that shouldst in-  
spirit us,  
Now interpose and check our vengeance  
thus?

*Bras.*

Canst thou defend a man whose bloody  
aim  
Thy name and blood has stain'd with  
blood and shame?

*Gil.*

A man whose daring no restraint e'er  
bound,  
Who ravaged all this mountain region  
round,  
Who left no village in the wild unwasted,  
Nor melon's juice, nor maiden's lip  
untasted?  
Is it for killing of so many people  
Him thus you will defend?

*Octavio.*

What is it, sir, you say? What thus in-  
tend?

*Curcio.*

Oh! listen, stay! (unhappy fate!) to  
me  
Seems it far better in captivity  
To lead him to Siena: yield, Eusebio,  
yield,  
I give my knightly word to guard thy  
fate,  
And though thy accuser, be thy advo-  
cate.

*Eusebio.*

To thee, as Curcio, I perchance might  
yield me,  
But to a judge I cannot; since 'tis clear



*Ostasio.*

¡ Muera Eusebio !

*Curcio.*

Advertid . . . .

*Ostasio.*

Pues qué, ¿ tú quieres  
Defenderle ? ¿ á la patria traidor eres ?

*Curcio.*

¿ Yo traidor ? Pues me agravian desta  
fuerte,  
Perdona, Eusebio, porque yo el primero  
Tengo de ser en darte triste muerte.

*Eusebio.*

Quítate de delante,  
Señor, porque tu vista no me espante ;  
Que viéndote, no dudo,  
Que te tenga tu gente por escudo.

[*Vanse todos peleando con él.*]

*Curcio.*

Apretándole van. ¡ O quien pudiera  
Darte ahora la vida,  
Eusebio, aunque la fuya misma diera !  
En el monte se ha entrado,  
Por mil partes herido,  
Retirándose baja despeñado  
Al valle. Voy volando,  
Que aquella sangre fria,  
Que con tímida voz me está llamando,  
Algo tiene de mia ;  
Que sangre, que no fuera  
Propia, ni me llamara, ni la oyera.

[*Vase.*]

The former were respect, the latter fear.

*Ostasio.*

Eusebio, die !

*Curcio.*

Oh ! hear . . . .

*Ostasio.*

What thus can move thee  
Him to defend, and thus a traitor prove  
thee ?

*Curcio.*

A traitor I ?—since thus suspicion durst  
Wrong me so much, Eusebio, forgive me,  
That death's dark wound I'm doom'd  
to give thee first.

*Eusebio.*

Oh ! fir, stand not before me,  
At sight of thee, it is not fear comes  
o'er me ;

No, but I do not doubt thy face will be  
A shield betwixt thy followers and me.

[*Exit fighting with the peasants,  
who pursue.*]

*Curcio.*

They press him hard. Oh ! who is  
there thy life,  
Eusebio, now can save,  
Though his for thine were offer'd in  
the strife ?

Through the mountain's rocky walls  
Hath he enter'd wounded, bleeding  
From a thousand wounds. He falls  
Headlong to the vale ! I fly,  
For that cold, cold blood outflown,  
With its timid voice doth call me nigh,  
As if it were a portion of mine own ;—  
Were the blood not mine own, that  
voice so clear

Then had not power to call, nor I  
have power to hear. [*Exit.*]

*Baja despeñado* EUSEBIO.*Eusebio.*

Cuando, de la vida incierto,  
 Me despeña la mas alta  
 Cumbre, veo que me falta  
 Tierra donde caiga muerto :  
 Pero si mi culpa advierto,  
 Al alma reconocida,  
 No el ver la vida perdida  
 La atormenta, fino el ver  
 Como ha de satisfacer  
 Tantas culpas una vida.  
 Ya me vuelve á perseguir  
 Este escuadron vengativo ;  
 Pues no puedo quedar vivo,  
 He de matar, ó morir :  
 Aunque mejor será ir  
 Donde al cielo perdon pida ;  
 Pero mis pasos impida  
 La Cruz, porque desta fuerte  
 Ellos me dén breve muerte,  
 Y ella me dé eterna vida.  
 Arbol, donde el cielo quiso  
 Dar el fruto verdadero  
 Contra el bocado primero,  
 Flor del nuevo paraíso,  
 Arco de luz, cuyo aviso  
 En piélago mas profundo  
 La paz publicó del mundo,  
 Planta hermosa, fértil vid,  
 Arpa del nuevo David,  
 Tabla del Moisés segundo :  
 Pecador soy, tus favores  
 Pido por justicia yo ;  
 Pues Dios en tí, padeció  
 Solo por los pecadores.

[*The wildest part of the mountain.  
 EUSEBIO is seen lying at the foot of a  
 cross.*]

*Eusebio.*

From this cliff so steep and tall  
 Falling headlong, almost dead,  
 Earth still fails beneath my tread,  
 Where a living corse I fall ;  
 But when I my guilt recall,  
 Upward still my spirit climbs,  
 Unregretting vanish'd times,  
 But with hope before I die,  
 Means to find to satisfy  
 With one life so many crimes.  
 Hither the revengeful foe  
 Comes my life's last drops to drain,—  
 Here the hope of life is vain,  
 I must give or meet the blow ;  
 Though 'twere better far to go  
 Where for pardon I may pray ;—  
 But this Cross, athwart my way  
 Rising up, in silence saith,—  
 They indeed can give you death,  
 I, the life that lasts alway.  
 Tree, whereon the pitying skies  
 Hang the true fruit love doth sweeten,  
 Antidote of that first eaten,  
 Flower of man's new paradise,  
 Rainbow, that to tearful eyes  
 Sin's receding flood discloses,—  
 Pledge that earth in peace repose,  
 Beauteous plant, all fruitful vine,  
 A newer David's harp divine,  
 Table of a second Moses ;—  
 Sinner am I, therefore I  
 Claim thine aid as all mine own,  
 Since for sinful man alone,  
 God came down on thee to die :

A mí me debes tus loores ;  
 Que por mí solo muriera  
 Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera :  
 Luego eres tú, Cruz, por mí ;  
 Que Dios no muriera en tí,  
 Si yo pecador no fuera.  
 Mi natural devocion  
 Siempre os pidió con fe tanta,  
 No permitiéfeis, Cruz santa,  
 Muriese sin confesion.  
 No feré el primer ladron,  
 Que en vos se confiese á Dios.  
 Y pues que ya somos dos,  
 Y yo no le he de negar,  
 Tampoco me ha de faltar  
 Redencion que se obró en vos.  
 Lisardo, cuando en mis brazos  
 Pude ofendido matarte,  
 Lugar dí de confesarte,  
 Antes que en tan breves plazos  
 Se desatafen los lazos  
 Mortales. Y ahora advierto  
 En aquel viejo, aunque muerto ;  
 Piedad de los dos aguardo.  
 ¡ Mira que muero, Lisardo ;  
 Mira que te llamo, Alberto !

*Sale CURCIO.*

*Curcio.*

Hácia aquesta parte está.

*Eusebio.*

Si es que venis á matarme,  
 Muy poco hareis en quitarme  
 Vida, que no tengo ya.

*Curcio.*

¡ Qué bronce no ablandará  
 Tanta sangre derramada !  
 Eusebio, rinde la espada.

Praise through me thou hast won thereby,  
 Since for me would God have died,  
 If the world held none beside.  
 Then, O Cross ! thou'rt all for me,  
 Since God had not died on thee  
 If sin's depths I had not tried.  
 Ever for thy intercession  
 Hath my faith implored, O Cross !  
 That thou wouldst not to my loss  
 Let me die without confession.  
 I, repenting my transgression,  
 Will not the first robber be  
 Who on thee confess'd to God ;  
 Since we two the same path trod,  
 And repent, deny not me  
 The redemption wrought on thee.  
 Thou, Lisardo, though I could  
 Slay thee in my angry mood,  
 Still these arms were prompt to press  
 thee,  
 Still could bear thee to confess thee,  
 Ere thy life flow'd out in blood.  
 And the reverend man, whom I  
 Now recall thus faint and weak :  
 Pity from ye two I seek,—  
 See, Lisardo, see, I die !  
 Hear, Alberto, hear my cry !

*Enter CURCIO.*

*Curcio.*

Here he fell, adown this steep.

*Eusebio.*

If thou seek'st my life, 'twill be  
 Easy now to take from me  
 That which I no longer keep.

*Curcio.*

Oh ! an eye of bronze would weep,  
 So much blood to see outpour'd !—  
 Yield, Eusebio, yield thy sword.

*Eusebio.*

¿ A quién ?

*Curcio.*

A Curcio.

*Eusebio.*Esta es. [*Dásela.*]

Y yo tambien á tus pies  
De aquella ofensa pasada  
Te pido perdon. No puedo  
Hablar mas ; porque una herida  
Quita el aliento á la vida,  
Cubriendo de horror y miedo  
El alma.

*Curcio.*

Confuso quedo.

¿ Será en ella de provecho  
Remedio humano ?

*Eusebio.*

Sospecho,

Que la mejor medicina  
Para el alma es la divina.

*Curcio.*

¿ Dónde es la herida ?

*Eusebio.*

En el pecho.

*Curcio.*

Déjame poner en ella  
La mano, á ver si refiste  
El aliento. (¡ Ay de mí triste !)

[*Registra la herida, y ve la Cruz.*]

¿ Qué señal divina y bella  
Es esta, que al conocella,  
Toda el alma se turbó ?

*Eusebio.*

Son las armas que me dió  
Esta Cruz, á cuyo pie  
Naci ; porque mas no sé

*Eusebio.*

Yield to whom ?

*Curcio.*

To Curcio.

*Eusebio.*

Yes,

[*He gives his sword*]

And thy feet I likewise press  
For that past offence, my lord,  
Asking thy forgiveness. Here  
Voice doth fail me, for a wound  
Stops my breath, my sense hath swoon'd  
And a horror and a fear  
Fill my soul.

*Curcio.*

Confused I hear ;—

Cannot human aid arrest  
Thy swift-failing life ?

*Eusebio.*

The best

Cure for soul so sick as mine  
Is, I feel it, the divine.

*Curcio.*

Where's thy wound ?

*Eusebio.*

'Tis in my breast.

*Curcio.*

Let me then my hand place there,  
Thus to learn, (oh ! woe the day !)  
What its troubled throb doth say ;—

[*He examines the wound, and sees  
the Cross.*]

But what mark, divine and fair,  
Is this sign my hand lays bare,  
Which to see, my soul moves so ?

*Eusebio.*

'Tis my crest's emblazoned glow,  
Given me by this Cross, whose base  
Was my birth's mysterious place,

De mi nacimiento yo.  
 Mi padre, á quien no señalo,  
 Aun la cuna me negó ;  
 Que sin duda imaginó,  
 Que habia de ser tan malo.  
 Aquí nació.

*Curcio.*

Y aquí igualo

El dolor con el contento,  
 Con el gusto el sentimiento,  
 Efectos de un hado impío  
 Y agradable. ¡ Ay hijo mio !  
 Pena y gloria en verte siento.  
 Tú eres, Eusebio, mi hijo,  
 Si tantas señas advierto,  
 Que para llorarte muerto  
 Ya justamente me aflijo.  
 De tus razones colijo  
 Lo que el alma adivinó.  
 Tu madre aquí te dejó  
 En el lugar que te he hallado ;  
 Donde cometí el pecado,  
 El cielo me castigó.  
 Ya aqueste lugar previene  
 Informacion de mi error ;  
 ¡ Pero cual seña mayor,  
 Que aquesta Cruz, que conviene  
 Con otra que Julia tiene ?  
 Que no sin misterio el cielo  
 Os señaló, porque al suelo  
 Fuérais prodigio los dos.

*Eusebio.*

No puedo hablar, padre, ¡ á Dios !  
 Porque ya de un mortal velo  
 Se cubre el cuerpo, y la muerte  
 Niega, pasando veloz,  
 Para responderte voz,  
 Vida para conocerte,  
 Y alma para obedecerte.

For of *it* no more I know,  
 Since my father, of whom ne'er  
 I knew more, denied to me  
 Even a cradle : doubtless he  
 Then divined my dark career.  
 Here I first drew breath.

*Curcio.*

And here

Grief and joy contend in me,  
 Anguish and delight agree,  
 Sad and sweet thoughts o'er me steal ;—  
 O my long-lost son ! I feel  
 Pain and pride in seeing thee.  
 Thou, Eusebio, art my son,—  
 This a thousand proofs have said ;  
 Ah ! that I must mourn thee dead,  
 Ere thy life hath well begun.  
 What my soul by brooding on  
 Had divined, thy words make clear,  
 That thy mother left thee here,  
 In the place where I stand o'er thee ;  
 Where I sinn'd to her who bore thee,  
 Falls the wrath of Heaven severe.  
 Yes, delusion disappeareth,  
 All the more this place I see ;  
 But what greater proof can be  
 Than that *thy* breast also beareth  
 The same Cross that Julia weareth ?  
 Not without some mystery  
 Heaven has mark'd you out to be  
 The world's wonder thus, ye two.

*Eusebio.*

I can speak no more, adieu,  
 Ah ! my father, for on me  
 Falls the fatal veil, and death,  
 In its swift flight passing by me,  
 Life to know thee doth deny me,  
 Time to live thy sway beneath,  
 And to answer thee even breath.

Ya llega el golpe mas fuerte,  
Ya llega el trance mas cierto.  
Alberto!

*Curcio.*

¡Que llore muerto  
A quien aborrecí vivo!

*Eusebio.*

¡Ven, Alberto!

*Curcio.*

¡O trance esquivo!  
¡Guerra injusta!

*Eusebio.*

¡Alberto! ¡Alberto!

[*Muere.*

*Curcio.*

Ya al golpe mas violento  
Rindió el último aliento;  
Paguen mis blancas canas  
Tanto dolor.

[*Tirase de los cabellos.*

*Sale BRAS.*

*Bras.*

Ya son tus quejas vanas;  
¿Cuándo puso inconstante la fortuna  
En tu valor extremos?

*Curcio.*

En ninguna

Llegó el rigor á tanto.  
Abrafen mis enojos  
Este monte con llanto,  
Puesto que es fuego el llanto de mis ojos.  
¡O triste estrella! ¡o rigurosa suerte!  
¡O atrevido dolor!

*Sale OCTAVIO.*

*Octavio.*

Hoy, Curcio, advierte

Now the final stroke draws nigh:—  
O Alberto!

*Curcio.*

Strange that I  
Mourn his death whose life I fought.

*Eusebio.*

Come, Alberto!

*Curcio.*

Fight hard fought!

*Eusebio.*

Haste, Alberto! haste, I die! [*Dies.*

*Curcio.*

In that last convulsive groan  
Hath his troubled spirit flown.  
Let these gray hairs for such pain  
Pay now the price.

[*He pulls his hair distractedly.*

*Enter BRAS.*

*Bras.*

Thy wailings all are vain:  
Will fickle fate, relenting, ne'er give o'er  
Trying thy courage thus?

*Curcio.*

I ne'er before

More keenly felt its ire;  
The griefs I cannot drown  
With scalding tears could burn this  
mountain down,  
For even the flood my tears let fall is fire.  
O luckless star! O destiny of woe!  
O bitter pang!

*Enter OCTAVIO.*

*Octavio.*

To-day doth fortune show

La fortuna en los males de tu estado,  
Cuantos puede sufrir un desdichado.  
El cielo sabe cuanto hablarte sienta.

*Curcio.*

¿ Qué ha sido ?

*Ottavio.*

Julia falta del convento.

*Curcio.*

El mismo pensamiento, di, ¿ pudiera  
Con el discurso hallar pena tan fiera ?  
Que es mi desdicha airada,  
Sucedida aun mayor, que imaginada.  
Este cadáver frio,  
Este que ves, Ottavio, es hijo mio.  
Mira si basta en confusion tan fuerte  
Cualquiera pena destas á una muerte.  
Dadme paciencia, cielos,  
O quitadme la vida,  
Ahora perseguida  
De tormentos tan fieros.

*Salen GIL, TIRSO, y villanos.*

*Gil.*

¡ Señor !

*Curcio.*

¿ Hay mas dolor ?

*Gil.*

Los bandoleros,

Que huyeron castigados,  
En busca tuya vuelven, animados  
De un demonio de un hombre,  
Que encubre de ellos mismos rostro y  
nombre.

In all thine ills, which vainly wait a cure,  
How much one hapless mortal can  
endure :—

God knows I grieve to make the tidings  
known.

*Curcio.*

What are they ?

*Ottavio.*

Julia from her cell hath flown.

*Curcio.*

Could wildest frenzy feign  
A more o'erwhelming stroke or fiercer  
pain ?

Alas ! my hapless fate o'ercast  
Makes each new sorrow greater than  
the last.

This cold corpse here thou gazest on,  
Ottavio, is the body of my son ;  
Think, 'mid the crowd of ill succeeding  
ill,

If one alone were not enough to kill.  
Oh ! grant me patience, Heaven,  
Or take this life away,  
Afflicted day by day  
With visitations from thy scourging  
hand.

*Enter GIL, TIRSO, and peasants.*

*Gil.*

My lord !

*Curcio.*

Some newer grief ?

*Gil.*

The robber band,

That but now chastised had fled,  
Rallying, come to attack thee, led  
By a man whom hell doth seem to  
inflame, [and name.  
Who hideth even from them his face

*Curcio.*

Ahora que mis penas fuéron tales,  
 Que son lifonjas los mayores males.  
 El cuerpo fe retire lastimofa  
 De Eufebio, en tanto que un fepulcro  
 honrofo  
 A fuñ cenizas da mi defventura.

*Tirfo.*

¿Pues cómo piénfas darle fepultura  
 Hoy en lugar fagrado,  
 Cuando fábés que ha muerto excomul-  
 gado?

*Bras.*

Quien defta fuerte ha muerto,  
 Digno fepulcro fea efte defierto.

*Curcio.*

¡O villana venganza!  
 ¿Tanto poder en tí la ofenfa alcanza,  
 Que pafas defta fuerte  
 Los últimos umbrales de la muerte?  
 [*Vafe llorando.*]

*Bras.*

Sea en penas tan graves  
 Su fepulcro las fieras y las aves.

*Otro.*

Del monte defpeñado  
 Caiga, por mas rigor, defpedazado.

*Tirfo.*

Mejor es darle ahora fepultura  
 Entre de aqueftos ramos la efpefura.\*  
 [*Colocan entre las ramas el cuerpo  
 de Eufebio.*]

\* “Mejor es darle agora  
 Rústica fepultura entre eftos ramos.”  
 HARTZENBUSCH'S Ed.

*Curcio.*

Such forrows rack my breast,  
 That now the greateft ill appear a jeft.  
 Take hence the body of Eufebio,  
 And place it where in time a tomb  
 fhall show  
 How o'er his afhes ftill my tears endure.

*Tirfo.*

What! do you think of giving fepulture,  
 In holy ground, unto a defperate man,  
 Who died beneath the Church's heavieft  
 ban?

*Bras.*

For one who died in fuch a defperate cafe,  
 The defert feems a fitting burial-place.

*Curcio.*

O vengeance of a vulgar breast!  
 Has thy rude anger then no bounds,  
 no reft?  
 Muft thy coarfe appetite infatiate crave  
 For food beyond the threshold of the  
 grave? [*Exit weeping.*]

*Bras.*

Wild beafts and birds of prey fhould  
 limb from limb  
 Tear fuch a wretch, and fo thus bury him.

*Another.*

Let's throw his body o'er the rocks,  
 that fo  
 In fragments it may reach the fands  
 below.

*Tirfo.*

No, fince the time no other mode allows,  
 Let's make his rufic grave beneath  
 thefe boughs.

[*They place the body of EUSEBIO  
 as defcribed.*]

Now fince the night, wrapp'd in her  
 mournful fhroud,



Pues ya la noche baja,  
 Envuelta en esa lóbrega mortaja :  
 Aquí en el monte, Gil, con él te queda ;  
 Porque sola tu voz avisar pueda,  
 Si algunas gentes vienen  
 De las que huyeron. [Vanse.

*Gil.*

¡ Linda flema tienen !

A Eusebio han enterrado  
 Allí, y á mí aquí solo me han dejado.  
 Señor Eusebio, acuérdefe, le digo,  
 Que un tiempo fuí su amigo.  
 ¿ Mas qué es esto ? ó me engaña mi deseo,  
 O mil personas á esta parte veo.

*Sale ALBERTO.*

*Alberto.*

Viniendo ahora de Roma,  
 Con la muda suspensión  
 De la noche en este monte  
 Perdido otra vez estoy.  
 Aquesta es la parte adonde  
 La vida Eusebio me dió,  
 Y de sus soldados temo,  
 Que en grande peligro estoy.

*Eusebio.*

¡ Alberto !

*Alberto.*

¡ Qué aliento es este

De una temerosa voz,  
 Que, repitiendo mi nombre,  
 En mis oídos sonó ?

Finds too a grave in yonder murky  
 cloud,  
 Let us away : thou on the mountain,  
 Gil,  
 Hadst best remain beside the body still ;  
 Shouldst thou see any of the troop that  
 fled,  
 Call loud for aid, we'll hear.

[*Exeunt.*

*Gil.*

That's easily said :

Eusebio's corse they bury out of sight,  
 And leave but me to watch it through  
 the night.

Señor Eusebio, recollect, I pray,  
 How you and I were friends the other  
 day.

But what is this ? Unless my eyes betray  
 me,  
 At least a thousand persons here waylay  
 me.

*Enter ALBERTO.*

*Alberto.*

In the silent dark of night,  
 On my journey back from Rome,  
 I again have lost my way  
 In this wild and mountain road :  
 'Tis the place that robber chieftain  
 Spared my life some time ago,  
 And new peril from his soldiers  
 Now again my fears forbode.

*Eusebio.*

Oh ! Alberto !

*Alberto.*

What faint breath  
 Of a trembling voice here blown  
 Falls upon my ear, my name  
 Sadly fighting o'er and o'er ?

*Eusebio.*  
 ¡ Alberto!  
*Alberto.*  
 Otra vez pronuncia  
 Mi nombre, y me pareció  
 Que es á esta parte ; yo quiero  
 Ir llegando.

*Gil.*  
 ¡ Santo Dios!  
 Eusebio es, y ya es mi miedo  
 De los miedos el mayor.

*Eusebio.*  
 ¡ Alberto!  
*Alberto.*  
 Mas cerca suena.  
 ¿ Voz, que discurre veloz  
 El viento, y mi nombre dices,  
 Quién eres?

*Eusebio.*  
 Eusebio soy ;  
 Llega, Alberto, hácia esta parte,  
 Adonde enterrado estoy ;  
 Llega, y levanta estos ramos ;  
 No temas.

*Alberto.*  
 No temo yo.  
*Gil.*  
 Yo sí.

[ALBERTO le descubre.  
*Alberto.*  
 Ya estás descubierto.  
 Dime de parte de Dios,  
 ¿ Qué me quieres?

*Eusebio.*  
 De su parte

*Eusebio.*  
 Oh! Alberto!  
*Alberto.*  
 Ah! that voice  
 Syllables my name once more!  
 Here it seems to found from : nigher  
 Let me listen.

*Gil.*  
 Holy God!  
 'Tis Eusebio! fear like this  
 Have I never felt before.

*Eusebio.*  
 Oh! Alberto!  
*Alberto.*  
 Now 'tis nearer :  
 Voice that fleeth fleetly forth  
 On the wind, and call'ft my name,  
 Say, who art thou?

*Eusebio.*  
 I was known  
 As Eusebio: oh! Alberto!  
 Hither come where I am thrown,  
 Take away these boughs that hide me ;\*  
 Do not fear.

*Alberto.*  
 No fear I know.  
*Gil.*

Not so I.  
 [ALBERTO discovers him.  
*Alberto.*  
 Thou'rt now laid bare,—  
 Tell me, in the name of God,  
 What with me thou wilt.  
*Eusebio.*

I

\* In Tirfo de Molina's *El Condenado por Desconfiado*, the body of *Paulo* is also hidden under boughs, and laid bare in the same manner, with, however, a very different result.—See his *Comedias Escogidas*. Madrid, 1850. p. 203. TR.

Mi fe, Alberto, te llamó,  
 Para que, antes de morir,  
 Me oyefes de confeñion.  
 Rato ha que hubiera muerto,  
 Pero libre fe quedó  
 Del espíritu el cadáver ;  
 Que de la muerte el feroz  
 Golpe le privó de ufo,  
 Pero no le dividió. [*Levántafe.*  
 Ven adonde mis pecados  
 Confeñe, Alberto, que fon  
 Mas, que del mar las arenas,  
 Y los átomos del fol.  
 ¡ Tanto con el cielo puede  
 De la Cruz la devocion !

*Alberto.*

Pues yo cuantas penitencias  
 Hice hafta ahora, te doy,  
 Para que en tu culpa firvan  
 De alguna fatisfaccion.

[*Vañse EUSEBIO y ALBERTO.*  
*Gil.*

¡ Por Dios, que va por fu pie !  
 Y para verlo mejor,  
 El fol defcubre fus rayos.  
 A decirlo á todos voy.

*Salen por el otro lado JULIA y algunos  
 Bandoleros.*

*Julia.*

Ahora, que defcuidados  
 La victoria los dejó  
 Entre los brazos del fueño,  
 Nos dan bastante ocafion.

*Uno.*

Si has de falirlos al pafó,  
 Por eña parte es mejor ;  
 Que ellos vienen por aqui.

In his name, by faith made bold,  
 Call'd thee, ere my death, to hear  
 My confeñion long untold.  
 I have been a brief while dead,  
 And my corfe without control  
 Of the fpirit here has lain ;  
 But although death's mighty ftroke  
 Took its aotive ufe away,  
 Still unfever'd was the foul.

[*He arifes.*

Come, Alberto, where my fins  
 I to thee may tell, though more  
 Than the atoms of the fun  
 Or the fands upon the fhore ;—  
 All fo powerful is with Heaven  
 The devotion of the Crofs.

*Alberto.*

Then on thee the various penance  
 Of my lifetime I beftow,  
 That at leaft to fome extent  
 For thy fins they may atone.

[*Exeunt EUSEBIO and ALBERTO.*  
*Gil.*

There, by heavens ! away he walks ;  
 And to fee him, I fuppofe,  
 See the fun fhines out on purpofe.  
 Oh ! I burft to have it told !

*Enter on the other fide JULIA and  
 fome bandits.*

*Julia.*

Now that in the careleffnefs  
 Of fucefs they lie here prone,  
 Buried in the arms of fleep,  
 Let us make the time our own.

*A Bandit.*

If thou wouldft feure the pafs,  
 Better 'tis this way to go,  
 For in that way they advance.

*Salen CURCIO y villano.*

*Curcio.*

Sin duda que inmortal foy  
En los males que me matan,  
Pues no me mata el dolor.

*Gil.*

A todas partes hay gente;  
Sepan todos de mi voz  
El mas admirable caso,  
Que jamas el mundo vió.  
De donde enterrado estaba  
Eusebio, se levantó,  
Llamando á un clérigo á voces.  
¿ Mas para qué os cuento yo  
Lo que todos podeis ver?  
Mirad con la devocion  
Que está puesto de rodillas.

*Curcio.*

¿ Mi hijo es! ¿ Divino Dios!  
¿ Qué maravillas son estas?

*Julia.*

¿ Quién vió prodigio mayor?

*Curcio.*

Asi como el santo anciano  
Hizo de la absolucion  
La forma, segunda vez  
Muerto á sus plantas cayó.

*Sale ALBERTO.*

*Alberto.*

Entre sus grandezas tantas,  
Sepa el mundo la mayor  
Maravilla de las fuyas,  
Porque la enfalce mi voz.  
Despues de haber muerto Eusebio,  
El cielo depositó  
Su espíritu en su cadáver,  
Hasta que se confesó;

*Enter CURCIO and his followers.*

*Curcio.*

Oh! I surely must have grown  
Deathless 'mid the deadliest ills,  
Since I die not of my woe.

*Gil.*

Folks are round on every side,  
Let my voice to all unfold  
The most wonderful event  
That the world has ever known:—  
From the place that buried lay  
Dead Eusebio, he arose,  
Calling loudly on a priest!  
But what need of words to show  
That which you yourselves can see?  
Look there yonder, bending low,  
See with what respect he kneels.

*Curcio.*

'Tis my son, divinest God,  
What a miracle is this!

*Julia.*

What a wonder here is shown!

*Curcio.*

And the faintly elder scarce  
O'er his head doth make the form  
Of absolution, when he falls  
At his feet a corse once more

*Enter ALBERTO.*

*Alberto.*

'Mid its greatest miracles  
That the wondering world may know  
Now the strangest of them all,  
Let my voice its praise extol.  
After this Eusebio died,  
Heaven was pleased to let his soul  
Still within his body stay  
Till he could confess the whole

Que tanto con Dios alcanza  
De la Cruz la devocion.

*Curcio.*

¡ Ay hijo del alma mia !  
No fue desdichado, no,  
Quien en su trágica muerte  
Tantas glorias mereció.  
Así Julia conociera  
Sus culpas.

*Julia.*

¡ Válgame Dios !

¿ Qué es lo que estoy escuchando ?  
¿ Qué prodigio es este ? ¿ Yo  
Soy la que á Eusebio pretende,  
Y hermana de Eusebio soy ?  
Pues sepa Curcio, mi padre,  
Sepa el mundo y todos hoy  
Mis graves culpas ; yo misma,  
Asumbrada á tanto horror,  
Daré voces : sepan todos  
Cuantos hoy viven, que yo  
Soy Julia, en número infame  
De las malas la peor.  
Mas ya que ha sido comun  
Mi pecado, desde hoy  
Lo será mi penitencia ;  
Pidiendo humilde perdon  
Al mundo del mal ejemplo,  
De la mala vida á Dios.

*Curcio.*

¡ O asombro de las maldades !  
Con mis propias manos yo  
Te mataré, porque sea  
Tu vida y tu muerte atroz.

*Julia.*

Valedme vos, Cruz divina ;  
Que yo mi palabra os doy,  
De hacer, volviendo al convento,  
Penitencia de mi error.

Of his sins, such power with God  
Hath devotion to the Cross.

*Curcio.*

Ah ! my son, my much-loved son,  
Thou wert not unlucky, no,  
To obtain so much of glory  
By the stroke that laid thee low ;  
Would that Julia now could know  
Her transgressions !

*Julia.*

Help me ! God !

What is this that now I hear ?  
What is this that shocks me so ?  
I Eusebio's sister ? I  
Am the same who sought his love !  
Then let Curcio, let my father,  
Let the world and all men know  
My great guilt ! I will myself,  
Frighten'd by this horrid blow,  
Publicly proclaim it :—Now  
Let all living men be told  
I am Julia, 'mid the crowd  
Of all reprobates the worst ;  
But as my offence has been  
Public, let my penance show  
Publicly that I repent ;  
Humbly pardon I implore  
From the world for bad example,  
For an evil life from God.

*Curcio.*

Prodigy of wickedness,  
By my own right hand alone  
Shalt thou die : that life and death  
Be with thee atrocious both.

*Julia.*

Aid me thou, O Cross divine !  
And I plight to thee my word,  
Back unto my cell returning,  
For my error to atone.

[*Al querer verirla CURCIO, se abraza de la Cruz, que estaba en el sepulcro de EUSEBIO, y vuela.*

*Alberto.*

¡Gran milagro!

*Curcio.*

Y con el fin

De tan grande admiracion,

*La Devocion de la Cruz*

Felice acaba su autor.

[*As CURCIO is about striking her, she embraces the Cross that stands beside the grave of EUSEBIO, which rises into the air with her and disappears.*

*Alberto.*

What a miracle!

*Curcio.*

And thus,

With so wonderful a close,

Happily the author endeth

*The Devotion of the Cross.*

THE END.

# A LIST

OF

## Calderon's Dramas and Autos Sacramentales,

*Translated into English Verse*

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

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### THE PURGATORY OF SAINT PATRICK.

"With the 'Purgatory of St. Patrick' especial pains seem to have been taken".

"Considerable license has been taken with the prayer of St. Patrick; but its spirit is well preserved, and the translator's poetry must be admired".

"If Calderon can ever be made popular here, it must be in the manner generally adopted by Mr. Mac-Carthy in the specimens, six in number, which are here translated, preserving, namely, the metrical form, which is one of the characteristics of the old Spanish drama. This medium, through which it partakes of the lyrical character, is no accident of style, but an essential property of that remarkable creation of a poetic age—remarkable, because while the drama so adorned was entirely the offspring of popular impulse, in opposition to many rigorous attempts in favour of classical methods, it was at the same time raised above the tone of common expression by the rhythmical mode which it assumed, in a manner decisive of its ideal tendency. It thus displays a combination rare in this kind of poetry: the spirit of an untutored will, embodied in a form the romantic expression of which might seem only congenial to choice and delicate fancies. . . .

"In conclusion, what has now been said of Calderon, and of the stage

which he adorned, as well as of the praise justly due to parts of Mr. Mac-Carthy's version, will at least serve to commend these volumes to curious lovers of poetry".

*From an elaborate article in "The Athenæum", by the late eminent Spanish scholar, Mr. J. R. Chorley, on the first two volumes of Mr. Mac-Carthy's translations from Calderon.*

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### THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

*A Drama.*

"In his dramas of a serious and devout character, in virtue of their dignified pathos, tragic sublimity, and religious fervour, Calderon's best title to praise will be found. In such, above all in his *Autos*, he reached a height beyond any of his predecessors, whose productions, on religious themes especially, striking as many of them are, with situations and motives of the deepest effect, are not sustained at the same impressive elevation, nor disposed with that consummate judgment which leaves nothing imperfect or superfluous in the dramas of Calderon. 'The Constant Prince' and 'The Physician of his own Honour', which Mr. Mac-Carthy has translated, are noble instances representing two extremes of a large class of dramas".

*From the same article in "The Athenæum", by J. R. Chorley.*

## List of Calderon's

### THE PHYSICIAN OF HIS OWN HONOUR.

"The Physician of his own Honour is a domestic tragedy, and must be one of the most fearful to witness ever brought upon the stage. The highest excess of dramatic powers, terror and gloom has certainly been reached in this drama".

*From an eloquent article in "The Dublin University Magazine" on "D. F. Mac-Carthy's Calderon".*

### THE SECRET IN WORDS.

*A Drama.*

"The ingenious verbal artifice of 'The Secret in Words', although a mere trifle if compared to the marvellous intricacy of a similar cipher in Tirso's 'Amar por Arte Mayor', from which Calderon's play was taken—loses sadly in a translation; yet the piece, even with this disadvantage, cannot fail to please".

*J. R. Chorley in "The Athenæum".*

### THE SCARF AND THE FLOWER.

*A Drama.*

"The 'Scarf and the Flower', nice and courtly though it be, the subject spun out and entangled with infinite skill, is too thin by itself for an interest of three acts long; and no translation, perhaps, could preserve the grace of manner and glittering flow of dialogue which conceal this defect in the original".

*J. R. Chorley in "The Athenæum".*

### LOVE AFTER DEATH.

*A Drama.*

"'Love after Death' is a drama full of excitement and beauty, of passion and power, of scenes whose enthusiastic affection, self-devotion, and undying love are drawn with more intense colouring than we find in any other of Calderon's works".

*From an article in "The Dublin University Magazine" on D. F. Mac-Carthy's Calderon.*

"Another tragedy, 'Love after Death', is connected with the hopeless

rising of the Moriscoes in the Alpujarras (1568-1570), one of whom is its hero. It is for many reasons worthy of note; amongst others, as showing how far Calderon could rise above national prejudices, and expend all the treasures of his genius in glorifying the heroic devotedness of a noble foe".

*Archbishop Trench.*

### LOVE THE GREATEST ENCHANTMENT.

*A Drama.*

"This fact connects the piece with the first and most pleasing in the volume, 'Love the greatest Enchantment', in which the same myth [that of Circe and Ulysses] is exhibited in a more life-like form, though not without some touches of allegory. Here we have a classical plot which is adapted to the taste of Spain in the seventeenth century by a plentiful admixture of episodes of love and gallantry. The adventure is opened with nearly the same circumstances as in the tenth *Odyssey*: but from the moment that Ulysses, with the help of a divine talisman, has frustrated all the spells (beauty excepted) of the enchantress, the action is adapted to the manners of a more refined and chivalrous circle".

*"The Saturday Review" in its review of "Mac-Carthy's Three Plays of Calderon".*

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*A Drama.*

"The last drama to which Mr. Mac-Carthy introduces us is the famous 'Devotion of the Cross'. We cannot deny the praise of great power to this strange and repulsive work, in which Calderon draws us onward by a deep and terrible dramatic interest, while doing cruel violence to our moral nature. . . . Our readers may be glad to compare the translations which Archbishop Trench and Mr. Mac-Carthy have given us of a celebrated address to the Cross contained in this drama. 'Tree whereon the pining skies', etc. Mr. Mac-Carthy does not appear to us to suffer from comparison on this occasion with a true poet, who is also a skilful translator. Indeed he



## *Dramas and Autos Sacramentales.*

has faced the difficulties and given the sense of the original with more decision than Archbishop Trench”.

“*The Guardian*”, in its review of the same volume.

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### THE SORCERIES OF SIN.

*An Auto.*

“The central piece, the ‘Sorceries of Sin’, is an ‘Auto Sacramental’, or Morality, of which the actors represent Man, Sin, Voluptuousness, etc., Understanding, and the Five Senses. The Senses are corrupted by the influence of Sin, and figuratively changed into wild beasts. Man, accompanied by Understanding and Penance, demands their liberation and encounters no resistance; but his free-will is afterwards seduced by the Evil Power, and his allies reclaim him with difficulty. Yet the plan of the apologue is embellished with many ingenious conceits and artifices, and conformed in the leading circumstances with an Homeric myth—the names of Ulysses and Circe being frequently substituted for those of the Man and Sin”.

“*The Saturday Review*” on “*Mac-Carthy’s Three Plays of Calderon*”.

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### BELSHAZZAR’S FEAST.

*An Auto.*

“The first *auto* translated is “Belshazzar’s Feast”, a fortunate selection, for it is probably unsurpassed in dramatic effect and poetic description, and withal is much less encumbered with theology than most others”.

From an article in “*The New York Nation*”, by a distinguished professor of Cornell University, on “*Mac-Carthy’s Translations of Calderon*”.

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*An Auto.*

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“*The Bookseller*”, June 29, 1867, on *Mac-Carthy’s “Mysteries of Corpus Christi (Autos Sacramentales), from the Spanish of Calderon*”.

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Calderon’s *Autos Sacramentales*, or *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*. Duffy: Dublin and London, 1867.

From “*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*”.

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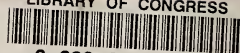


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